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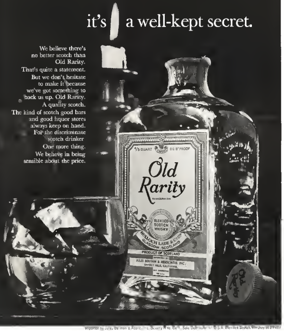

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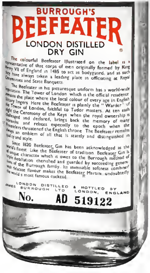

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PUBLISHER'S PAGE

A Man For All Reasons

Statistics, as somebody long since observed, are for statisticians. By the same token, politics are for politicians, and therefore not for us. But for a nonpolitical magazine we certainly can get fascinated, every so often, by somebody or something to do with politics.

In the wake of the Johnsonian landslide, for instance, we got worrying about the clobbered Republican Party and began asking around to see who might be the one to make the race next time out, and came up with the news that it was Nixon, as of that writing. As an answer, we found that singularly lacking in drama, whatever else might have been argued for it in the light of practical political considerations. And every now and then, ever since, whenever there has come a lull in the weekly editorial meetings, somebody has piped up with a suggestion on the order of, "Hey, how about So and So? Wouldn't he be good for President, if it weren't for the politics involved?"

So finally the idea achieved enough standing to get launched as an editorial project, and Steven Roberts got the assignment to go around looking like Diogenes with his lantern, for a man who should be President, whether or not he ever could be, because of the politics involved.

"Wouldn't Irwin Miller be great?" exclaimed Mayor Lindsay, when Roberts asked him why the Republican Party doesn't get men like John Gardner, Kingman Brewster, Irwin Miller and David Rockefeller to run for office. "He's one of the great people of this world. He's got insight, humor, wisdom, saltiness. How could we get him to run?"

Up to that point, as Roberts says, J. Irwin Miller was just a name on a list of "for instances," and a fairly obscure one at that. But Lindsay's enthusiasm kindled his own interest, and he moved in on Miller, who hadn't the faintest inkling of what was afoot, and the piece you see beginning on page 80, and the picture you see on the cover, came about in consequence.

We may well be, as a magazine, naive in the extreme to think we can toss a name in the air and have it mean anything politically. Probably it is only an apolitical magazine like this one that would have the presumption to do it.

But when you've read everything that Steven Roberts found out about Irwin Miller beginning on page 92, we think you'll wind up asking yourself if it wouldn't be great if a man like that could be President.

And if the answer should be that a man like that couldn't be President, then the fact that politics must be left to the politicians is, as the song says, "a blomin' shame."

Read the list of his attributes and accomplishments, and get some of his views on a variety of subjects, and we think you will see that there are a number of reasons why a man like that should size up as a dream candidate for the Presidency.

For one thing, he's a man of talents and for another he's a practical aesthete. He's an ivory-tower recluse, but a mover and shaker, which is extraordinary for one of his interests. Then too, he's a religious activist, and that is an extremely rare attribute among men of affairs in this day and age. Another rare touch, as you will find on reading the piece, is that he is a practicing scholar, not only a graduate of Yale and of Oxford, but—a far more unusual distinction today—a current reader of Latin and Greek, with a Jeffersonian interest in architecture, and for relaxation he has the habit of playing Bach on his Stradivarius.

How many men are there of whom even this much could be said? Well, it's hard to be precise, but on the last item alone you know that out of say a billion grown males there couldn't be more than five hundred, as at the latest count there were only five hundred and forty Strads in the whole wide world, and there are both people and institutions that have more than one.

Add to this that he has two Saarinen houses and the number narrows even more. Stir in such paradoxical attributes as the fact that he is an ardent Republican but a radical in business, nurturing the bizarre belief that business should help government in the revolutionary attainment of goals that have so far characterized only the welfare state. Add the bewildering contradiction that this man, an active civil-rights supporter, helped organize the March on Washington and is a director of half-a-dozen corporations, with a business record that the most rugged individualist would be compelled to admire, and gives away not only a measurable portion of his own great wealth but actually went to court for the right to do the same on behalf of two of his children.

The conclusion is inescapable that J. Irwin Miller is a rara avis indeed. He would bring a Jeffersonian, as opposed to a Jacksonian, touch to our democracy, but while he shares Jefferson's dislike for the city as compared to the town, and his consuming interest in architecture and awareness of aesthetic values, there is also the big difference that the positivism of his religious interest is such that he might give more consideration than most of the men of our time to the national necessity of finding more things to live *for*, when the concern up to now has been for things to live *with*. His many-sided interests and attributes qualify him as a generalist, inclined to a broader view of the common good than is likely to occur to any specialist.

This is no place to make a nominating speech, and anyway Steven Roberts, by referring to Miller as "my candidate" and "our man in the White House," has pretty much preempted that function in his piece in this issue.

But we've found a relevant text for a seconding of the nomination, even if unwittingly made at the time it was uttered, in these passages from a speech by Harold Howe II, U.S. Commissioner of Education, Department of Health, Education and Welfare, at Ohio State University in Columbus, Ohio, this past June, under the title *Aesthetics and the National Interest*:

Whatever the reasons for our national sense that being rugged, virile and modern is somehow opposed to

(Continued on page 107)

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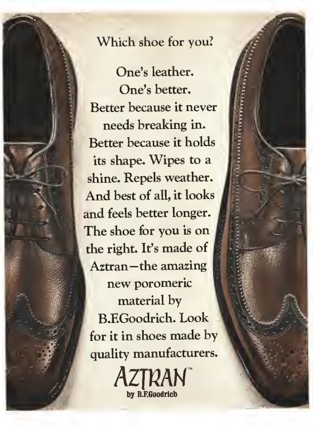

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Presidential prayers and privacy

Thank you for having the courage to print James Deakin's illuminating *The Dark Side of L.B.J.* (August). Publishing it, beyond doubt, certainly did take courage.

So the President of the United States of America is human! Nominate Mr. Deakin for a Pulitzer for the discovery of the decade!

So Mr. Johnson is moody and disturbed! Let me ask Mr. Deakin if he has ever had to order a half a million men to fulfill a potentially lethal commitment which had been made by somebody else.

So Mr. Johnson prays, or at least contemplates prayer! How fortunate we all are that we have an intrepid journalist to unearth so deplorable a failing by the nation's chief executive.

So Mr. Johnson has a "secret" kidney stone still in his interior! How could we have got along without that vital and condemning information? Oh, brother!

True, Paddy Chayefsky and Bob Lapayte helped make up for the L.B.J. mastery. And, like I've always said, nobody forces you to read anything.

PATRICK KELLY
Tampa, Fla.

A protesting Inge

Rex Reed credits me with near superhuman powers in creating Warren Beatty's (*Will The Real Warren Beatty Please Shut Up*, August) career. The only gesture I ever made for Warren was to introduce him to Elia Kazan for the role of the young man in *Splendor in the Grass*. From there on, Warren was on his own and has never needed help from anyone.

Just for the record, neither Josh Logan nor I even knew that he had played in *Compulsion*. I was introduced to Warren by the late Maynard Walker, once his agent. As for my getting him the role in *The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone*, I didn't even know the picture was in production. Denny Mann was adamant about casting him in *A Loss of Roses* and never once suggested to me that he wanted to replace him. When Metro hired him for *All Fall Down*, Warren was considered the "hottest" young actor in town. Producers were fighting for his services. No writer in Hollywood has the casting powers that Rex Reed in his article implies I did. By this time, Warren needed help from no one.

Warren and I rarely see each other but are still friendly, at least as far as I am concerned. I once refused to grant an interview about him because I had found him too unpredictable in his emotional reactions to what is said about him in print. I once wrote a caption for a picture of him in *Show* magazine, a layout they were doing on *All Fall Down*. I thought the caption humorous and unoffensive. Warren didn't. So I decided never again. That's all.

WILLIAM INGE
New York, N.Y.

REX REED REPLIES: Mr. Inge is a sensitive and talented man, but I wonder how good his memory is. Ac

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cording to Warren's official biography approved by him and distributed by his New York press agent John Springer, 'It was when he starred in Meyer Levin's compelling play *Compulsion* in winter stock at the North Jersey Playhouse that he met director Joshua Logan and the famed playwright, William Inge, who were to play important parts in his career.' According to Florabel Muir in a huge spread in the October 15, 1961 issue of the *Sunday News* 'Starting in *Compulsion* in a spot of winter stock at the North Jersey Playhouse in Fort Lee, N.J. he got his first big break. He met director Joshua Logan and playwright William Inge." And, according to Sheilah Graham's column on March 22, 1962 "Warren Beatty, Hollywood's most potent young star, has a fairy godfather in the person of playwright Bill Inge, who wrote *Splendor in the Grass* expressly for Warren, is currently writing another original movie for the young brother of Shirley MacLaine whom the playwright discovered for his *Loss of Roses* play on Broadway and made sure that he landed on his feet in his current screenplay at Metro, *All Fall Down*." If it were not for Inge, Warren might still be working as a sandhog on the third tube of the Lincoln Tunnel.

Turk's hope

Re "*If they're found another assassin*" by John Berendt (August), congratulations. By permitting an exclusive interview of himself complete with sinister portrait to appear in a national periodical magazine, Turk Vganov has bought himself some temporary life insurance, with Esquire picking up the premiums. "They" wouldn't go near him now. Too much heat.

Of course, it didn't stop "them" from hitting Ferrie, Ruby, Tippit, Oswald, Benavides, plus assorted strippers, hackies, lawyers, reporters, so who knows from life insurance?

Anyway my money is on Turk. When his present policy expires, he'll come up with something else, I'm sure. The others passed on because they lacked his confidence, his talent for the doublethick. His next step, I should think, would be to convince everybody that he is really an agent of SMERSH willing to defect in exchange for a lifetime subscription to Esquire.

A. A. ALFREY

Gary, Ind.

Pas du two

The Latent Heterosexual (August) certainly is, as its author, Paddy Chayefsky, says, a play with the "linear framework of a joke building to the punch line." But this form does not make the play "hilarious."

This play includes some very funny situations and remarks built on a relationship between a prostitute and a man who considers himself to be a homosexual. However, these are diversions of the play's progress, of its linear approach to its punch line, and these funny lines and pieces of theatrical business do little more than momentarily distract the audience from the real story of the play, the death by insanity of a sympathetic character.

To say that this play is not a work of black comedy and is not absurd is to suggest that the delusions of a man who allows himself to become a corporation which was originally created to serve him and the insane reactions of this man to honest demonstrations of love are lacking in sadness, unreality, tragedy and incredibility. Sadness, unreality, tragedy and incredibility are this play's strengths; only a strong desire to seem totally modern and sophisticated could make someone react to this play as though it contained only light and enjoyably funny descriptions of an amusing character's strange course through life.

ASTRID BEST

Washington, D.C.

Classic crunch

Congratulations! Your July issue was more fun than stepping on baby chickens bare feet.

MOLLY KELLY

Akron, O.

* * *

We note in your *Bad News At The Breakfast Table*, July, the A.P. story: "Teeners Slash New Pupil Because 'She's a Misfit.'"

You may be certain that this news item was a source of grave concern at our break

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last tables. Subsequent and fortunately less widely broadcast developments were equally saddening.

Margaret, who commuted to school by transportation specially provided by the school because of her handicap, confided to her family the troubling truth that the razor cuts were self-inflicted and that she had made up the story.

To the credit of a public much criticized for its lack of concern, we can report that floods of mail and offers of reward for the conviction of the assailants were received by an aggrieved school and community.

C. RAGSDALE

Assistant Principal
Pupil Personnel
Torrance High School
Torrance, Calif.

* * *

I am flattered to be included among the distinguished writers—Truman Capote, et al.—whom you accuse of popularizing violence. That this was not my intention is beside the point. I appreciate the difficulty of summing up a complex story in a few lines, but I am afraid you have made a serious error in your synopsis of *Something Terrible Has Happened*.

True, one of the Hawaiians accused of rape by Thalia Massie was shot and killed, but to call this a "revenge murder ... ordered by Thalia's husband" is flagrantly inaccurate. Lieutenant Massie reluctantly joined a conspiracy to abduct one of the accused to force him to confess. While this man was being questioned he was killed, not by Lieutenant Massie, but by one of the other conspirators. The killer told me he felt no qualms about what he had done but he stressed repeatedly that the purpose of the abduction was to obtain a confession and not "revenge murder."

Every scrap of evidence supports this assertion, as does also logic. I am so sure in my own mind that Lieutenant Massie would never have entertained such an idea as "revenge murder" that I was at great pains to say so in my book over and over again.

PETER VAN SLINGERLAND
New York, N.Y.

Macdonald mit cult

I have just read the article by Dwight Macdonald (Politics) in the July issue. I find it very informative, interesting and confirming all my suspicions in reference to our "nasty" and dangerous fighting in Vietnam.

Please! Who is Dwight Macdonald? Our local newspaper, radio station and library never heard of him.

MRS. M. HUFMAN
Wilmington, O.

EDITOR'S ECHO: *Dwight Macdonald, who is he?*

* * *

No matter in what area Dwight Macdonald writes, he's the most perceptive and honest writer in this plodding U.S.A.

TRUMAN NABOVSKY
[illegible], Mass.

* * *

For obvious reasons I must request that, should this letter be printed, my name be withheld. I have just finished reading the July column by Dwight Macdonald and I must say that it is superb. I have been in Vietnam for six months now and I have seen much to corroborate Mr. Macdonald's comments. He unquestionably has one of the best understandings of the war in Vietnam that I have had the privilege to encounter. A very large percentage of the soldiers with whom I have spoken concur with his comments. It is unfortunate that our political leaders can not do likewise.

AN INFANTRY CAPTAIN

Letter from Tommy Rudd

Hundreds of people wrote to me after reading an article in the September 1966 Esquire about my draft resistance and imprisonment. Hundreds of people. I am out on parole having served eighteen months of a four-year sentence. I did receive all those letters; I was unable to answer them. Thank you very much for writing. I hope that each of you has become involved in the movement to resist and end the Vietnam war.

I would also like to here express my hope for the speedy physical and spiritual liberation of all the inmates and staff at the Petersburg Federal Reformatory, and to thank them for what I learned from them.

TOM RODD
[illegible], N.J.

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RECORDINGS

MARTIN MAYER

About half a dozen years ago, Columbia Records began advertising Richard Tucker as "The World's Greatest Tenor," and while the campaign was fresh and new a prima donna who was herself a considerable box-office draw ran into Tucker leaving a rehearsal at the old Met. 'Gee,' she said teasingly after a few words of greeting, 'how does it feel being the world's greatest tenor?'

Tucker's brow furrowed. "You don't know," he said earnestly, "what a responsibility it is—being the world's greatest tenor."

Now, this is the grand tradition, and Tucker is by no means its last practitioner. When Comrade Chairman Kosygin's daughter went backstage after a Met performance last June to meet Renata Tebaldi, a reporter asked the most attractive of divas whether she planned to sing in the Soviet Union. "I hope so," Miss Tebaldi said seriously, "because the Russian people love my voice so much." Maria Callas once explained why she had bullied Pinin Farina into selling her a very special car he had made for the Paris Auto Salon and planned to give his mother. 'After all,' Miss Callas said, "if an ordinary opera singer has a Cadillac, how can I have a Cadillac?" During Mirella Freni's sensational debut at the Metropolitan, the recently retired Zinka Milanov came running excitedly to the press room to say, "She's so marvelous this girl — she sounds like a young me."

And there is truth as well as folly in Tucker's unself-conscious self-praise. When he says his voice is 'a gift from Heaven' (and he often says just that), he is giving about as good an explanation of it as any. Whether or not he is entitled to a sequin-studded belt as the world champion tenor (not a very meaningful notion), catching him in the right role on the right night is one of the most glorious musical experiences in our time. In his twenty-third year at the Met, he has the honor of the tenor lead in the opening night *Traviata*, and he will also star in what is probably the most ambitious new production of a rather unambitious season, a revival of Verdi's early Schiller-inspired *Luisa Miller*.

Tucker, of course, likes to see his voice compared to Caruso's, but on the evidence of the old records there can't be much similarity. Caruso's quality seems to have been a kind of gay purity which was all the more affecting when the songs were sad. Tucker's voice is grainy; it strikes the ear almost as separate, though never tremulous, particles of sound. To abuse the lingo of the business, his is transcendentally a 'throat voice' rather than, as with most tenors, a "head voice" (except, of course, at the very top). For want of a better word, the voice is *manly*, which is an asset of great value in the Verdi roles he sings best because nearly all Verdi's operas are about the troubles of two people in love. And without the sexiness of the voice—even after giving full credit for a fine toupee—Tucker could never qualify for romantic leads. When not singing, his appearance is that of just another little man with a belly who can be distinguished from all the other members of a party of businessmen only by the excellence of his posture.

Like Cassius Clay, Tucker has never claimed he was the smartest—just the greatest. There is nothing artistic

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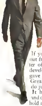

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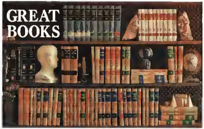

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about his conversation, which is scarce likely to be about money. His income from singing runs about $300,000 a year more than even a man with Tucker's love for parties can spend (his dressing room is jammed with admirers ranging from people who knew him as a child on the Lower East Side to elegant directors of the Met and everybody goes out with him for late supper *force majeure*). But he worries about the financial security of his family and he is forever calling his stockbroker (who is also, these days, his eldest son) or the hotel in which he owns a half interest, to see how Telephone or the guest register is doing today.

But there is more to it than that. Tucker takes coaching well. Though he has not an ounce of theatrical temperament in his whole body, he is rarely ludicrous on stage, and early training to be a cantor in a Jewish synagogue gave him a reliance on his own musical instincts far beyond that of most singers who live strictly by voice. Moreover, he knows what he does well. This listener once passed an idle hour at a recording session at which Tucker was attempting Viennese songs, where limited coaching and insensitivity to the style restricted him to staying right on the waltz beat of conductor Franz Allers. Making a mistake on one particularly mechanical take, he called out irritably, "Who wrote these things? An I.B.M. machine?" Typically, he was not addressing anyone in particular because Tucker at work does not relate to colleagues. One of them says she believes she could fall over in a faint on stage and he would never notice.

As good a contrast as any to the Tucker style is Tito Gobbi, the Italian baritone who now directs many of the operas in which he sings. At the age when Tucker was a runner for a Wall Street house, Gobbi, the precocious son of an engineer, was studying law at the University of Padua. His first great success at La Scala came when he deliberately broke and then whispered on Scarpia's dying lines in *Tosca*—Tullio Serafin, who as conductor had strongly advised Gobbi to forget about such stuff, came back during intermission to confess error. And the role that first made him a celebrity was Wozzeck, which he sang at the Scala premiere of Berg's masterwork in 1942. While Tucker has sung twenty-seven different roles in twenty-three years, Gobbi has sung ninety-nine in thirty years. "That's few," Gobbi says in first-rate English, "next to the number I'd like to direct."

Gobbi is theatrical from his square shining marvelously mobile face to his toes, which one imagines as forever dancing in his shoes. He is a great storyteller (I particularly like the one about the recording sessions for the first Callas-Gobbi taping of *Tosca*, leading up to the moment when "Maria took off her glasses and said to DeSabata, 'Now, Maestro, I cannot see you at all and you will have to follow me.'") Onstage, despite an occasional tendency to overplay one bit of business, he can be counted on to present a character internally consistent from phrasing through gesture. To Gobbi as to Actors Studio, dramatic situation grows out of character.

Gobbi's method as a director is to "talk around the table with the other people in the cast. What do you think about Fiesco? What does this phrase mean? They show me what they've thought about. Then I write out a profile of each character and give it to everyone, and we talk again and then go onstage. There is always much to do, so many wrong opinions. No artist really shows enough the love between Otello and Desdemona—not just the erotic, that's superficial. He's so proud of her, that's what must show. Then Iago can put the poison in—'Beware of jealousy . . .'" What about directing and performing in the same production? "That's very good," Gobbi said quickly, "because you don't build your own personality. In Chicago, when I directed *Otello*, my Iago came out better because I paid him less attention . . ."

Even thirteen years ago, when I first heard it, Gobbi's was not a great voice, though it was then and still is produced with great intelligence, both vocal and musical. The satisfaction he gives onstage

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is of an entirely different nature from the pleasures of Richard Tucker, and indeed, if it wasn't for the damned subscription series which load all performances with the same unresponsive audiences, their appearances on bills will be occasions for different people to fill the auditorium

The point here is that both arts are equally valid. There is enough characterization in the music for a beautifully sung and phrased performance to carry dramatic weight, and enough music in the air for an intelligently acted and phrased performance to be memorably operatic even in the absence of an outstanding voice. I can think of only one artist in my time who combined a great voice, superb instinctive musicality and a high order of dramatic intensity and that was Ezio Pinza (who, incidentally, never learned to read music). Any two of these qualities are enough to make an opera singer of whom you will not forget to tell your grandchildren.

These comments are stimulated in part by the critical success of the Hamburg Opera, which came to Lincoln Center in June with six contemporary operas. Several people I respect were ecstatic, and said that Hamburg's performances were dramatically more valid than anything our town had seen before, showing the artificiality of our conventionally produced grand opera. Personally, I couldn't see it. Apart from the diction and tone of the chorus, which was absolutely extraordinary, I found productions and performances rather heavy and Teutonic, with many too many gestures made under discipline, on the beat, just so much and no more.

My observations are a little more tentative than their language might suggest, because I caught only three of the Hamburg productions, doubting my ability to survive six contemporary operas in one week. One of the three was a disaster in every way: *The Visitation*, by our own highly talented Günther Schuller, with a ludicrously amateur libretto, wrongheadedly adapting Kafka's *The Trial* to race relations in the United States and a disturbingly disjointed score which failed to give musical shape to any scene in the opera. And my seats for all three were under the overhang at the new Met, where the orchestra is heard as though through a blanket. It must be said sorrowfully that the initial good cheer about the acoustics of this theatre that cost forty-eight millions of dollars is now gone: our early pleasure that we could hear the voices in this garish barn has been yielding to concern about serious problems in balancing pit and stage, and choirs of the orchestras, even in easy operas.

Anyway, I came out of the Hamburg experience feeling more strongly than ever that the well-drilled ensemble of the German theatre is not equivalent to the individual peaks and valleys in the Italian style. I cannot see how anyone who remembered Evelyn Lear's Lulu or Mack Harrell's Shadow in *The Rake's Progress* could be pleased with the low-intensity performances of the estimable artists who sang these roles for Hamburg. Opera lives not on ensemble but on the Tuckers and Gobbis—and the Toscaninis, Busches and Giulinis in the pit. It is a collaborative but not a collective enterprise. None of this detracts, of course, from the accomplishment of a visiting company which can keep in repertory six very difficult operas and present them smoothly far away from home on a stage crippled by mechanical failures. But whatever the faults of the star system neither Hamburg's fiercely capable boss Rolf Liebermann nor anybody else has been able to find any substitute for it.

The art form under discussion was founded as a serious matter about three hundred fifty years ago by Claudio Monteverdi, whose

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four hundredth birthday we celebrate this year, and the finest opera of Monteverdi by universal consent is *L'Incoronazione di Poppea*, which he wrote at the age of seventy-five. Angel a few years ago offered us a fine recording of Glyndebourne's modernized performance of this antiquity, carefully and cleverly orchestrated with Richard Lewis and Magda Laszlo singing well in the style of the eighteenth century. New Cambridge Records gives us the original in seventeenth-century style, with little more than harpsichord and gamba continuo supporting even the arias, Charles Bressler and Carole Bogard as the Emperor Nero and his doxy Poppea.

Opera for Monteverdi went with monody—the single expressive line replacing the multi-part polyphony of an earlier time—and the purist approach of the new recording is unquestionably correct. But careful attention is required, especially by those who must follow the Italian libretto in translation, because Monteverdi sets key words and phrases as well as the prevailing mood of the song. And the burden on the singers is enormous, because they must carry the entire expressive as well as the melodic line.

Without for a moment disowning the Glyndebourne, I think that for those who are willing to make the effort of attention the Cambridge recording is preferable. Not all the singers are up to the mark, but Bressler and Bogard and Herbert Beattie (the latter as Nero's tutor, Seneca) are remarkably effective both musically and psychologically. And the opera is a mass of unpleasant psychological truths, an attempt to set history (even in Busenello's formulation was *squarcio di vita*, a slice of life) rather than to indicate mythology.

A hundred years later opera had descended to myth, and Rameau's attractive *Hippolyte et Aricie* (L'Oiseau-Lyre) is most interesting when considered at a much lower level of attention, simply as a sensuous surface of music. The text is not helped by the French pronunciation of an all-English cast. Similar in sound (and for all the propaganda, not much more dramatic) is Gluck's *Orpheus*, offered by Vanguard in a new recording featuring the rich mezzo of Maureen Forrester, with Charles Mackerras conducting a very pastoral performance. This is prettier than the recent recording put out by Victor with the Virtuosi di Roma under Fasano, but to my own taste it is less interesting.

Among the recently recorded operas of the century the most important is Janacek's *From the House of the Dead* (Columbia), presenting the Czech master in his later, more abstract, less Puccinian mood, probably reflecting contact with the music of Debussy. The performance, which is first-rate, is by the National Theatre of Prague. I find this sharply pointed, gloomy opera the most impressive of its composer's large-scale works, but it is probably not for every taste. Equally special — and more obviously in the manner of Debussy — is Bartok's *Bluebeard's Castle*, well-managed by the husband-and-wife team of Christa Ludwig and Walter Berry, Istvan Kertesz conducting the London Symphony (London).

One recent recording of a standard opera is worth noting—Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera* (Victor), in a performance which enshrines the sublime Amelia of Leontyne Price. To say that none of the rest of the cast is quite on that level is no criticism: Grist, Verrett, Bergonzi, Merrill and Flagello are all considerably more than adequate to their roles. Leinsdorf leads with bounce if not genius, and Victor's Rome orchestra and chorus are creditable. It is worth noting in passing that although the recording was made in Rome all but one of the principals are American, and all three of the ladies are Negroes. ■

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WILFRID SHEED

There are some actors whose very presence, like that of a dead chicken hanging over your door in Haiti, spells disaster. Call it charisma or call it spinach—but when, for instance, Rossano Brazzi turns up, it is time to bar the windows and go to bed with your life preserver on.

It is not that Mr Brazzi is the worst actor in films, it only seems that way. In the international smoothie stakes, he might actually finish someplace between Louis Jourdan and Stephen Boyd, a slow field in all conscience and a hard one in which to finish last. What gives him his special distinction is 1) a breathtakingly bad taste in scripts either on his part or his agent's, and 2) a curious, nondescript, airport restaurant presence that makes him a permanent symbol of the Eisenhower era in films.

So powerful a hex does this actor pack that his appearance in one episode of a seven-part film is enough to invest the whole affair with a losing flavor. Even Robert Morley plays like the Mets, so you can imagine what happens to the likes of Lex Barker. *Woman Times Seven* probably doesn't need help from Brazzi—it would be a lemon with the Royal Shakespeare Company—but his brief appearance acts as a royal seal or guarantee of hopelessness. Readers are invited to think of other actors and actresses with this swooning-swan quality (the invitation just extends to thinking of them, please don't bother to write them down). Barbara Stanwyck would have had my vote at one time, although she did manage *Double Indemnity*. Joan Crawford is too easy. Randolph Scott is just being silly.

Anyway, to get back to *Woman Times Seven*, the real point of this one is to demonstrate the versatility of Shirley MacLaine: her ability, that is, to butcher seven different parts in seven different ways. The point is not proven. Miss MacLaine really only knows the one way, but the versatility of the wardrobe mistress is mildly impressive. Otherwise, the film serves as another stake through the career of DeSica, which begins by now to resemble a St. Sebastian T-shirt. DeSica traffics more

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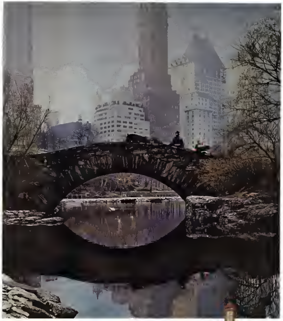

Evenings that memories are made of
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IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y. 80 PROOF

and more in a kind of maiden aunt worldliness—the widow seduced at the funeral the wife trying to be a prostitute just once—that the English used to go to Paris for, circa 1890 Dragging along behind his lineage are such actors as Alan Arkin Michael Caine and the inevitable Peter Sellers, all much the worse for the trip.

Movies that depend on tour de force performances by single actors and actresses have a special lopsided tendency like a boat with someone standing up in back. As William Redfield pointed out in his interesting disquisition on Burton and Brando in The New York Sunday *Times* there is only so much acting you can do in a movie anything beyond that is likely to be at the cost of the film.

Too often tour de force acting boils down to a series of baleful close ups and small pregnant gestures as if to say, "Look who we've got here—Sir John Mortmain' This is a rare treat, Sir John" After which we are condemned to gaze for two hours into the great man's pores and thrill to the famous tic in the cheek. If he moved suddenly or shouted, the whole film would fall apart

There have been exceptions to this, of course, particularly in comic parts where a margin for hamminess exists but few exceptions as resounding as Edith Evans' performance in *The Whisperers*, in which she manages to take her role by the throat, as a stage actress would, and yet does it the movie way, with the close ups and the small gestures She has to act the part of a fuddled old lady and does so with all her heart and in the teeth of slightly self-conscious "Why, here's Dame Edith" direction by Bryan Forbes.

The story is a saga of senility, at which Dame Edith is a virtuoso The notion is that senility is a hobby like any other that old people wouldn't mess with it if there was anything better to do One heroine talks back to the radio for company and invents a classy past for herself which might be put down to a wandering memory but is really more like a child's make believe, getting her through the endless afternoons When for reasons of plot she has to pull herself together, she does so, yet without any magical rebirth of faculties. Dame Edith suggests that she can play it either way—the senile way if nothing is on at the moment the normal way if there is anything worth being normal about. Between the two however lies a catatonic divide which can be crossed only with increasing effort. At the end when she has returned to her voices and fake ancestors, we sense that she will not undertake the journey to sanity again

An investigation of this sort into the phenomenology of old age is rare and praiseworthy and an actress who can demonstrate the basic positions is possibly unique The script may be a little too schematic about it, but Edith Evans takes the curse off this with a wealth of quirky observation—she has one particular old lady in mind (possibly herself if she lived alone on a pension instead of being kept young by fame and employment) and not just some flatulent vision of Old Age in general

Since the subject is not likely to pack them in at the box office it might be worth stressing that the film is not at all dull—dullness is an aesthetic mistake which Mr Forbes doesn't make The sets, particularly the shabby, caved in rooms where the woman muddles out her days, are the perfect accessories of senility, a body of twenty five or so would sprout senile symptoms if he had to live in a hole like this.

While on the subject of acting Rex Harrison remains the most satisfactory figure of a pure movie star Like the great stars of yore, he understands that you do not give individual performances but use your films, like a bird carrying twigs in his beak to build your own monument to create yourself platonically, like Gatsby

Harrison has reached that point in his self creation where he can turn even a blowsy under-endowed movie like *The Honey Pot* to his own greater honor and glory In fact a good movie might almost function as a rival at this stage Here is Professor Higgins once more, querulous

This is what he said:

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and self-absorbed, but with all the middle-class decency missing. In its place we encounter a cathartic repulsiveness which gives full rein to Mr. Harrison's powers. In one extraordinary scene he dances by himself—not because he is accustomed to anyone else's face, he has long since conquered that threat, the threat of outside invasion—but in sheer delighted homage to himself. It is rackingly funny and guaranteed to bring a lump to the throat of every narcissist, for Harrison is our noblest and best representative, and this must be his finest moment since *The Rake's Progress* (called *Notorious Gentleman* in the States).

Outside of that, *The Honey Pot* is a modern-dress version of Jonson's *Volpone*, just the kind of play that can't be done in a modern-dress version, and adorned with two of the least exciting actresses I know: Susan Hayward and Edie "Why don't you light me up and smoke me sometime" Adams.

The Dirty Dozen caused the man at *The Times* to blow his tiny supply of cool once again. Outrageous, sadistic, etc., he averred. Such a choleric response suggests an awfully low threshold of bluster. To your average hard-bottomed hysteriac, *The Dirty Dozen* is too silly a movie to get mad at. The premise, which caused such tremors in the watch-and-ward school of reviewers, is that a dozen death-cell prisoners are reprieved in order to perform a suicide mission in World War II. This seems to me neither improbable nor, if you can swallow total war at all, particularly reprehensible. It is surely better than sending old William Bendix to certain death once again.

"Silly," though, is putting it mildly. The whole middle section is devoted to some war games in which the twelve men capture enemy headquarters by wearing the enemy's armbands. The trouble with this is that any damn fool can capture the enemy by wearing the wrong identification, just as any damn fool can win a football game by rolling a cannon on the field. And the respect shown for the probabilities of Army life is about on that level throughout.

So it must just be taken as another violence-fantasy no better and no worse than a dozen others. John Cassavetes is the only one of the twelve who comes through as a real crook; all the others look like mistrials. Jimmy Brown, the master football player, stands around looking stuck on himself (if you don't like him) or dignified (if you do). Maybe they're the same thing in his case. Anyway, he lobs his grenades deftly, and it was nice to see the great man sneaking along between lobs, with only old 32 missing.

Having alerted us to the horrors of nuclear war in *The War Game*, Peter Watkins now alerts us in *Privilege* with yet starker urgency to the horrors of pop singing. The result is bathos on the heroic scale. It is Mr. Watkins' conceit that by 1970 the British Establishment will be able to use one of these large-mouthed lads for political or anti-political ends—not impossible, I guess, but not likely to happen in the Mother Goose way that Watkins tells it. Item: Faceless Leader takes guileless hero to skyscraper window and tells him, as Conrad Veidt used to, that liberal democracy has failed and the Little People Down There are dangerous animals who need whipping into line. Imagine what John Lennon would make of such guff.

Watkins' own fear of the mob seems if anything to be greater than Faceless Leader's. His *War Game* was splattered by every level of English society, and the experience seems to have left him twitching slightly. In the new film, authority is not to be trusted, but neither are the cannibals below. The only speck of decency is struck (listlessly) by Jean Shrimpton; since she mumbles, you don't really get the benefit of it.

As social or political comment, the movie is low-level paranoia—i.e., paranoia that is not even ingenious enough to play along with. Watkins is currently too alarmed by every aspect of modern life to make any sense of it; he quavers like a shell-shocked veteran to the roar of the teen-agers and thinks the Boche are coming.

It is as one man's nightmare that the film has some interest. Watkins' clergymen, for instance, have the configuration of vampire bats, and you can picture them sinking their long teeth in his neck after *The War Game* came out. His crowd scenes, shot often from ground level, convey the same menace they would to a lost child. Watkins' imagination is limited here as elsewhere: three times at least he has the hero walking away from the camera down a long file of people, when once would have been quite enough. But his mastery of documentary techniques is nearly total (except for the commentary end of it, which he reserves for mincing irony and little lessons), and he goes as far with this form as anyone has. Whether he can adapt it to peaceful use is a question to ask him after he has calmed down. Meantime, personal screams of pain are rare enough, and if Watkins is using his to clear his throat, we may get some good things from him yet. ###

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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Esquire as a home for young writers is one thing. Esquire as a home for young scriveners who think happy is, in this place and time, something totally unexpected.

Rex Reed (*Lester Maddox As A Leader Of Men* page 120), otherwise known as the Celebrity's Interviewer, is not, fundamentally, known for the happiness of his talk. The first Reed interview for Esquire (May issue) was Ava Gardner; this, commented a columnist, had her "worried sick." The next was of Warren Beatty, and the same columnist leaked the fact that it had Beatty in "a terrible swivet." "If I have any (interview) philosophy at all," says Reed, "it's cancel the moon, turn off the klieg lights and tell the truth. I write about the things that interest me. I do not write pap.

"I've never deliberately set out to write a bitchy piece about anybody, but conditions often dictate the result. When I went to see Michelangelo Antonioni he took one look at my age, which is twenty-seven, and treated me like the copyboy, so I printed the truth about him. (Being in the same room with Antonioni is like watching an old dog have a bad dream.)

"The only two people I ever interviewed whom I detested were Barbra Streisand and Antonioni."

But the above, though it seems to be the better known side of Reed, is also the dark side. There is, many of his coevals to the contrary, a very very bright side, which runs as follows:

"The best interview I ever had is Shirley Knight, who says what other people say at cocktail parties but are afraid to see in print. I also liked Angela Lansbury, Robert Anderson, Lotte Lenya, Jean-Paul Belmondo, Norman Wisdom, Sandy Dennis and Madeleine Sherwood. I also liked Otto Preminger, who always makes good copy."

Similarly, regardless of how Lester Maddox comes to regard the article about him, the piece does after all include a strong plug for Mrs. Maddox's skillet fried chicken. Reed, who spent a formative chunk of his childhood in a crumbling mansion near Natchez, is not only a happy writer but a knowledgeable Southern gourmet.

George Frazier IV, aged twenty-three, is the son of the George Frazier who is a frequent contributor to Esquire. George IV, himself on the way to being a frequent contributor (*100 Yards and 60 Minutes of Black Power*) may be an even happier man than Reed is. He explains the reasons as follows, including and in spite of the circumstance of his not appearing twice in this particular issue:

"After a somewhat undisciplined adolescence and a particularly uneventful four years of higher learning, I decided to become a broker. After the preliminary formalities, I began to take the subway downtown.

"Now, there are a few things I favor with more than passing displeasure: politics, the air of New York City, Brussels sprouts, and subways, which one must ride to get to Wall Street. So great is my aversion that I even started walking to the office in order to avoid the trips and, in any case, usually arrived around noon. Both the managing partner and I began to suspect that I was perhaps in the wrong line of endeavor, and a long leave of absence was arranged. As an interim occupation I wrote an article and submitted it to Esquire.

"I had, after a fashion, researched and edited many of my father's columns and articles for Esquire, but it had never occurred to me that I might sell one on my own. At any rate, just as I was on the point of deciding whether to be a bartender or a teacher, Esquire bought my piece and I became a very free-lance writer.

"One day recently, while trying to decide which piece then in progress was going to miss its deadline, I received a call from Esquire asking me to do a quick cover story for an article about Colonel Robin Olds that was due from Saigon but had not arrived. The deadline was three days off. I agreed, jumped on the next shuttle to Washington reading a New York Times profile of Olds on the way and wound up having a pleasant interview with Olds's wife, former actress Ella Raines. I wrote my lead on the plane back to New York and, once there, took the phone off the hook and worked all night. I presented myself at Esquire the next morning in time to learn that the originally commissioned article had arrived from Saigon just after I left for Washington.

"It still beats subways."

The photographs of the antique guns, on pages 100-103, are from a collection that was in the making for four years and is now the finest collection of such photographs in Europe or America. The photographs will be published this month by Walker and Company under the title of *One Hundred Great Guns* by Merrill Lindsay and Bruce Pendleton.

Inquiries as to the possibilities of reprinting any of the contents of *Liberty* magazine should be addressed to Mr. Robert Whiteman, representing Liberty Library Corporation in Manhattan. Mr. Whiteman asserts that, insofar as arranging such reprinting is concerned, the operation has just "begun to begin." However, since Liberty Library has already released material to The New American Library, Prentice-Hall, Grosset & Dunlap, and Dell Books, we suggest you hurry, lest further happiness take flight. ■

LORLÉ LODORANTE
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POLITICS

DWIGHT MACDONALD

The town of Cambridge Maryland, has 11 000 white and 4 000 colored inhabitants who make their living, or in the case of the latter try to, from canneries and factories owned by the former It is racially retrograde even by the modest standards of the backwaters of Maryland's Eastern Shore. The blacks staged a pre-Watts riot four years ago that brought in the National Guard On the night of July 24 last the Guard was again sent into Cambridge after a vibrant young black named H Rap Brown had mounted a car top and addressed ten percent of the black population—"about four hundred cheering Negroes" according to The New York Times.* Mr Brown urged the crowd to "burn this town down" adding "But don't tear down your own stuff When you tear down the white man brother, you are hitting him in the money Don't love him to death Shoot him to death . . . You better get yourselves some guns. . . . This town is ready to explode" The shooting began on Pine Street, the main stem of the black Second Ward at eleven p.m., "forty five minutes after Mr Brown had finished his talk by saying, 'You got to get the honkie [Black Power term for "ofay" or more politely "whitey", equivalent to White Power "nigger" or, more politely "nigra"] before he gets you'" After this promising beginning everything went wrong Mr Brown was slightly wounded by police buckshot when he tried to lead a group of blacks toward the white business district He retreated to the local hospital for iodine and Band-Aids—"Preserve the Cadres of Leadership!" was the Trotskyist slogan—and then vanished from the battlefield lest he be arrested on the usual frame-up charges of incitement to riot and arson He was later arrested in Virginia—on a fugitive warrant—after punching a cop in the mouth "We built this country," he shouted to reporters, "and we'll burn it down, honkies and all!" The racial referent of the first "we" was unclear, could he have been claiming the Founding Fathers as colored? Or did he mean that Crispus Attucks was the eminence noire behind Washington, Hamilton and Jefferson? The second "we" was clear enough, however

The shooting stopped at midnight in the Second Ward, a mere hour after it began, but meanwhile fires had been started there by those who disregarded or didn't hear Mr Brown's one lapse into sense "Don't tear down your own stuff" The National Guard assured the local fire department that all was safe and quiet in the Second Ward (one of the many oddities of these affairs is that black snipers shoot at firemen who are trying to save black homes, even, in Newark at the hospital emergency ward where white surgeons and

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*Perhaps I should explain I use "black" instead of "Negro" not pejoratively, though it may sound that way, but on the contrary because the recent Black Power conference in Newark shouted down delegates using the word "Negro," because "The Negro is a white man's creation" Always glad to oblige in these small matters

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nurses were trying to patch up black victims of the gunfire; even indeed at utility crews who arrived at colored housing developments to restore the gas and electricity), but the Cambridge firemen, in the town's meanest tradition of race relations, refused for several hours to put out the fires that were ravaging the business district of the Second Ward, limiting themselves to hosing down adjacent white properties endangered by the sparks. Finally, after Mr. Brown's incendiary exhortations had been realized to a satisfactory extent in the black district—desperate Negroes begged in vain to be allowed to operate the fire trucks themselves—and after the Attorney General of Maryland had personally climbed onto a hook and ladder, the white firemen agreed to extend their activities into the Second Ward. It was all in all, quite a fiasco: no damage to whitey, much to blackie. And it was such a promising town, with its past record, for stirring things up.*

"In Newark we applied war tactics of the guerrillas," Mr. Carmichael said when he arrived on July 25 in Havana for a conference of the Latin American Solidarity Organization, whatever that means, though I'm afraid I know just what it means. "We are preparing groups of urban guerrillas for our defense in the cities. The price of these rebellions is a high price that one must pay. This fight is not going to be a simple street meeting. It is going to be a fight to the death."

But whose death? Negroes—sorry, blacks—are not only a small minority of our population but also a small minority who are mostly at the bottom socially and economically. So every time they try violence, from Watts to Detroit, their deaths far outnumber the whites'—thirty-five to two in Newark, thirty-two to eight in Detroit—and it is their homes and neighborhoods which are burned out, not whitey's. The only realistic argument for the racist violence the Black Power ideologues have been stimulating, with the tacit, guilty, masochistic tolerance of many white liberals, is that such outbreaks—to call them "rebellions" is absurd since they have no positive or coherent aims—will force the white majority to pay attention to the misery of the black ghettos. The squeaky wheel gets the grease. There is something in this as a rather simplistic form of *Realpolitik*—though Watts hasn't been greased much to date—but there is also the danger, which seems to be more and more apparent, that such tactics may alienate the dominant whites to such an extent as to make them not only even more indifferent to the sufferings of the submerged black minority but also, for the first time since the New Deal, actively hostile and, what is worse, hostile with a good conscience. There is also the moral objection. "Black Power" as now practiced by Core and Snick is an ideology which discriminates not according to individual guilt or innocence but en masse, collectively, racially, as the Nazis did and as our own Klan does. I agree with Edmund Burke that you cannot indict a people or a race. But more on this next month—each day's headlines provide further and more depressing illustrations.

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*Perhaps I should explain that H. Rap Brown recently succeeded Stokely Carmichael as national chairman of what was called when it was founded in 1960 with the help of Martin Luther King the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee and which still retains the original name—cynicism? laziness? almost mindlessness?—though it has long been known by the acronym Snick, much more [illegible] When Mr. Carmichael originated the slogan, "Black Power"—which I rate for meaningfulness with Lucky Strike Green Has Gone to War—and so short-lived himself as "get whitey" and "we'll tear this place apart" modes of public discourse, yielded his chairmanship to Mr. Brown I thought what can we lose? But I was wrong both ways. The former is buzzing around as busily as ever while his successor seems [illegible] With the [illegible] Chairman Brown is competing with ex-Chairman Carmichael for the role of the Father Gapon of the Black Revolution. It's a close race.

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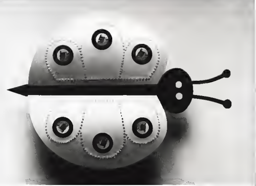

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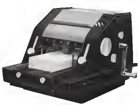

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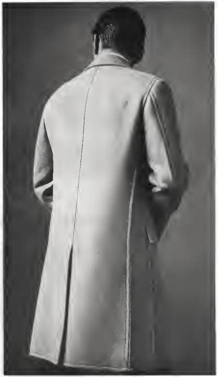
Esquire Predicts: The Fitted Box Coat

A series of double-duty coats, seen recently in Europe is designed to be worn for dress or sportswear. Pictured here is one by Datti of Rome—a double-woven, double-weight special-edition wool by Cerruti.

The dominant feature is a boxy shape. Side panels give it a geometric look. There is exaggerated welt seaming throughout, a high center vent, a flare to the bottom, a square front yoke which extends around the button closure. It can be purchased at Datti, Via Po 8A in Roma for about $200. It may well be one of the new shapes of things to come.

Deep flapped pockets, suppressed waist

Squared yoke around the button closure



Photographed by Terry Stevenson

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Heineken tastes tremendous.

IMPORTED HEINEKEN. HOLLAND'S PROUD BREW. IN BOTTLES OR ON DRAFT.

Like other artistic commodities in this age of the postwar Culture Boom, or Explosion or Bang or maybe just Pop, books are usually overpraised and overpublicized. But sometimes a fine work sinks without a trace just like the bad old days when Agee's *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* sold six hundred copies in its first year (1941)—only a hundred better than *Moby Dick* had done a century earlier. After twenty years in limbo Agee's book is now available in paper and hardback, used in college English courses and generally appreciated as the masterpiece it has always been—uneven, flawed, idiosyncratic but still . . . a masterpiece. I predict that Barbara Deming's *Prison Notes* (Grossman Publishers $4.95) will also revive, probably sooner; Culture explodes quicker now, nobody wants to be left behind the eight ball. It is my nomination for the 1966 National Unknown Book Award. Though it sold better than Agee's book, *Prison Notes* got much less critical attention. The reviews were perfunctory, if at all. 'The result is one of the better narratives to emerge from the civil-rights struggle,' The New York Times admitted in a two-inch notice, while *The Nation* conceded, in another two-incher, that it was 'a graphic testimonial' and that was about it in the national press. To describe *Prison Notes* as graphic is like saying *The Great Gatsby* is competently written and The Times encomium is the equivalent of 'one of the more sober political essays to emerge from the Progressive Labor Movement.' Miss Deming's beautifully written imaginative and realistic account of the month she and some thirty other civil-rights marchers, men, women, black, white, spent in the Albany, Georgia city jail early in 1964 is not "one of the better" such narratives but by far the best one and in literary terms the only one with a consistent, original style and point of view. It is a perfect work in its own terms—which are not trivial—sustained without a false note throughout its two hundred pages, including the Appendix listing with relevant facts the friends with whom I entered the Albany city jail, and the pages of excellent photographs of the friends which follow. The simple non-selling dust jacket and typography are, for once, in quiet harmony with a quiet book.

Miss Deming's style is direct and precise with no literary effects including the anti-literary literary effects Hemingway invented. The syntax is simple but not simplistic; there are short declarative sentences but also long ones with subordinate clauses, depends what she's getting at. Austere is close, pure closer but neither is broad enough. Miss Deming's literary style, like her style as a person, is subtler and more emotionally complex than those rather spare adjectives suggest. Her reports in the pacifist monthly *Liberation*, of marches and demonstrations she has taken part in—she's the activist kind of intellectual—have long refreshed me in the slightly grey pages of that admirable but predictably committed magazine. Her general commitment is the same as the editors' but her individual commitment is to her own truth, to recording in scrupulous and to her often painful detail just what she herself saw, heard, felt and thought about the particular experience. This kind of reportage has never been common on the Left, New or Old—nor on the Right, either.

Prison Notes begins:

'January 27, 1964. Albany city jail, Georgia. The cop locks the door

---

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Discover the newest thing in coffee by adding 1½ ozs. of Benedictine D.O.M, La Grande Liqueur Française, to a cup of strong hot coffee, topped off with fresh whipped cream. Enjoy Coffee D.O.M after dinner at your favorite restaurant or serve it to your guests at home.

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[illegible]

Wide-Track 1968 Pontiacs

on us and walks off. Now we're out of mischief. The barred steel door has banged shut, the big key has made a lot of noise, they have 'put us away.' People still believe there is some magic in the turning of a key.

"He walks past some other cages running his night stick clattering along the bars, and then we hear him make a curious little clicking noise to the prisoners—as though human speech were not quite appropriate to cross the distance between us. Magically now we are no longer quite of the same species.

"As he goes, he glances down at his boots and he pats his hand—as to be sure of something—upon his wide leather belt with its creaking tooled leather holster.

"'Sonofabitch cop!' a prisoner rages and grasps the bars and rattles them. 'Oh goddam motherfucking sonofabitch! Wait till I get out of here tomorrow!'"

I meant to quote two paragraphs but have been seduced into four, the book is hard to stop quoting from: the compact description ("graphic" as *The Nation* well describes it), the speculative ideas (the magical transformation of the prisoners into beings "not quite of the same species" by the mere turning of a key that suddenly changes them from subjects into objects—I felt this myself amazedly in my sole experience of imprisonment, a mere ten hours when I was locked up for picketing the Soviet consulate in 1940 to protest the G P U assassination of Trotsky), the close observation (the guard's "curious little clicking noise" and his reassuring himself he wasn't an object by grasping his wide, manly leather belt with its even more virile pistol holster—though, to be captious, it must have been the belt, not the holster, that creaked) and the tell-it-like-it-is realism (the prisoner's obscenities must have distressed her, as a lady and a stylist, but she was right to grit her teeth and put in every motherfucking word). A classic of prison literature comparable to *The House of the Dead* or *The Enormous Room* and I can't understand why the literary apparatchiks unanimously neglected it. Somebody somewhere must have read a few pages, which should have been enough.

Nor, journalistically, how they could have overlooked the topical, dramatic contrast between one of the main themes of *Prison Notes* and the Black Power mystique (putting it briefly, but I think not unfairly, of race war) that has spread widely in three years among the same kind of New Left radicals—the whites are naturally excluded from the inner circles of Snick and Core but they are good sports and cheer or "understand" from the sidelines—who went to jail with Barbara Deming in 1964. Her mystique is the old-fashioned doctrine of Martin Luther King and the late A.J. Muste—perhaps that explains the neglect, nothing so boring to our press as antiquated styles in hate or ideas. Namely a belief in the power of love—actually†—and nonviolent resistance to wear down the enemy until his hostility is undermined by the insidious suspicion that the resister is a person not so different from himself. "We are trying to force them to look at the situation in a new way," she writes in Chapter Five, which is a long and remarkable letter from the jail ("You'll excuse my writing on toilet paper. At least it unwinds nicely, like a scroll") to a skeptical friend explaining and analyzing nonviolent tactics. It is more a meditation than a defense. "We try to assert by our actions a number of different things at the same time. This is the key to our hopes. The expression of friendliness can achieve, by itself, surprising effects; it can often stop others from being violent. But one cannot count on this, and anyone would be a fool to count on securing justice by demonstrating friendliness alone. Refusal to cooperate can exert a pressure that has scarcely been appreciated

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WHITE SATIN
by Sir Robert Burnett

People are hypnotized by the concept of strength as the ability to take other men's lives. . . . We count on the special effect that can be achieved when the two pressures—of friendliness and of disobedience—are exerted simultaneously. You have said that we must expect fixed responses from those opposed to us, that a hundred cords bind them tightly, making it impossible for them to behave in any other way than the way in which they do. The effect for which we hope is one precisely of loosening these cords; we hope to shake their minds free of them."

One of the most interesting themes running through *Prison Notes*, encouraging to those who don't believe in racial hatred as a tactic and don't like it morally, is how the group's combination of resistance and friendliness does actually slowly shake their opponents' "fixed responses." The Albany jail was no rest cure, as they say. "We are not let out of our cage, day or night," Chapter Two begins. "There is no mess hall; my one meal is shoved to me in a tin plate along the floor under the door's lowest bar. (Usually bologna, which I leave, grits, black-eyed peas, a slightly bitter diced vegetable which I suppose is turnips.) Our toilet is there in the cell. (If a guard comes by while one of us is sitting on it, we hold up a coat for a screen.) There is no prison yard. We get our only exercise climbing up and down from the top bunks. . . . Here we are. We sit on our bunks or we lie on our bunks." The guards were contemptuous of the "nigger lovers" and furious when some of them went on a hunger strike. The chief of police, Laurie Pritchett, who had won some national *réclame* as a "liberal" Southern cop because he had discouraged violence, even white violence, was indignant and rather hurt when the marchers preferred to go to jail rather than accept his compromise route through his town which would have avoided "trouble" by sidetracking them to back streets. No miracle happened, but the guards did become if not exactly friendly at least less tough and abusive, even a little curious about and concerned with these strange victims who refused either to hate or obey. Police Chief Pritchett, toward the end, sends one of the girls a postcard from Nassau, where he is on vacation: "Just passed Cuba. Wish you all were there." Perhaps that postcard was miracle enough.

A few days after she was released from the Chief's jail the author went back to Albany to see how an interracial project two of the marchers had set up there was getting on. "I dropped in at the city jail to see the Chief. He asked me into his office and we talked for a while. I told him that I was writing this book and would send him a copy and he said, 'I'd appreciate that very much.' Then as I got up to leave he said, 'Take care of yourself, hear?' It was both hard not to laugh and hard not to cry at that command from him. Does even the Chief feel something of what we feel? Or was he simply relieved not to have us any longer in his care?" So her book ends on a Demingesque note, softhearted and hardheaded.

Bookshelf

Echoes of Revolt: The Masses 1911-1917, edited by William L. O'Neill, with an Introduction by Irving Howe, and containing an Afterword by Max Eastman; Quadrangle Books, Chicago, Illinois, $12.95.

For anyone curious about the American radical past, this big anthology (nine inches by eleven), handsome in typography and dust jacket (the latter one of the best *art nouveau* pastiches I've seen in years) and copiously illustrated with many large, well-reproduced drawings, is a bargain at $12.95. Or in real money, $13. I understand why car buyers think $2,999 is $2,999 and not $3,000, and why shoppers in Macy's see $14.95 as cheap and $15 as expensive, but book buyers surely must be brighter than that; yet practically all books, my own included, are priced this shyster way, and so transparent. $12.95 Indeed! Who do they think they're kidding? Or whom?

This is, you understand, the old *Masses*, the free-wheeling, libertarian, courageous and very American one that, as Mr. O'Neill writes,

"Please Darling...you're bruising your Wembley!"

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Superbly made hats. The styling is brisk, competent . . .
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that he can do things well. All manner of things.
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The Skeet (left) $10.95
The Gun Club (right) $15.95

STETSON

is probably the best example in American history of a nearly successful synthesis of poetry and propaganda politics and art" Not the *New Masses* that cuckoo which settled into the vacant nest a decade later and which was the reverse of the magazine edited by Max Eastman and Floyd Dell politically constipated (big brother looking over their shoulder from Moscow) totalitarian cowardly and not at all American *The Masses* was sunk by the war but not without a fight Eastman in the famous '*Masses* trial'—which they won—fired a few salvos at the hypocrisy of the Wilson Administration's repressing free speech under the name of patriotism—why do liberals always act so illiberally in office"

The reading matter is "uneven' A few pieces stand out several editorial comments by Eastman some excellent reportage by John Reed especially 'War in Patterson' and 'A Daughter of the Revolution', and one brilliant book review by Randolph Bourne (it is interesting that Bourne whose criticism of our entry into the war and the anarchist theories he developed from his lonely oppositional stand have made him the most relevant political writer of that period for some of us today should be represented by only one brief review he wasn't part of *The Masses* crowd and by the time he began to share their political ideas the magazine was almost finished) Not much, then textually But the drawings! And the covers! John Sloan, Boardman Robinson, Maurice Becker George Bellows Stuart Davis, all of them adapting their talents to social uses without any concession in craftsmanship A unique moment in our cultural history The cartoonists were also good Art Young who was even more prolific a contributor than John Sloan, K R Chamberlain Robert Minor and Henry J. Glintenkamp a sweeping draftsman in the grand Daumier manner whose work I'd not seen before But we have good cartoonists still—Herblock Mauldin, Feiffer. What was unique about *The Masses* was its artwork Its superb drawings were often captioned with the "one line joke" *The New Yorker* re-invented a decade later Ross who was not much of a reader may not have known about *The Masses*, but the fact is that it not only originated the one-line joke but also anticipated Ross's great innovation sophisticated drawing wedded to sophisticated humor

The reason the old *Masses* was exciting in its time and can still be read or anyway looked at with pleasure now unlike the *New Masses* which is strictly for graduate students, is that few of the editors or contributors were really serious about politics nor despite the title did most of them have more than a middle-class touristic interest in "the masses." They were communicating with bohemian intellectuals like themselves, some twelve thousand of them in "The Village" and in enclaves throughout the hinterland They were generous and bright and rebellious and brave and even often right but they weren't very political That had some advantages and not only in the artwork Much, perhaps most, of the written material in Mr O'Neill's interesting anthology is a little pale and flat after the sophisticated political infighting of the Thirties and Forties but *The Masses* had an honesty a singleness of purpose and an innocence that makes the reader of today feel superior and at the same time a little ashamed

Castro's Cuba Cuba's Fidel, by Lee Lockwood (Macmillan, $9.95—i.e. $10) A picture book in which the text is as important, and as good as the pictures which are very good Lee Lockwood is a photographer journalist who likes to visit un-American places like North Vietnam—*Life* magazine's issue of April 7, 1967 ran his moving and informative pictures and reportage on the every day life there of the underlying population, a phrase that takes on a rather literal and sinister meaning with our B 52s. Or, as here, Cuba He spent fourteen weeks there in 1965 accompanying Castro on three of the frequent, restless trips the Premier—or "Fidel" as everybody calls him from chambermaids up—takes

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around the country to talk (endlessly) with the people, "his" people, to hunt and fish and relax in a Maine-camp masculine atmosphere expounding arguing teasing kidding and playing domino marathons all endlessly The sheer energy of Fidel as an open-all-night talker, rambling and limitless, is impressive if not reassuring, he sounds rather like Thomas Wolfe who wasn't able to finish things, either The book is mostly transcripts of talks with Fidel (when he wasn't shooting the breeze with somebody else), and very interesting they are too, if one skips a bit. Mr Lockwood is as good a listener as Fidel is a talker also he combines sympathy with detachment and so stimulates his subject into explication without letting him vanish in an (endless) drone of verbiage

I get the impression Castro is extremely intelligent articulate (to say the least), decent personally and in his general political aims (but curiously unaware or worse uninterested in the actual consequences to people of some of his policies), and psychologically both enormously energetic and enormously disorganized an "oceanic" personality again like Tom Wolfe's that is shaped by his charismatic relation to "his" people—their reactions are also important, a kind of feedback which orients him, gives him a "fix" in nautical terms. Just the opposite to the definite inner structure that is so obvious in say Lenin This explains Castro's backing murderous and politically hopeless guerrilla raids in Bolivia, Venezuela and other South American countries Lenin opposed terrorism as pointless practically and morally repugnant to his bourgeois values, Castro is more the creature of "his" people hence less clear about his own thinking and feeling

However he does emerge in Mr Lockwood's book as the most attractive political leader since Ghandi with whom he shares an unpretentious (and humorous) approach to the solemnity of power including his own, also a simplicity in human contacts Cf his charming colloquy pp 40-42, with an old man who wants a pension "so I can start a little business with cocoa trees. They grow very well in this soil" The dialogue concludes

FIDEL What? At your age you want to go into business with cocoa trees? What madness! Listen how old are you viejo?

OLD MAN Only eighty seven Comandante

FIDEL Eighty-seven! What madness! *Viejo* don't you know that at eighty seven you should be spending your remaining years in peace and quiet, instead of opening up a new business for yourself? That's what a pension is for.

OLD MAN But I will live many more years yet Fidel I feel very strong But I am all alone I must have something to do because I don't think I will live with any more women

FIDEL Help! No more, no more! You will have your pension, amigo. Ay, these compañeros going into business when they are nearly ninety They are never going to understand what socialism is all about, that's for sure!

On the following page a smiling matron is reaching up to touch Castro's beard Captain "Ay Fidel—how fat you've gotten!"

I can't imagine Lenin or Mao or Boumedienne having such encounters. I don't think much of most of Castro's policies, especially the guerrilla warfare nastiness, but I must admit he's added something positive to modern communism #

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SECULAR MUSIC

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Soul is selling. Ahmet Ertegun and Jerry Wexler of Atlantic Records, who began selling rhythm and blues (La Vern, Joe Turner, The Drifters) to a limited white audience in the mid Fifties, now find their organization (which includes Atco and the distribution of Stax, Volt and Dial) leading the Top 100 charts. The previous champion was the Motown group of Berry Gordy, whose Detroit Sound is also Negro, hence soulful, but much slicker—dance music. The endless succession of artists in the Atlantic stable (Otis Redding, Aretha Franklin, Sam & Dave, and on and on) are rawer, grittier, more bluesy: three adjectives that suggest what soul is without getting down to it.

There is a difference between the soulful performer—nearly any Negro, an occasional white—and soul music, which more or less began with Ray Charles a dozen years ago. Charles added gospel elements (typical progressions, an amen-yeah chorus) to the blues (which had the same roots as gospel anyway), returned his funky jazz piano (same roots) and brought it all together with a frantic stage style more histrionic than the straightforward presentation of bluesmen like Muddy Waters and B.B. King. Soul music is a combination of surface elements. It is less subtle and poetic than older blues forms, more complex than the R&B of the Fifties, more meaningful lyrically than the Motown stuff. It is remarkably close to the blues, but both races buy it.

Defining soul itself is more difficult and presumptuous. The concept is guarded jealously by the members who, like the faithful everywhere, prefer to regard it as beyond verbalization. In truth, "soulful" is a lot closer to "black" than anyone wants to admit, especially as understood by black people, who after all should know, and our approach to the subject is through the few white singers who get play on soul stations. What sets them apart? The Righteous Brothers, two white Southern Californians, made the first breakthrough with their near perfect rendition of gospel-rock counterpoint. More recently The Young Rascals have done exceptionally well in Negro markets, and other American singers—Mitch Ryder, even Johnny Rivers—have made some inroads. In addition, those great, hoarse old pros, Frank Sinatra and Tony Bennett, are usually admitted into the canon by performers if not radio stations. (As a curiosity, all these latter are Italian American. Of course so was Frankie Avalon. And so is Al Martino.)

But although all the English singers found their major inspiration in one form or another of American Negro music, only Tom Jones and Stevie Winwood (of The Spencer Davis Group and Traffic) make it. WWRL Soul Radio in New York was swamped with complaints when it tried to broaden programming with The Rolling Stones. A white jazz critic has called Eric Burdon and The Animals "a blackface act," which seems an exceptional opinion. The Beatles? Forget it.

Why? First, many English groups are rooted in blues that predate soul and are therefore considered unhip. Second, the English sound is dominated by loud guitars, while soul emphasizes the emotive solo voice. But there has always been something missing. In addition, and I think it was precisely what was missing that made the English groups click in the first place. The Frankie Avalons always did their music straight—"sincere" was Ricky Nelson's favorite word—but, for the usual anthropo-psychosexual reasons, their sincerity was gutless. In one way or another, the English groups injected a sense of self-consciousness into their music deliberately—as parody or self-parody or just plain fun. Even The Stones have a sardonic edge. "I am an Englishman singing this black music."

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Soul music can be happy, but it can't be fun. It has two essential ingredients—wildness controlled (Anthony and the Imperials) or indulged (James Brown) and faith in itself, a religious virtue after all. It can be horribly mawkish—Danny Ray with that great high note, is a favorite on Amateur Night at the Apollo—but it always projects honest emotional effort. The Beatles and The Stones are wonderful partly because they're never that sincere. Even if they were, though, they probably wouldn't get soul-station play—a lot of soulful white music is ignored now—because the soul market is still a race market and demands fervid imitation. (Similarly the Country Western market remains all white.) The very few Negro groups who sound white—most notably The 5th Dimension (on the Soul City label) which crosses The Mamas and The Papas with The Swingle Singers—get no play either.

And the old racism is still with us. Although such frankly black music has never before been so popular with whites, their range of response is limited. When a Harlem teen-ager (or housewife—soul is not teen music among Negroes) buys a record by Otis Redding she most likely wants a surrogate for the show that left her screaming at the Apollo or the Brevoort. Redding's white fans may like to dance to him or listen to him but they aren't conscious of him as a sexual object. Yet the popularity of singers like Redding and Brown has made possible (and perhaps necessary) a new kind of sexual cender among white performers. Among these I think Mitch Ryder is special.

Ryder's recent album *Sock It to Me!* is dreadful. I usually find his versions of past hits more than passable and the two-song medleys that are his trademark better than that. Unfortunately, eight of the songs on this album were written by his producer and discoverer, Bob Crewe. Crewe is one of the geniuses of the record business but his kind of "soul music" has a way of accentuating the strain and stridency that tend to mar all of Ryder's vocals. In addition the record contains a *Walk On By* that verges on sacrilege to anyone who reveres the Dionne Warwick version the way I do.

But soul is more than what goes on a record. It has grown out of the revival meeting and the blues show. The major soul performers travel from city to city with their own bands, costumes and choreography, refurbishing personal contacts in shows that well may end with the singer prostrate on the floor, screaming incantatory syllables into the microphone as he reaches to touch the (mostly female) hands extended over the footlights.

Unlike any other white performer, Ryder follows the same pattern. He travels with his own ten-piece orchestra, choreography by Jaime Rodgers and costumes ($1,000 apiece—of lame or gaudy, translucent silk) by Charles Lisanby: a spectacular show and Ryder makes it go. He is the genuine article. Born in a Detroit suburb he grew up singing R&B with many of the Negro artists now with Motown. He is intelligent, with slightly hoody good looks and his stage presence is extraordinary—he seems to swell with an infusion of the Host as he begins each song. When Ryder feels in touch with his audience he can plan just when he is going to collapse off the stage and count on getting the same response in a college auditorium that James Brown does at the Apollo. The myth of the soul performer is one of identification rather than entertainment. It is to Ryder's credit that he can make it work in a new context.

Ryder is considered a phony by many soul devotees because he calculates his effects—and also I suspect because he is cashing in on a Negro act. But you can be sure James Brown calculates his effects too, and like Ryder Negro stars seem fond of money. Soul is an act, a deliberate manifestation of a special emotional set. Its mystique is often silly. But—for a white audience, and in person Ryder does soul as well as it can be done. Maybe someday the Negro performers will be able to do it themselves. I hope so.

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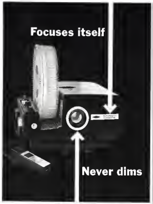

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serve of popular music—in fact it sometimes seems that a record which appeals to the youth-oriented pop market cannot be C&W by definition. Frankly I don't know as much as I'd like to about the music because I find it fascinating but unlistenable. It is very regional, appealing mostly to the white lower-middle-class adults especially those in the South and West and away from the urban centers. The lyrics, which are much more inventive than the music, reflect this appeal; booze and sexual temptation are favorite subjects. Aside from Roger Miller, who defies the categories anyway, no C&W performer has broken into the pop of this decade for more than a freak hit, although in the Fifties C&W was almost as important as R&B. This is an index of the increasing withdrawal of the audience. Rock borrows constantly from country music with good effect; when C&W borrows, and it does so more and more, it borrows from the corny excrescences of easy listening and outdated pop. Most of the songs are lugubrious, ridiculous or both. But taken as a whole they form a fascinating folk music and some even stand by themselves.

I love Jeannie Seely's first big record, *Don't Touch Me*. The song was nothing special—a variation on "I fear my own passions"—but Miss Seely made it shine. She sounded country, but a woman, one who knew sex was more than something that descended to engulf you on your sixteenth birthday, and who didn't tease. Despite her sound, Miss Seely is no hick. She writes songs, is a competent businesswoman and her voice is very sophisticated, threatening to break about once a bar. Every time it does I shiver a little. I think she has soul.

After the buildup I am sorry to say that her second album, *Thanks, Hank!*, a tribute to Hank Cochran, is a disappointment. Cochran wrote *Don't Touch Me* for which I bless him, but he also wrote *A Little Bitty Tear Let Me Down*, which almost cancels it out. I'm afraid his affinity for the cliché isn't even campy. *I Lie A Lot* is the only song on the album I really like.

If you want to give Jeannie a try, though, try *The Seely Style*, which contains *Don't Touch Me* and three or four other fine cuts. When C&W singers break out of the bag, they show an unfortunate tendency to move into "easy listening"—the tuneful, soulless slop from which the music borrows. I would certainly hope for better things from Miss Seely, though I can't imagine what.

The Mothers of Invention pose the central question of contemporary art, namely: Are you putting me on? Everything about them is ugly. Presiding genius Frank Zappa seems to enjoy ugliness. His apparent motivation is distaste for everything except modern classical music and the alienation effect. "He's really weird," one graduate teenie-bopper confided to me. "He doesn't even turn on." Well, I guess that says it.

Visually The Mothers are reminiscent of The Fugs, old enough so that all that hair looks more skanky than cute. Musically, they are The Fugs in reverse. The Fugs are poets who perceived the inherent sexuality of rock and decided it was an easy way to go bandit. The Mothers are musicians who learned during long hours in studios and crummy dance halls that rock was crude and often degenerated. They parody every popular music from Thirties-croon to The Supremes. (No Supremes fan

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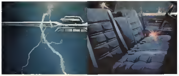

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could entirely survive the sight of these three hairy freaks prancing from mike to mike in a perfectly hideous and hilarious version of *Baby Love*.) Their music is the antithesis of soul: wooden beat, lurid riffs, inane lyrics. Vocalist Ray Collins can destroy any style, and the musicianship behind him is always precisely awful.

Because The Mothers are so good on stage (they have opened as an off-Broadway musical) their recordings are underrated. Both *Freak Out!*, a double record that is a great bargain at stereo price, and *Absolutely Free*, conceived as two short concerti, give the flavor of a Mothers performance. But they do not bear repeated listening. Musical parody can satisfy for just so long, and Zappa's tastes in social satire are less than subtle—the "plastic people" he is always sniping at are an unoriginal and rather stationary target. And when he moves into the aleatory Varese-jazz rock composition that seems his only true love he does not impress my admittedly untrained ear.

I don't mean to be captious, though. See The Mothers if you can. Zappa is very funny and reed man Bunk Gardner a great talent (much better than Archie Shepp, whom Gardner professes to admire—along with Herman's Hermits). And if you can't see them, buy a record—the Zappa-designed jacket of *Absolutely Free* is almost worth the price. *Absolutely Free* is better integrated; *Freak Out!* has more music. Your choice.

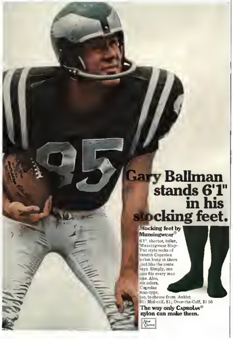
The Who has been the third-best group in England since early 1965. Until *Happy Jack*, though, it never had a major hit in the States. The group's sound began as the hardest and most raucous in the business, defiantly lower class, ugly. Leader Pete Townshend, probably the prime genius of the post-Beatle rock, had gone deep into feedback (especially on one great single entitled *Anyhow Anywhere Anyway*) and invented the Antonioni auto-destruct (Pete Townshend cracks his guitar against the amplifiers while Keith Moon breaks drumsticks, Roger Daltry crashes his mike against the cymbals) before anyone here had heard of him. Perhaps because of this distance from American money, The Who has retained its original spirit. The lyrics, aberrant only in their occasional celebration of madness, deal with drink and sex and Mum and Dad, although their tenor had grown cooler and funnier. (The group's best song, *Substitute*, was rerecorded for the U.S. with the line "I look all white but my dad was black" excised. Townshend hasn't written anything that strong in a while.) Musically, the sound has become (relatively) quiet, with disturbances beneath the surface.

The Who has released two albums here. *Happy Jack* jumps off the single and represents the group's cool phase. *A Quick One While He's Away* (yes, that's what it's about) incorporates half a dozen melodies into one nine-minute work. It's the best such attempt I've heard. But if *Happy Jack* and *Pictures of Lily* (which should be a hit by the time this appears) sound attenuated to you, try to find the first album, *My Generation*. The hardest rock in history. And there's plenty of early stuff not yet on any album. For once, a premature Greatest Hits record would constitute a public service.

Letter writers, remember it is at least two months between the time I write this and the time you see it. That makes it very hard to be too hip.

I want to register a *mea culpa* on the Jefferson Airplane. After repeated forced hearings it is clear my put-down was a bad mistake. The Airplane is one of the best—intense, original, yes, soulful. The success of *Somebody to Love* and of The Doors' *Light My Fire* is heartening. America, you are still out there.

I will be disheartened if one of the five singles recently released by Moby Grape—*Omaha* and *Changes* are the best—does not become an enormous hit. The Grape ranks now with the Airplane and The Doors among the new California groups, and has the potential to be the best in the country. Camp triumph of the year is *Albert, Albert* by The Bugs ("Albert, Albert, what the heck you were just a pain in the neck"). The flip is *Strangler in the Night*, by "Albert De Salvo." No, I will not tell how to get it. ■



Gary Ballman stands 6'1" in his stocking feet.

Stocking feet by Munsingwear®

6'1", shorter, taller, Munsingwear Stay-Put style socks of stretch Caprolan nylon hang in there just like the name says. Simply, one size fits every man size. Also, six colors, Caprolan man-type, too, to choose from. Anklet $1; Mid-calf, $1; Over-the-Calf, $1.50

The way only Caprolan® nylon can make them.

Allied Chemical

The Well-Bred Bostonians meet the cavalry twill.

Not everyone buys Bostonians just because they're well-made.

It's been hair-raising trying to suppress the news of our fashion leadership. But with much trepidation, we decided to let our craftsmen know the truth.

Not everyone has been buying the Well-Bred Bostonians just because they're well made.

They celebrated their total approval of the news, loud and long. With one notable exception. Jim Shanks, our specialist in tenderizing quality Flex-O-Moc leathers, asked why we were fashion leaders. (Jim's a stickler for details.)

We answered his question without hesitation. We explained how we studied men's fashion styles of the day. Examined trends. Colors. Innovations. This was nothing new. It has always been our policy.

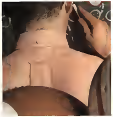
Jim thanked us and left a happier man. He'd clearly been worried that this news might affect his legendary craft. He was relieved to learn it would always be the essence of fine Bostonian fashion.

(Featured) #8212 in Bone • Veal. (Lower Right) #8218. (Lower Left) #870. Both in Mahogany. Also available in Black. Most Bostonians $18.95 to $40.00. Authentic Moccasins from $15.95. (Slightly higher in the West.) Bostonians now available in Canada. Write for name of nearest dealer. Bostonian Shoes, Whitman, Mass.

BOSTONIAN FLEX-O-MOCS

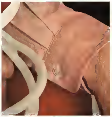
Every pair shows the care of the shoemaker's hand

Extra point:



this Gant oxford ...

button-down ...



holds its press ...

permanently

Press/Not throw away the iron—this colorful Gant oxford button-down (called Press/Not) will hold its original pressed-in look—washing after washing The fabric, Gant's own ingenious blend of 65% "Dacron" polyester and 35% cotton Tailored with singular precision—patently Gant Trim Hugger body In cinnamon, white and blue. About $9 at discerning stores For one nearest you write Gant Shirtmakers, New Haven, Connecticut*

*DUPONT REG. TRADEMARK

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SHIRTMAKERS

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The fashion coat is wool.

1967 will go down in history as the year American men realized their fashion rights and asserted them. The year they kicked conformity out of their clothes closets and started setting trends instead of bucking them First to exit the any-old coat That's the coat a man throws on for everything from dog walking to riding the commuter train

Making an exciting entrance the fashion coats of wool, loomed in America They're the coats with the luxurious look the flawless tailoring the unmistakably contemporary colors and patterns that make for great first impressions

American mills like **Barnes Worsted** weave menswear coating the American Way with Wool richly textured warm versatile, long-wearing Perfect for expert tailors like **Barry Walt** to shape into trend-setting coats with the careful hand-detailing that assures crisp masculine lines The aware American man knows that for him this is the year fashion arrived ... if he arrives in a fashion coat, loomed the American Way with Wool For more information write American Wool Council, Dept WJ-367, 570 Seventh Ave , New York, N Y 10018

It s wool mark of the good life

PURE VIRGIN WOOL

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The American Way With Wool

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TRAVEL NOTES

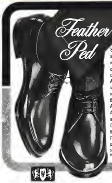
RICHARD JOSEPH

Just ten years ago we did our crystal ball act for *Travel 1960: The Jet Comes of Age*, in the November, 1957, issue. We didn't want to joggle our prescience while in the midst of forecasting the Seventies for *Is this the coming way to run an airline?* You bet it is on page 158, by checking our track record, but before we trade in our old type crystal ball for one of the new clear-plastic models, let's see how our predictions have stood up.

We based our story on talks with engineers and executives of Boeing, Douglas, Lockheed (including Robert E. Gross, its president) and Convair, and with such airline officials as Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, board chairman of Eastern; C. E. Woolman, president and general manager of Delta; Gordon Gilmore, vice-president of TWA; Willis Lipscomb, vice-president of Pan American; Henri J. Lesieur, general manager of Air France, and Warren Kraemer, vice-president of SAS. Of all the men we interviewed, only Gilmore of TWA is still on the job. Rickenbacker, Lipscomb and Lesieur are retired. Kraemer is in business for himself, and Woolman and Gross are dead.

And a lot of dreams have been buried in the past ten years. Lockheed, a leader in the piston era with its series of Constellations and Super Connies, had put all its eggs in the Electra basket, hoping to leapfrog the first jet generation with a 2000-m.p.h. supersonic airliner that would have its prototype flying in 1965 and be in production by '68 or '69. Lockheed lost out to Boeing in the design competition for the American S.S.T. this year and now bases its civilian jet transport hopes on its projected 1011, a 250- to 300-passenger medium-range jet, and an airline version of its A-8 military transport which would carry as many as 786 passengers. The turboprop Electra was and is a hell of a good airplane but it was jinxed from the start by a series of crashes resulting from early design bugs. They were quickly eliminated, but the airlines didn't buy the Electra, so it was phased out of production in 1963.

As a matter of fact, none of the turboprops won the market that was



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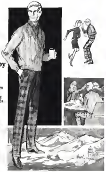

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ZERO KING

A PROPOSITION

A wild new thing is about to happen the mad, mod scene is about to witness the birth of a fantastic new magazine destined for greatness Its name is **Avant-Garde.**

As its name implies, **Avant-Garde** will be a forward-directed, daring, and wildly hedonistic magazine It will report on every aspect of the ebullient new life-style now emerging in America, and it will do so with no put-ons and no inhibitions

The pages of **Avant-Garde** will explode with biting satire, incisive profiles, audacious reportage, lush graphic art, consciousness-expanding fiction, and poetry that *speaks* **Avant-Garde** will cover Art, Politics, Science, and every other subject of interest to readers of superior Intelligence and cultivated taste It will be a bimonthly of

—*beauty*, bringing to graphic art a transcendental new kind of high,

—*truth*, eschewing platitudes and really telling it like it is, and

—*love*, unabashedly reveling in the One Universal Ultimate Good

In short, **Avant-Garde** will be a hip, joyous, beautiful new magazine It will be the *voice* of the Turned-On Generation

Perhaps the best way to describe **Avant-Garde** for you is to list the kinds of articles it will print:

The Dead-Serious Movement to Run Allen Ginsberg for Congress

Homage to Muhammad Ali—35 Celebrities (including Marlon Brando, Jackie Robinson, and Woody Allen) in praise of Cassius Clay

Coming: Synthetic (and Therefore Legal) Marijuana

Radio Free America—A professor's plan (already in motion) to establish a pirate radio station off the coast of California.

The "Bust" of Charlotte Moorman—The gifted young cellist describes her arrest for giving a concert hall recital "topless"

The CIA's Super-Salaried "Super-Spook"—An expose of an operative who is said to be paid $1 million a year to fink for Big Brother

The Intellectual Companions of Jacqueline Kennedy

Bob Dylan's Suppressed—and Pithiest—Song Lyrics

Salvador Dali: A New Dimension in Erotic Art—Drawings created especially to celebrate the launching of **Avant-Garde**

George Romney's Bizarre Religious Beliefs

Toward the Elimination of War—A little-known exchange of correspondence between Einstein and Freud

Understanding Zowie—A glossary of Switched-On Generation jargon'

The Fugs—New York's most way-out electronic raga-rock nerve-thrill company

A Gastronomical Guide to the Year 2000

The Writing on the Wall—The emergence of graffiti as a medium of social protest

Move Over, Lady Chatterley—A preview of several erotic classics soon to be published in this country for the first time.

The Prison Poems of Ho Chi Minh

Mixed-Media Art: The Pop World's Newest "Scrambled Oeuvre"

My Love for You Is Stronger Than Dirt—The Madison Avenue dating scene as observed by Dan ("How to Be a Jewish Mother") Greenburg

Poets at War—Bitter anti-war verse by GI's in Vietnam

John Lennon as a Master of Prose

Ingenious—and Perfectly Legal—New Ways Around Abortion Laws

Everett Dirksen as "The Wizard of Ooze"—A Pop Impression

The Emergence of Abstract Expressionist Journalism—As exemplified by the L A Free Press, N Y East Village Other, and Berkeley Barb

Group Psychotherapy on TV

Aubrey Beardsley's Suppressed Erotic Works—A portfolio

A Plea for State-Sponsored Breeding of Supermen—By geneticist Sir Julian Huxley

Pornographic Film Festivals at Lincoln Center by 1970—The predictions of an underground film-maker

In sum, **Avant-Garde** will be a feast of gourmet food-for-thought prepared by the avant-garde for the avant-garde It will be the quintessence of intellectual sophistication

The creative director of **Avant-Garde** is one of the most fertile minds in American publishing today Herb Lubalin, the country's foremost art director (it was he who designed the elegant—and cruelly suppressed—quarterly *Eros*) In addition, the staff of **Avant-Garde** includes several of the most gifted artists, writers, and photographers of our time

In format, **Avant-Garde** will more closely resemble an expensive art folio than a magazine It will be printed by costly offset lithography on the finest antique and coated papers It will be bound in 12-point Frankote boards It will carry *no advertising whatsoever.*

Avant-Garde will be available by subscription only It will cost $10 per year This is not inexpensive, *but* we have a proposition

If you will enter your subscription *right now*—before **Avant-Garde**'s first issue is sold out—we will send you a whole year for *only $5* This is *half price!*

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predicted for this type aircraft, except for the original Vickers Viscount which entered service in 1953 and the two-engine high wing Fokker (Fairchild Hiller F-27) Friendship. Before the jets started flying, it was believed that they would be profitable only for comparatively long hops and the turboprops were expected to handle most of the short-haul business. However, the jets proved as efficient and economical even on shorter segments that they've just about driven the smaller and slower turboprops off the market. The Bristol Britannia, introduced in 1957 is the largest of the turboprops in commercial service, and its 5840 mile range was longer than that of the first big jets, yet it's no longer flying any of the major routes. The Vickers Vanguard is operated only by Air Canada and British European Airways.

Among the jets, the prototype of the Douglas DC-8 hadn't even been flown in 1957, yet it is Boeing's only major rival among the jetliners, and the stretched-out Series 60 models, 37 feet longer than the standard DC-8's and carrying as many as 250 passengers is the first of the jumbo jets, United having introduced it on its Hawaii runs early this year. Boeing announced its 717 and 737 models as we went to press with our 1957 story. The 717 was never produced. Instead Boeing manufactured the 720, a minor modification of the 707, and the 727, with three engines mounted in the rear, has proved to be the most popular short-haul jet since its introduction in 1964.

The third American jet, the Convair 880, was a sleeper when we were making our predictions for 1960. Designed as a short-range plane, its range was extended by later modifications, and it turned out to be somewhat speedier than the 707 and the DC-8. The Convair 990 was a further improvement of the 880, nevertheless most airlines were so happy with their 707's and DC-8's that Convair never was able really to crack the market and it discontinued production of its jetliners in 1963. Of the other first generation jets we could write about a decade ago, the de Havilland Comet IV, first to enter the transatlantic run, is still in service but mostly on secondary routes, and the twin-engine French Caravelle, one of the most comfortable of all the jets, is still widely used on shorter routes abroad.

So much for the planes. Let's take a look at how well the rest of our ten-year-old predictions have stood up, and at the same time be reminded of how things were ten short years ago.

"RESERVATIONS: You'll be able to make them in a fraction of present time thanks to various electronic systems," we wrote. TRUE. "Your ticket too will be issued by a machine." FALSE.

"BAGGAGE: Probably there'll be no increase in the free baggage allowance" (TRUE on flights abroad; FALSE, domestically, where the limit is now by size and number of bags, rather than weight), "but your bags will be loaded on and off the planes in much less time. Preloaded bins will do the trick." TRUE on many airlines.

"BOARDING THE PLANE: One of the exciting prospects of the near future is a double-deck departure building in which passengers will board the plane from a covered gangway or runway on the upper deck while the baggage is loaded on below. No more slipping and sliding across oily concrete in the open during rainy or icy weather!" (TRUE—in major U.S. airports.)

On the question of fares, we were too long-winded to quote here but the gist of it was that the "new thrift fares" to be introduced in April, 1958, would make flights to Europe cheaper than ever before—$417.60 round trip between New York and London compared to $522 tourist and $722 first class. Well, 'thrift class' became 'economy,' and drove tourist class right off the transatlantic planes. Present twenty-one-day excursion economy fare has dropped to $300. And nobody foresaw the tremendous rise in charter flights, on which a New York-London round trip can cost less than $150.

The most futuristic thinking we encountered was that of Warren Kraemer, of Scandinavian Airlines, who pre-

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dicted that first-class accommodations on transatlantic jets would be like nothing ever seen in an airplane before. Some first-class planes, he said, would have reclining chairs movable for conversational groupings, a stand-up bar at one end of the cabin, with a television screen angled down at the passengers. "We've made tests and found that only twenty-five percent of our transatlantic trip will be out of range of either European or American television stations," he told us. Oh, well, we do have movies on some planes. . . .

Furtherest out, though, was our 1958 prediction that "the [supersonic] jets of a decade from now should be able to rise vertically and quietly from convenient in-town airports to a height where they can cut in their big engines and take off horizontally at speeds of 1200 miles per hour or better." Oy

Having taken a small leap forward eight years into the mid-Seventies, we'll take a great leap backward into nostalgia shortly after this issue reaches you when we board the *Queen Mary* for her farewell voyage back to Britain. As the tear-stained shipping pages of your newspaper have been telling you, the *Mary* is to be retired, and *Elizabeth*, her younger sister, will follow her sometime next year.

For us dodderers who remember, it's inconceivable that thirty-one years could have passed since her debut. Good God, where could they have gone to? Back in '36, we recall, the pound sterling was worth five dollars, but when you changed a twenty-dollar bill, you never got more than three pounds and eighteen or nineteen shillings. The farthing, worth one-fourth of a penny, was a perfectly respectable coin, and seven quid a week was a comfortable enough screw to get married on—and never mind any snuggling American interpretation of this fine old English idiom.

Then as now, we looked to England for men's fashions, but a brown tweed jacket and grey flannel slacks was the off-duty uniform, the Beatles hadn't been born and the Land of Mod lay far in the future. George V had died in January and his Dowager Queen Mary, wearing her superb dignity and her magnificent toques, looked disapprovingly on her son, Edward VIII, and his shenanigans with an American divorcée. Her criticism extended even to his clothes; on a visit to the *Queen Mary* just before her maiden voyage the King wore a flannel suit and a straw hat. Meeting him along the dockside, Queen Mary was heard to say, "You would not have dressed like this if your Father had been here, David."

In 1936, Winston Churchill was making growling sounds from his political doghouse, but nobody got very excited when Hitler marched his horse-drawn artillery into the demilitarized Rhineland. Within three years, Britain was at war. During the next six years, the *Queen Mary*, daubed with grey and fitted with radar and antiaircraft and four-inch guns, carried Australian troops to help stave off any invasion of Britain, Empire forces to turn the tide against Rommel in El Alamein, Churchill across the Atlantic to meet Roosevelt, 15,000 Americans at a time to storm Fortress Europe, and the wounded, the soldiers and their brides home.

In '47, the *Queen Mary* was again a luxury liner, ready to help launch

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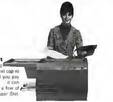

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WINDBREAKER

the postwar travel boom. But then the airlines moved in, the jets increased the airborne trend and the steamships' share of the transatlantic passenger traffic dropped from about 68 percent in 1948 to a bit over 11 percent last year. The *Queen Mary* and the *Queen Elizabeth* lost great amounts of money in their transatlantic runs which they recouped only partially with their cruise sailings. Suddenly the *Queen Mary's* three tall smokestacks seemed as outmoded as her namesake's towering hats and that's where the thirty-one years have gone.

On the old *Evening Journal* Herbie Spiro got the assignment to cover the *Queen Mary's* maiden voyage and the rest of us cubs on the paper were jealous as hell. Herbie's brother was city editor, and we resented the nepotism, even though some of us suspected that he was given the assignment to get him away from his unrequited torch for a kid on the staff, a button-nosed, pert little Irisher named Dorothy Kilgallen.

It was the stuff he filed on the five-day trip that made us swear we'd be riding the *Mary* some day—stories about how the ship represented a whole new world of travel elegance, how 15,000 people had flocked to see her before she sailed, including Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, who had slid down the chutes in the children's playroom, how the women passengers had blossomed in blue, green and yellow evening gowns far brighter than anything permitted in London during the court mourning for George V, how every passenger had gotten a case of champagne when the ship called at Cherbourg. The musical comedy star Frances Day sang a special maiden voyage song in return for getting her Rolls-Royce carried in the hold below, and in the ship's shopping center, Austin Reed sold a special *Queen Mary* necktie for $1.12.

While she was still one hundred miles at sea three Eastern Air Lines planes under the command of Captain Eddie Rickenbacker flew low and dropped flowers on her deck, and when she sailed into New York harbor, planes of the 29th Division Air Squadron circled and dipped their wings in salute. Coast Guard cutters circled the ship, "long as a street and lofty as a tower," like a motorcycle escort among the yachts, ferryboats, sight-seeing crafts and fireboats with hoses spurting high into the air. The ticker tape of a tumultuous welcome covered downtown streets, and fifteen girls dressed in white uniforms and black hussar hats played *God Save the King*.

While the *Mary* was tied up at her pier, members of the ship's company were welcomed at City Hall by Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia, six thousand visitors a day paid a dollar apiece to seamen's charities, and souvenir hunters relieved her of ashtrays, china and silverware, potted plants and brass name plates.

Our chance to take our first trip abroad and our first ride on the *Queen Mary* came about a year later, after an insane young sculptor named Robert Irwin had carved up a photographer's model by the name of Ronnie Gedeon and her mother and a boarder. Picking up the bonus we'd gotten from the story plus two weeks of overtime we'd earned by working on it, we added it to our two-week vacation check and took off—paying, if memory serves, $105 for the third-class cabin we shared with three guys on summer parole from various college campuses. After a few hours of bumping into each other, we discovered that personable young gentlemen equipped with decent wardrobes including dinner jackets could navigate carefully charted drifts into the more spacious and gracious areas officially reserved for first-class passengers.

The big Cunard ships were always lucky for us. Three years later we were on a Coast Guard cutter taking ship-news reporters down New York harbor. By then the war had broken out in Europe, and we never knew what ship we'd find at the other end of The Narrows. This time an enormous grey hulk rose slowly out of the early morning mist—a bigger ship than we had ever seen before. It was the *Queen Elizabeth*, spirited across the Atlantic while still not completed to get her out of range of Luftwaffe bombers. Encircling the great hulk was a girdle of cables. Most of us thought it was something remaining from work still to be finished, but this writer had happened to read just the night before about the de-gaussing cable, a new device to protect ships against magnetic mines, and our exclusive won us another bonus the following Friday.

No doubt the Q4, the still unnamed Cunarder due to replace the *Mary* early in '69, will please the customers and still turn a fair profit for the line, but those of us making the nostalgic farewell crossing of the *Mary* September 22 will be toasting a lost way of life, and if anybody still has one of those old Austin Reed maiden-voyage neckties we'd be glad to give him a three-year subscription to this magazine for it.

Still, we're sorry that the *Mary* will get us to Britain just a week after Queen Elizabeth launches the Q4 in Scotland and gives it its name, because this is something we'd like to see. Whatever it's to be called, the new ship is designed to meet current traffic conditions on the North Atlantic. The two *Queens* were built to provide weekly transatlantic service in each direction. Which was fine, in good weather, but comparatively few travelers make a North Atlantic crossing by ship in winter—when most transatlantic liners now double as cruise ships and the Q4 has been planned to do that perfectly.

The fastest twin-screw merchant ship afloat, she'll cruise at 28½ knots, the same speed developed by the four propellers of the *Mary* and the *Elizabeth* but with less vibration. With a 58,000 gross tonnage, compared to the *Mary's* 81,237 and the *Elizabeth's* 82,997, she'll carry 2,025 passengers—77 more than the *Mary* and 57 less than the Lizzie. About seventy-five percent of them will be in outside rooms, a higher proportion than in any other transatlantic liner. She'll be considerably shorter and narrower than either *Queen*. Most important, on cruises all her accommodations will be in a single class, and on transatlantic runs the only off-limits area will be one deck of public rooms reserved for passengers paying a premium fare.

The Q4 will be the largest liner capable of sailing around the world via the Panama and Suez canals. It will be the first big liner designed jointly by naval architects and engineers and representatives of Cunard's sales and passenger service departments, with such resulting innovations as upper-deck restaurants, the largest lounge and more open deck space than any other liner, and drive-on drive-off facilities for eighty cars.

Shed no tears, meanwhile, for the steamship business in general. The steamship lines have more than made up with their booming cruise business for the drop-off in transatlantic traffic—and these losses have been mostly in proportion to air traffic. Some paragraphs back we quoted the dramatic reduction of the percentage of ship travelers from 1948 to last year, but actually the transatlantic ships carried almost 100,000 more passengers last year than they did in 1948—although with two exceptions the total has been dropping each year over the past decade.

That's on the *North Atlantic*, remember. On other routes the passenger business is increasing. The Trans-Pacific Passenger Conference, for instance, reports that its member lines carried 4.45 percent more passengers last year, and the pattern is moving steadily upward. Forty new ships have joined the Pacific passenger fleet since 1960. Prominent in the Pacific picture is P & O Lines, with eleven ships it is the largest steamship line in the world. Warren S. Titus, president for North America of the British line, has been one of the leaders of the "floating hotel" concept of steamship operation which bases its appeal on the ship as a resort and a way of vacation life, rather than a means of transportation, competing with hotels rather than airlines.

Therefore he has worked closely with various Pacific airlines in working out joint air-sea itineraries. With UTA, the French airline, for instance, he has developed a Pacific Paradise tour flying from Los Angeles to French Polynesia, New Zealand and Australia and returning by ship. And he keeps passengers happy with bar service of Australian ale at fourteen cents a glass, and Martinis for a quarter. ##

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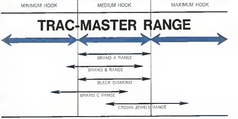

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BOOKS

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

In bringing out a reprint of the Birkbeck Hill edition of Johnson's *Lives of the English Poets* ($45) in three elegant, well-printed volumes, Octagon Books from my point of view has performed a public service equal to founding three Midwestern universities or endowing five physics laboratories in California. This is one of my very favorite books and Birkbeck Hill, in my estimation, is everything that an editor should be: erudite without being a pedant; respectfully, but not sycophantically, disposed toward his subject, a true lover of literature and of learning. His excellent notes are set forth at the bottom of the page to which they refer, an arrangement that I find immeasurably superior to any other which involves turning to the back of the book or to the end of a chapter.

My admiration for Birkbeck Hill's outstanding editorial gifts led me to look him up in *The Dictionary of National Biography*, where, I was happy to find, he is accorded three solid columns. He was born in 1835, a nephew of Sir Rowland Hill, the inventor of the penny post. Before finding his true vocation he tried schoolmastering and published a life of his distinguished uncle of which the *D.N.B.* writer observes that "the historical portions from the pen of the postal reformer are heavy"—which I can readily believe. His superb six-volume edition of Boswell's *The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D.* came out in 1887 and very properly was at once accepted "as a masterpiece of spacious editing," the index which forms the sixth volume being particularly praised as "a monument of industry and completeness." I bought this majestic work at Sotheby's years ago when I could ill afford it, and never spent money better. It has given me endless pleasure. Now, thanks to Octagon Books, I have Birkbeck Hill's edition of Johnson's *Lives of the English Poets* (first published posthumously in 1905) as well. In case it should be thought that I have dwelt excessively on this estimable man in an American magazine, let me add that Birkbeck Hill visited a daughter in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1893 and while there wrote "an instructive volume" on what the *D.N.B.* writer calls "Harvard College," which he goes on "was warmly acclaimed in New England for its friendly tone of comparison" — whatever that may mean. In the same year Williams College conferred a doctorate upon Hill.

It was, of course, due to Boswell that Johnson has been regarded as a wonderful talker and a boring, portentous writer. Actually, his *Rasselas* is a masterpiece, his verses are touching and felicitous, and his *Lives of the English Poets* is a biographical masterpiece, the Life of Savage, particularly, being the first biography, in our sense, in the English language, and still one of the best. I cannot too strongly recommend it for its artistry, humanity and deep understanding of our errant human nature. Johnson knew Savage in his early and most impecunious days; they walked the streets of London together when they were without shelter and sometimes literally starving. It has been suggested that, through his association with Savage, Johnson was led into whoring and that some of his subsequent seemingly excessive penitence may have related to this. I doubt it myself, if only because they had no money, and whores, in my experience, even more than most human beings, are allergic to the penniless. It is quite possible, however, that Johnson's deeply sensual nature may have contemplated something of the kind during these nighttime wanderings; that with his nice moral sense and deep Christian convictions he may have followed his master in considering that whoever looks after a woman lustfully has been to bed with her

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Savage was a dissolute, impecunious, gifted but phony man who buoyed up his faltering ego by some cock-and-bull story about being of noble birth and discarded by his mother, a heartless great lady. Johnson was inclined to credit the story; I am not. No matter. With the utmost sensitivity and perceptiveness, Johnson the great moralist delineates the character and describes the life of the amoral Savage, mingling a delightful humor and tenderness with his account of Savage's struggles and delinquencies. I can never read the closing passage without a lump in my throat and say the words over to myself whenever I feel the slightest inclination to be self righteous about anyone's conduct at anytime

"Those are no proper judges of his conduct who have slumbered away their time on the down of plenty nor will any wise man presume to say, 'Had I been in Savage's condition, I should have lived or written better than Savage.'"

The *Lives* are studded with equally splendid observations, and are sometimes uproariously funny In his writing habits (and I suspect it is another reason for the love I bear him), he was much more the journalist than the scholar His researches were minimal his dilatoriness was disgraceful I like very much his reply, when taxed with the nonappearance of his long promised edition of Shakespeare, or even of a list of paid-up subscribers to it "Sir, I have two very cogent reasons for not printing any list of subscribers one that I have lost all the names, the other, that I have spent all the money" Some of his literary judgments were, admittedly, outrageous For instance as a Tory and a Jacobite he disliked Milton intensely and once remarked to Anna Seward that he would hang a dog that read *Lycidas* twice (an observation with which I have a certain secret sympathy) Yet in recounting Milton's life he is just, and pays his final tribute on the grand scale

"His great works were performed under discountenance and in blindness but difficulties vanished at his touch he was born for whatever is arduous, and his work is not the greatest of heroic poems, only because it is not the first."

Of the weird humor which informs the *Lives* the best example I can give is his account of the death of Edmund Smith—one of the infinitely obscure poets that were included by Johnson either because they were known to him or because he believed them to possess qualities of piety which deserved praise

"Having formed his plan (a tragedy on Lady Jane Grey) and collected materials he declared that a few months would complete his design; and, that he might pursue his work with less frequent avocations, he was, in June, 1710, invited by Mr. George Ducket to his house at Hartham, in Wiltshire. Here he found such opportunities of indulgence as did not forward his studies, and particularly some strong ale too delicious to be resisted. He ate and drank till he found himself plethoric; and then, resolving to ease himself by evacuation, he wrote to an apothecary in the neighborhood a prescription of a purge so forcible, that the apothecary thought it his duty to delay it till he had given notice of its danger. Smith, not pleased with the contradiction of a shopman, and boastful of his own knowledge, treated the notice with rude contempt, and swallowed his own medicine, which in July 1710 brought him to the grave He was buried at Hartham'

The most unkind of all the *Lives* is, I should say, the Swift Johnson disliked and disapproved of him on numerous counts, including, of course the obscenities in some of his verses. (In our time the Doctor would, I fear, have succumbed to a fit of apoplexy long since.) He writes of him in a cold and distant way though with full awareness of his fantastic ability, in politics as in churchmanship and literature Even in Swift's case the horror of his end evokes Johnson's pity He describes the decline of his mental powers until he "last distinction" His madness "was compounded of rage and fatuity"

His meat was brought to him cut into mouthfuls but he would never touch it while the servant stayed, and at last after it had stood perhaps an hour would eat it walking For the most part he lay inert and silent when he was told that the usual bonfires and illuminations were being prepared to celebrate his birthday, he was heard to mutter, "It is all folly they had better let it alone" After four more years of moribund existence, he expired without a struggle.

On November 30 of this year there falls the tercentenary of the birth of this extraordinary man, and no doubt we shall be hearing and reading a lot about him then. Meanwhile I note that, very sensibly, Middleton Murry's *Jonathan Swift*, which first appeared some twelve years ago, has been republished (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, $5.95). Murry friend of D H. Lawrence and husband of Katherine Mansfield is far from being one of my favorite writers I accept the unappetizing picture of him as Burlap in Aldous Huxley's *Point Counter Point* as being approximately authentic Even so he was without any question a competent literary

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critic, and his *Swift*, like his *Keats*, is an interesting and reliable biography which to the best of my knowledge includes all the available information well and undogmatically presented. I know of no better sound, readable textbook as yet published on the subject.

No one will ever get to the bottom of Swift's strange and tragic nature—so mad about politics and fabulously effective a pamphleteer, and yet so unable to advance his own interests beyond the obscure Deanery of St Patrick's in Dublin, so ardent a lover of the company of women and so attractive to them and yet his lifelong love for Stella unfulfilled, and ending in despair, so affectionate a friend left lonely, so infinitely accomplished a writer with so little joy in his craft, so assiduous a clergyman and so unillumined a Christian. One might go on and on, all contradictions. He had a premonition he would go mad; "I shall die," he said, "like a tree—from the head downwards." And so he did, stricken, one imagines, by the same general paralysis of the insane which affected Lord Randolph Churchill, Maupassant, Lord Northcliffe and many other famous figures. Was it the result of venereal disease contracted from some youthful indiscretion? Did he refrain from marrying Stella and having children because he knew of the infection and dreaded the consequence? It is possible. He left his fortune to be used to found a lunatic asylum in Ireland, as he put it in the rhyming epitaph he wrote for himself:

"He gave what little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad,
And show'd by one satiric touch
No nation wanted it so much."

We are back with a plop in the twentieth century in the person of Susan Sontag. What, in God's name, would Johnson and Swift have made of her novel *Death Kit* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, $5.75)? The mind boggles. One has read Miss Sontag's critical essays, or rather some of them, forming an impression of a sort of plastic Harriet Martineau or Florence Nightingale *de nos jours*, a lady with a diaphragm rather than a lamp. Now fiction, and a hipsterette Louisa May Alcott. The hero is Diddy, and he has a girl named Hester in a train lavatory while the train is in motion. Later Hester becomes blind and has an operation, but Diddy continues to have her from time to time, sometimes incessantly. Finally, Diddy (who has made a suicide attempt early in the book) falls in with some corpses, and may be assumed to be dead. It's not a happy or a winsome tale, but very Sontagian in its lusterless lust, its confined shapelessness in a kind of vapid pedantry which is all her own.

Miss Sarah Churchill's recollections of her famous father (*A Thread in the Tapestry*, Dodd, Mead and Co., $4) is a sad, spare little volume with one unforgettable anecdote.

"Sometimes when I used to sit with him in the long afternoons he would repeatedly ask the time. I would tell him. He would sigh deeply. About half an hour later he would ask again. 'What is the time now?' I would tell him. 'Oh Lor,' he would say."

It is something Shakespeare did not think of for the end of *King Lear*.

Two Flamboyant Fathers by Nicolette Devas (William Morrow, $5) is an interesting and authentic account of old-style bohemianism in the Augustus John circle. Mrs. Devas and her sister, wife of Dylan Thomas, more or less grew up in the John household. Her husband was himself an accomplished portrait painter. So they were all in the metier together. Her own father, Francis Macnamara, was a highly eccentric character and womanizer with pretensions to being a writer. The feeling one has now is how sad and silly it all was; too much that is terrible has happened subsequently for the glow to remain. I did a television interview with John shortly before he died, and asked him (a banal enough question, but television is banal) what he felt about his colorful life looking back on it. He gave me a stricken look and shouted with senile intensity: "It's been *horrible! Horrible!*" I can hear him now—"*horrible! Horrible!*" #

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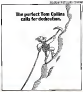
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Is It Too Late for a Man of Honesty, High Purpose and Intelligence to Be Elected President of The United States in 1968?

by Steven V. Roberts

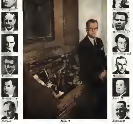
Does such a man exist? Here begins the search...

The Republican Party could probably beat Lyndon B Johnson in 1968 if it did not have to run a candidate against him. Many voters harbor strong resentments against the President, but their antipathy begins to pale when he is stacked up against any of the leading Republican hopefuls In 1966 many Republican candidates in effect, ran against the President without having to present a direct alternative The voters were guided mainly by their hostilities. Some condemned the President's aggressiveness in Vietnam, others vilified his timidity Some resented the progress of the poor and the black, others said that civil-rights and anti poverty legislation was a sham Many just did not like him personally and never will In general the American public showed a remarkable ability to take Lyndon Johnson's achievements for granted and magnify his drawbacks Consequently the Republicans gained forty-seven seats in the House, three seats in the Senate, eight governorships—and proved Johnson a vulnerability.

With the next election little more than a year away, many Democrats are searching for an alternative to the President Americans for Democratic Action announced it would consider endorsing a Republican for the first time Walter Lippmann once one of Mr Johnson's sturdiest journalistic supporters, has mused on the necessity of electing a Republican But the G O P cannot just run L B J It has to put up its own candidate—a candidate who will be poked prodded and squeezed like a ripe tomato in the hands of a Jewish housewife. And the early crop is dazzlingly mediocre. At a dinner given last spring by *The Harvard Crimson* I F Stone, the radical Washington pamphleteer, was asked if he shared Mr Lippmann's growing preference for a Republican He said he did. When pressed for a possible nominee he could only shrug

Following the Goldwater debacle Richard M Nixon streaked into the lead for the next Presidential nomination He appeared to be the candidate most acceptable to all factions and after the wrenching events of 1964 the Republicans wanted to bandage their own wounds more than to beat the Democrats. By this time, however, Nixon is popular by default (except among party professionals who can always count on him for a fund-raising speech). His support in both wings of the party is not solid and among Democrats it is not viable Even if Nixon could unify the party moderates ask, what would he unify it for? They sense the possibility of actually defeating Johnson, and they are starting to knock Nixon's "genius for losing" Moreover, as one New York Republican put it, Nixon is 'damaged goods" But at least until the moderates agree on a candidate Nixon will run well in the polls.

When Barry Goldwater retired to his ham radio Nixon inherited most of his followers At the time he was the best they could get Now it seems likely that if Ronald Reagan beckons, much of the right wing will jilt Nixon with hardly a good bye kiss Reagan is still a non-candidate, but it is hard to imagine him as a serious threat to Johnson For his most zealous supporters, winning elections and solving problems are secondary to ideological purity At times they seem to revel in the irresponsibility that comes with being irrelevant to the major issues of American life poverty, racial discrimination air and water pollution, slum housing snarled transportation inadequate education, and, of course, finding a workable and just peace



The failure of the moderate wing in 1964 was not to agree early enough on a candidate to stop Goldwater Thus many of them started boosting George Romney following his reelection last year But the recent fate of the Michigan governor demonstrates the Republican dilemma a few months of national attention and even some of his supporters are quietly looking for someone else. "Deep down, he's shallow' goes one quip Beyond that, Romney has revealed himself to be as sanctimonious as most feared, more boring than a few suspected, and as confused about Vietnam as everyone else

The search for an alternative

even winds around to Nelson Rockefeller, although the New York governor solemnly insists that he will not be seduced again into running for the nomination. Few political pros doubt that Rockefeller would eagerly accept the nod, and they keep talking about how he will step in when the other moderates falter.

But the coy candidate is something of a relic from the past. He was a legitimate possibility at a time when conventions were actually deliberative sessions, and delegates had little opportunity to pick and choose before assembling. Today the whole process is speeded up. Prospective nominees crisscross the country in jet aircraft and appear regularly on nationwide television. The delegates are almost as mobile. Deliberations once reserved for the convention now take place in the months before the delegates formally meet, and the convention itself is often just a party rally. A reluctant suitor—like William Scranton in 1964—is likely to find the girl spoken for before he can make his bid.

Moreover, the boomlet for Rockefeller is a little ironic and, more than anything, a sign of the party's poverty. Many of the experts who had condemned Rockefeller's record and written off his chances for reelection in 1966 are now hailing him as a "great governor." Their newly found admiration seems to spring more from deep necessity than rational assessment.

The other moderate receiving mounting acclaim is also a product of desperation—Senator Charles Percy of Illinois. A Senator for less than a year, he became a contender by voicing a few reservations about the war in Vietnam and introducing a plan to finance home ownership among the poor—which he largely cribbed from an existing program. Like Rockefeller, he looks good in comparison with some possibilities, but not in contrast to Lyndon Johnson.

Why can't the political system produce better candidates? One major reason is that there is no obvious way to enter politics as a career, no clear road to success. It is simply much easier and more lucrative for a young man to enter almost any other field. Some who start in other professions intend to get into politics when they are "established." But being "established" means a job, a wife, children—and an overriding cautiousness that prevents them from taking the enormous risks that are endemic to politics.

Incipient Republicans have additional problems. Electoral politics has never been really respectable among some elements of the party, who would rather leave their Wall Street law practices or corporate boardrooms for several years and play Assistant Secretary of State than run for office. In addition, the party itself has had a fuddy-duddy image. It has lacked the charismatic leaders—like Roosevelt, Stevenson and Kennedy—who drew young men into the Democratic Party over the last thirty years.

Moreover, the future has often seemed less promising in the Republican Party, which has generally placed far less faith in the value of positive governmental action to solve problems than the Democratic heirs of the New Deal. The Republicans thus hold out less hope for useful public service than the Democrats. More often than not they have offered a young man a career of opposition to social-welfare programs—if not to legislation that improves the business climate.

There is also the question of temperament. Running for public office is not a duty of democracy, and many otherwise qualified men, Republicans and Democrats alike, are just not suited to the rigors of political life. The emotional—as well as the financial—costs of being a candidate are enormous.

Perhaps most important, we do not get better candidates because the political system does not encourage party leaders to look beyond the political professionals for their nominees. Thus if the professionals are inferior, our choice is sharply circumscribed. Not just any boy can grow up to be President.

Party leaders want a well-known candidate with an established national "image." They do not expect to know his precise stands on major issues but it is critically important to gauge his political appeal—to the South, the Negro, labor, big business, the farmer, the city dweller, etc. In measuring the impact of such an image, a collective Gallup-poll mentality takes over—a mentality which measures the ability to win as far more important than the ability to govern. Long years of political apprenticeship do *not* necessarily qualify a man to be an officeholder, much less the President. They do qualify him to be an effective campaigner and a party loyalist, but such training tends to lock him into the system, unable to make basic changes in either the purpose or the procedures of government.

Thus the field narrows. At a time when events seem to demand a different alternative, only five Republicans with the requisite images and political support have been encouraged (by party and press alike) to step forward. From this group of "politicians" the party must choose. Ironically, the front runner is a veteran loser, and the most intriguing latecomer is an ex-Grade-B movie star.

A few men have won Presidential nominations without having earlier established political appeal. Wendell Willkie is the best example. (Dwight Eisenhower had no political background but he was hardly an unknown.) The odds that an obscure candidate could get the nomination have always been very long; that he could win, even longer. But today, the forces that work against a coy candidate work in favor of an active one. Innovations in communications and transportation make it easier than ever before to promote a candidate. So far, these innovations have been used mainly to build up inferior characters—like Ronald Reagan—but that does not mean that they cannot be used for a better purpose.

The public deserves a better choice for 1968. The responsibilities of government are continually expanding and the demands on elected officials are growing in the same geometric proportions. The problems are too large and complex for private solutions, and it is the job of government both to deal with them directly and to mobilize other institutions to accept a share of the responsibility.

My assignment was to find a better choice: a Republican of proved leadership abilities whose character, experience and intelligence might qualify him as a candidate for the Presidency. "Political appeal," in conventional terms, was to be a contributing, but not a dominant, factor.

My primary sources covered a wide range of journalists and political observers from both parties. When they were able to think of anyone, their choices were often hesitant and unsupported. Kingman Brewster, president of Yale University, and John W. Gardner, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, led the list. (James Reston had mentioned them as possibilities in *The New York Times*.)

Brewster, who has said, "I'm a would-be Republican—but I can't find enough good ones to vote for," has cracked many of the shibboleths of higher education in four years as headman in New Haven. He has, for example, eliminated many traditional course requirements, encouraged students to take a year off in the middle of college life and do something practical, opened the possibility of merging with Vassar and shored up Yale's declining fiscal fortunes. Earlier this year, Brewster read a letter addressed to President Johnson in which a hundred student-body presidents and editors put forth a sober dissent on the Vietnam war. He quietly called the organizers of the letter and offered to help. Several weeks later he was instrumental in setting up a private conference in which the students discussed their position with high government officials. Now forty-eight, he taught at Harvard Law School before going to New Haven. He admits he does not want to stay at Yale forever.

Secretary Gardner, fifty-four years old, entered the cabinet two years ago after a decade as president of the Carnegie Corporation. Less politically minded than Brewster, he has the same pragmatic, inventive approach to solving problems. Although he commands one of the most bewildering bureaucracies in Washington—perhaps because he does—Gardner stresses the importance of involving local communities, universities, hospitals and other private institutions in meeting pressing social needs. As Secretary he has not flinched from using Federal power to implement Federal policies, particularly the guidelines for desegregation of Southern public schools. Friendly critics acknowledge that he has been "naive" in dealing with some politicians, but they say he is learning that using "political" strategy does not necessarily mean compromising one's goal.

Here the list begins to thin out, turning on power, fame or personal choice:

David Rockefeller, president of The Chase Manhattan Bank, and in some ways the most influential Rockefeller of them all.

McGeorge Bundy, president of the Ford Foundation, former dean at Harvard, foreign-policy adviser to Presidents Kennedy and Johnson.

Joseph C. Wilson, chairman of the Xerox Corporation, perpetrator of many of the technological advances that are unsettling old ways of doing things.

C. Douglas Dillon, former Secretary of the Treasury, Under Secretary of State, and Ambassador to France, now president of the United States and Foreign Securities Corporation.

Robert S. McNamara, Secretary of Defense, former president of

J. Irwin Miller is chairman of the board of the Cummins Engine Company, Inc. of Columbus, Indiana, the maker of diesel engines such as the one shown above. The company is a success: last year its gross sales were over $220,000,000; it has done business in every country outside the Iron Curtain, plus Yugoslavia; it services more than fifty percent of the heavy-duty diesel truck market. The firm is a family enterprise, founded by Irwin Miller's great uncle, William G. Irwin, in connection with Clessie L. Cummins, an ambitious mechanic who had been a family chauffeur. When Irwin Miller took over as general manager in 1934, the company was operating at a deficit; under his management, sales have doubled every five years.

In New York, Miller [illegible] his company's twin engine jet after attending board meetings of Equitable Life Assurance and Chemical Bank of New York. With him (below) is eldest daughter Margaret.

Miller attends a Chemical Bank directors' meeting, above, left. He also sits on the boards of A.T.&T., Purity Stores, Inc., and the Irwin Union Bank and Trust Company, another family business of which he is chairman of the board. Below, left, he is seen at the New York Stock Exchange in 1964 when about one third of the Cummins stock went public; the family still retains two-thirds ownership. Miller is a member of the Yale Corporation, the governing body of Yale University, and he is shown above at a Corporation meeting in 1965. Some of his colleagues include J. Richardson Dilworth (first row, extreme left), Kingman Brewster (first row, center), Juan T. Trippe (first row, fifth from left), John Hay Whitney (next to Miller), John V. Lindsay (second row, second from left) and William McChesney Martin, Jr. (second row, sixth from left).

the Ford Motor Company, whose impact as efficiency in government may be almost as important as his impact on military policy

J Irwin Miller, chairman of the Cummins Engine Company in Columbus, Indiana, a heavy contributor to the Republican Party

Dr Franklin Murphy, Chancellor of the University of California at Los Angeles native of Missouri and former chancellor of the University of Kansas.

Potter Stewart associate justice of the Supreme Court.

Henry Ford II, chairman of the Ford Motor Company

And two men who prefer to be called Independent

Hedley Donovan, editor-in-chief of Time, Inc, a cautious hawk on foreign policy, who recently urged colleges to teach students "the ability to be wrong."

Edwin Etherington, president of Wesleyan University in Middletown, Connecticut former president of the American Stock Exchange, a possible future opponent for Senator Thomas Dodd.

One day I was riding with John Lindsay, the Mayor of New York City, and we talked about why his party did not put up better candidates His big limousine kicked up a spray of orange dirt as it sped through an urban-renewal project near the Brooklyn Bridge "Why doesn't the Republican Party get men like John Gardner, Kingman Brewster, Irwin Miller and David Rockefeller to run for office?" I asked.

"Wouldn't Irwin Miller be great?" exclaimed the Mayor, a smile breaking across his face like a wave "He's one of the great people of this world He's got insight, humor, wisdom saltiness How could we get him to run?"

Up to that point Irwin Miller was just another name on the list, and a fairly obscure one at that But Lindsay's enthusiasm was spontaneous and unequivocal, attributes that are out of character for any politician of national stature I looked Miller up in *Who's Who*, checked back through newspaper clippings and watched with astonishment as the profile of my candidate began to emerge

Joseph Irwin Miller born in *Columbus, Indiana*, May 26, 1909 (making him fifty-eight, a year younger than Rockefeller and two years younger than Romney) Family came to Bartholomew County in 1820, where it made a *sizable fortune* in real estate, banking electric railroads and corn-starch refining *Both grandfathers were Campbellite ministers.* Parents were Hugh Thomas Miller, a college professor and politician, and Nettie Irwin Sweeney, heiress to a burgeoning industrial fortune *Educated at Yale* (B.A., 1931) and *Oxford* (M A, 1933). Half a-dozen honorary degrees, including *Princeton and Yale* In 1934 joined Cummins Engine a struggling company his family had financed as general manager Became president in 1945 and board chairman in 1951 Company grew under his leadership to *control half of the domestic market* in diesel engines for trucks Cummins noted for its ability to attract some of the brightest young engineers Miller has very *enlightened labor policies* and has written often about the threat to individualism in large corporations Director of several other family businesses including the bank, which has a minister on the board of directors and stays open Saturday Also a *director of American Telephone and Telegraph, Equitable Life Assurance* and *Chemical Bank New York Trust Company Trustee of Yale University, Butler University, Ford Foundation*, and the *Christian Theological Seminary* in Indianapolis

His record apart from business was even more impressive *First layman ever to be elected president of the National Council of Churches* A major force behind its support of civil rights and an *organizer of the March on Washington* Member of the *executive committee of World Council of Churches* Served *two years in combat* during World War II aboard an aircraft carrier in the Pacific Contributes much of his great wealth to educational and religious causes. *An ardent Republican he gives generously to party candidates*, but has voted for Democrats—like Lyndon Johnson. A patron of modern art and architecture, he owns two homes designed by Eero Saarinen He *reads the New Testament in Greek* (he also reads Latin) and for years was a substitute *Sunday-school teacher* For relaxation *plays Bach on his Stradivarius* drives a speedboat, and plays golf on a new public course he recently donated to the city Married on February 5, 1943, to the former Xenia Ruth Simons who had been a buyer of iron castings in the Cummins plant. He is tall and attractive, described once as looking like a *"cross between Fulbright and Goldwater"* Father of *five beautiful children*, three girls and two boys, ages twenty-three through eleven, Still lives and works in Columbus *Goes home for dinner almost every night with his family* In a recent speech urged fellow businessmen to abandon their role as the "establishment" in American life and identify with the "revolution" of the poor

I began thinking that this could not be J Irwin Miller It was Spencer Tracy playing J Irwin Miller—a figment craftily contrived by a team of highly paid scriptwriters to meet my precise requirements But a phone call to Columbus assured me that someone named J Irwin Miller did, in fact, live there. So I went to see him

To get to Columbus, Indiana you fly to Indianapolis and drive about forty-five miles due south on route 31 an unsightly river of gas stations and fried-chicken palaces flowing through the flat, rich farmland of southern Indiana. The Imperial House Motel, its front emblazoned with a pair of garish heraldic lions, was jammed with young men in crew cuts and white short sleeved shirts—salesmen The newsstand offered The Louisville *Courier-Journal* and The Indianapolis *News*, a rampantly conservative paper published by Eugene C Pulliam and edited by M Stanton Evans, a frequent contributor to William F Buckley's *National Review* Stashed in each room next to the Gideon Bible and the Book of Mormon was *Today's Health*, sponsored by the American Medical Association

Driving down Washington Street to Miller's office you pass a row of striking storefronts with the ornate second-story overhangs and bay windows that mark them as vintage Midwest Victorian They are a little too perfect—and you learn later that they have been carefully restored Across the street is a sleek low bank building set in a small park—the Irwin-Union Bank and Trust Company It was designed by Eero Saarinen *Today's Health* notwithstanding, this is not a typical Midwestern town

No 301 Washington Street is a three-story building of dark brick standing somberly on the corner of Third Street. Iron grilles still cover the first-floor windows and an ancient, semicircular sign attached to the roof proclaims its origins "Irwin's Bank—1881"

Up a wide staircase, looking out on the main drag, is Miller's office The man who comes out to greet you is six feet two inches tall, wiry but tending to middle-age paunchiness Iron-grey hair is brushed austerely off a permanently furrowed brow that looks like a good job of contour plowing His face is long and handsome, his smile quick but tinged with shyness A freckled hand gives a firm shake His walk bears a slight limp the result of a polio attack eighteen years ago His voice is low and flat but easy to listen to as it moves softly from word to word, dropping final letters as useless and uneconomical If you stay long enough you find yourself talking with the same casual folksiness.

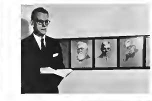
As he sits at his long, modern desk, Miller looks slightly out of place in his dark brown suit, the pleated trousers held high by suspenders The old bank has been completely renovated inside. Wooden sliding doors run from the floor to a false ceiling of white metal grating The voice of Miller's secretary, whom he greets with a courteous "Yes'em," echoes eerily from a speaker set in the ceiling above the grating The striped rug and black upholstered chairs are comfortable and attractive A fireplace nestles in a white wall beneath a television set concealed by a wood panel and a set of drawings Joseph I Irwin, Miller's great-grandfather Will G Irwin, his great-uncle, Zachary Taylor Sweeney his grandfather, and Hugh Thomas Miller, his father

Irwin Miller is a private man He is usually out of town at least one night a week, but tries to spend most weekends in Columbus. He guards his time carefully His own office is in a separate building from Cummins corporate headquarters—a restored hotel several blocks down Washington Street—and no one can just drop in. They have to have a reason for being there. Just past Miller's right shoulder as he sits at his desk is a small clock. It tells the time in white numbers on black discs, clicking off each valuable minute the visitor is consuming When it reaches five-thirty, Miller usually gets up to leave for home "When I'm in town we always have dinner together," he said "Everything revolves around that."

With the four oldest children away at school—the girls at Yale Graduate School in American studies Smith and Goucher, respectively the oldest boy at Exeter—he has a little more time for such hobbies as playing his "fiddle" sometimes it is to the accompaniment of special records he has in his collection which play symphonies and concerti with the violin part missing And every week he tries to get in a round of golf or some swimming The books on the table behind his desk include *Computer Graphics in Communication, Balliol College Register, The Condensed* *(Continued on page 173)*

In 1963 President Johnson invited church leaders to Washington to discuss civil rights legislation then pending Miller (at left in the first row, above) attended in his capacity as president of the National Council of Churches of Christ in the U.S.A He was the first layman ever to hold this office At right he is seen with the late Joseph Cardinal Ritter at the Council's Christian Education meeting in St Louis in 1964 On business in Germany (center picture, above) Miller is shown about to be photographed with Dr Mell of Krupp International.

Miller was given an honorary LL D by Princeton in 1962 (he is circled in the first row above) In addition, he holds five other LL D's, a B.A. and an honorary M.A. from Yale an M.A. from Oxford England, and an L H D from Case Institute of Technology With Miller above are U Thant (first row, third from left) Princeton's president Robert F Goheen (first row, center), N Y U's president James McNaughton Hester (first row sixth from left) and painter Ben Shahn (second row, fifth from left).



Drawings on Miller's office wall are left to right great grandfather Joseph I Irwin, founder of the family fortune, great-uncle William G Irwin father Hugh Thomas Miller, who was a professor of history and languages before going into the family business. Right Miller and his wife Xenia at their Canadian summer home which, like their house in Indiana, was designed by Eero Saarinen.

Above Lieutenant Miller U.S.N.R. and shipmates from the carrier Langley during World War II Miller saw action in the Marshall Islands Truk and New Guinea before being called home to take over Cummins Engine, which was engaged in important wartime production. At left is Miller's Yale classbook picture Class of '31 He was a scholar of the second rank and a member of Phi Beta Kappa.

The Three Graces

Svetlana *Lynda Bird* *Twiggy*

Painting by Burt Silverman

100 YARDS AND 60 MINUTES OF BLACK POWER

by George Frazier IV

Students at Grambling College go on, in large numbers, to a graduate school called Professional Football

In the gathering dark of another day, some of them would weep but now, on this November afternoon, they were cheerful and relaxed. This might have been a football field in New England, with the same nip in the air, the same sere shade to the grass, and for that matter seen from a distance, the players might have been members of a Harvard or Yale team preparing for The Game. But this was Lincoln Parish in northeast Louisiana, twenty miles from the Arkansas border, and the players, all of them Negroes, were the Grambling College Tigers getting ready for *their* Game, the one against the Southern University Jaguars. And there was still another difference—a thing not to be observed at football practice in New Haven, Connecticut, or Cambridge, Massachusetts. This was the presence of five men in business suits who roamed up and down the sidelines intently studying the scrimmage. They were professional scouts who, better perhaps than almost anyone else, were aware of Grambling's contributions to that which has come to make Sunday afternoons in the fall and winter of the year so special in this country: pro football. If the Battle of Waterloo was indeed won on the playing fields of Eton, then the outcome of many an N.F.L. and A.F.L. game was decided on those of Grambling. Last December, for example, when the Baltimore Colts were driving for a touchdown that would have tied them for the championship of the Western division of the N.F.L., Grambling graduate Willie Davis, Green Bay's incomparable defensive end, tackled Johnny Unitas with such severity and skill that the Colts' quarterback lost the ball and, with it, the game.

Last season, eighteen Grambling alumni played in the N.F.L. and the A.F.L., and only Notre Dame, with twenty-six, had more—and Notre Dame's student body is almost five times larger than Grambling's male enrollment, which means that, proportionately, it should have had ninety. And, by the same gauge, Purdue should have had one hundred and forty-three, Michigan State one hundred and ninety-four, L.S.U. one hundred and one, and, of all places, Harvard sixty-four. On the face of things, Grambling would appear to be a football factory, and in a way perhaps it is. Yet this was not the impression one came away with after spending several weeks with the players, the coaching staff, the students and the faculty in an effort to learn something about such matters as the alleged athletic superiority of Negroes to whites, the morals and mores of undergraduates of a small Negro institution, the quality of the curriculum, and the failure of any colored boy, no matter how good he was in college, to make it as a professional quarterback. What one was not prepared for was the discovery that at Grambling the feeling is that athletics rather than aggression is the stepping-stone on which the Negro can raise his social and economic status. As Eddie Robinson, Grambling's football coach, put it, "If Martin Luther King scored L.S.U.'s winning touchdown against Ole Miss, he could be governor of Louisiana the next day." As an L.S.U. football coach said in a televised interview, "There's more interest in football here than in any other single thing in the state."

Now the defensive backs, their trimness and agility making the linemen (Grambling rarely has a tackle lighter than 245 pounds) seem all the more mammoth, strutted to the syncopated rhythms that throbbed into the stadium from behind the empty stands where the college band was rehearsing. In the brilliant sunshine, the band's black and gold uniforms flashed like reflectors as they shifted about waiting for the play to begin. The offensive linemen and backs set with a quick seesaw motion and the linebackers began to bob in and out, changing formations and shouting defensive signals. "Blue left! Blue left! Watch the screen, watch the *screen*!" The quarterback compressed himself and the cadence began—first a swift, sharply articulated series of numbers, then the staccato hut-hut-huts. There was a sudden blur of black and gold and then the sound of clashing shoulder pads, that pop of leather in the line that coaches love to hear. The ball spiraled over the outstretched hands of a halfback, and the left safety plucked it out of the air and clutched it to his chest. He was brought down almost immediately. The boom of the bass drum died and the rhythm-and-blues sound of *Knock on Wood*, a number the band was rehearsing for the Southern game, faded out. As the players limped or scrambled to the line of scrimmage, the imprecations began again. "Punish him, punish him!" "You gotta have pride—*pride!*" "Way to go! Way to cover that one. Southern must like it. They threw it seven times last week—*seven*!" The pleas continued, the key words repeated and emphasized like a litany in the waning afternoon.

Grambling is a simple, quiet Negro village in the scrub-pine obscurity of the Deep South. It hasn't had a major crime since 1939 and its jail is used only once or twice a year. The business district has one street about two hundred yards long, and the only real indication that there is a town here is the tall, silvery water tower with "Town of Grambling" printed across it in large black letters. Shops, many of them faculty-owned, line both sides of Main Street—Hob's Laundromat, Hawthorne's Music Shop, the Parisian Shoe Repair (sixty cents for a spit shine), Pat's Sundries, Penny's Café, Bella's Beauty Salon, and the usual complement of small-town drugstores and coffeeshops. At the foot of the street is a stoplight and, beyond it, the college—not pea patches and tar paper, as a visitor might expect, but a complex of neo-Georgian and modern buildings, forty-one in all (with nine more under construction), including several eight-story dormitories, a gymnasium, a high school administered by the college, and a football stadium.

Grambling College wasn't always this way. It was founded in 1901 as a private Negro high school. It became a junior college dedicated to training teachers in 1928, with two or three times as many girls as boys, a typical Southern Negro normal school. Grambling today, a four-year college with 3,800 students, is still small and it has twelve hundred more girls than boys, but these are just about the only things that have remained unchanged.

The decision that was to set Grambling apart—not only athletically, but also in the deportment and esprit de corps of its students—was made in 1941, when R.W.E. Jones, its president, looked around him and came to the conclusion that the successful colleges in the South were those with strong football programs, whereupon, in a burst of prescience, he hired Edward Gay Robinson as football coach. Robinson, who had been a Little All-American at now defunct Leland College in Baker, Louisiana (once completing fifty-nine consecutive passes over six games), needed only two years to produce an undefeated, untied, unscored-upon team at Grambling, and only five more to turn out one with four Little All-Americans, one of whom was a 230-pound fullback named Paul Younger.

Born in Grambling and a godson of President Jones, "Tank" Younger became the first graduate of a Negro college to play professional football. In nine years with the Los Angeles Rams, he slashed, sprinted, and straight-armed his way to a place on the

All-Pro team and election to the N A I A. (the athletic association of small colleges) Hall of Fame, which he will enter this fall just a year after Eddie Robinson In a way, football at Grambling really began with Younger, for he was the first of thirty-seven graduates who have played pro ball

Watching Grambling at practice last November, it wasn't difficult to understand why Robinson's teams have won almost three out of every four games during his tenure Under his astute, soft-spoken and painstaking coaching, awkward boys develop into pros. He asks only that a boy must want to win and be willing to work relentlessly to do so His patience and dedication are infinite "You see that boy?" he said to a visitor one day last season, indicating a player seemingly so uncoordinated that most coaches would have ignored him 'He starts off on the wrong foot But he tries hard, so I gotta teach him what to do I got to—I'm his coach But you wait and see — he'll be a good one with some work."

Robinson, whenever tires of talking football, enjoys reminiscing about the inauspicious beginnings of some of his pupils. Junious (Buck) Buchanan, for one, was just a tall skinny basketball player when he entered Grambling. Last January, as a 280-pound All-A F L. tackle for Kansas City he was the only member of the Chiefs to cause the Green Bay Packers any real concern in the Superbowl. Another boy was so small and injury prone that he played little at Grambling and it took a phone call from Robinson to George Allen, then the Chicago Bears' defensive coach to get the boy a chance. Allen thought he was being kidded, but now that Roosevelt Taylor is an All Pro safety the Bears coaching staff takes Robinson's suggestions more seriously Last year, George Halas, founder owner, and coach of the Bears, asked Robinson if 280-pound Frank Cornish was "dependable." When told that he was, Halas announced that Cornish would be his starting tackle. Subsequently he called him "the best big man ever to come into the league.'

Yet Robinson disavows any credit for his players' success, pointing out the cases of such natural stars as Ernie Ladd, an All-A F L. tackle now with Houston and the idol of Grambling. Just a wee slip at six feet-nine and 317 pounds, Ladd is a constant conversation piece at the college whether for his legendary appetite (sometimes the dining room would have to order him to stop eating) or his formidable strength (in a game against Mississippi Valley State, he thrice knocked out "Deacon" Jones now an All League defensive end for the Rams) And while it is true that Robinson has had his share of fine material it is hard to agree with his self-effacing attitude After all there are more of his players in the pros than those of any other coach

In the early evening the lounge of Favrot Student Union is warm and comfortable. Students crowd around the snack bar ordering Cokes, chili dogs, coffee, or French Market doughnuts From the jukebox (five plays for a quarter) comes the indigenous idiom of rhythm-and-blues the driving beat and the harsh gargle of Wilson Pickett or Otis Redding, and the students, their laughter a falsetto giggle, sway and snap their fingers. The boys, almost all of them moustached and wearing caps converse loudly and jocularly in a slang that is almost a Louisiana patois. On one of the brick walls, Negro college pennants surround a huge black-and-gold Grambling banner and on another is a cryptic "Proud of Our Pros," and beneath it an *Ebony* article with pictures of the two hundred and forty-one Negroes playing professional football in America Above eighteen of the pictures there are large red checks Oddly of these eighteen Grambling graduates only two—Henry Dyer and Alphonse Dotson—were named to any major All America team, which suggests something else, and that is the apparent tendency of those who pick these teams to ignore the players at the Negro colleges

But then All-America teams are something of a joke. The backfield of the consensus wire-service team for 1961, for example, included Jimmy Saxton, Sandy Stephens, and Bob Ferguson, three of pro football's more fabulous flops. And there have also been, in the past seven years, such other draft disappointments as All-American Ben Balme, Dick Arrington, Jim Grisham, Bob White, Glynn Griffing, Charley Flowers, and Lee Grosscup Quite simply, All-America teams are chosen on publicity—and big colleges have big publicity departments Whatever publicity Grambling players receive emanates from one man, alumnus Collie Nicholson But the prestige implicit in the words "All America" impresses the public a good deal more than it does the pros Yet only last year, *Time* magazine would have had one believe that not even pro scouts are aware of schools like Grambling. At any rate, its "pro scouts' All-America team" didn't include any player from a Negro college, and this despite one scout's conviction that Southern University's Pete Barnes was the best linebacker on any college team, and another's (the Giants' Emlen Tunnell) statement that Grambling's Norman Davis was "the best-looking college lineman I've seen in ten years.'

Part of the problem is that Negro college teams have no showcase for their abilities Last year for example, was the first time any such team ever appeared on national television. This lack of recognition stems largely from the meaninglessness of the terms "major college' and "small college " For example, Princeton with an enrollment of around 3,200, is, under N C A A's inexplicable rules a major college, while Los Angeles State, with some 20 000 students, is under the same rules, a small college and as such is not likely to appear on television Thus if Grambling is ever to enjoy anything more than parochial recognition, it will have to play at least half of its schedule against major college opposition. However, no major college seems willing to risk such a confrontation, with the result that Grambling must continue to suffer such inconveniences and insolences as having its players relegated, far more often than not, to Little and Negro All-American teams playing at home, in a stadium that seats a mere 18,000 and away at such whistle-stops as Itta Bena and Lorman Mississippi, Pine Bluff, Arkansas, and Prairie View Texas, and gracing such unpublicized post-season games as the Orange Blossom and Sugar Cup Classics and the Lions, Vulcan, Flower, and Pecan Bowls But if Grambling and other Negro colleges are deprived, so too are students of football who have no opportunity to see on television some of the really marvelous college players After all, more than ten percent of all active pros attended such colleges.

Southern University, for example, has nine alumni with the professionals, while Maryland State, in Princess Anne a town so small it isn't even on some Maryland maps, has seven, one more than diminutive Jackson State in Mississippi And although eight former Tennessee State University Tigers are with professional clubs, the college is

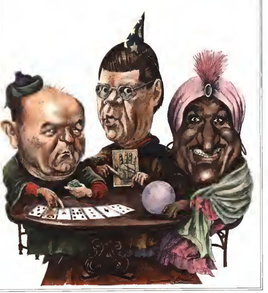
Painting by Richard Green

The Spokesman: 1967

"The Peiping regime is not the Government of China It does not pass the first test It is not Chinese"
—Dean Rusk, May 18 1951

"The U S still hopes to withdraw most of its troops from South Vietnam before the end of 1965"
—Robert S McNamara
February 19 1964

"When I start a war, I want to take it to the only end I accept—which is decisive victory"
—Gamal Abdel Nasser, May 18 1962



Drawing by Ed Sorel

probably even prouder of being the alma mater of Ralph Boston, the great long jumper; Wilma Rudolph, the Olympic gold medal sprinter, and the Tigerbelles, the best women's track team in history. The list is long, but perhaps the classic example is Elijah Pitts, the Green Bay Packers' devastating running back. Pitts attended Philander Smith, a college so small it finally had to give up football.

Indeed, of all Negro colleges, only one, Florida A.&M., has achieved any real renown, and that mainly through one man, Bob Hayes, "the world's fastest human" and now an end on the Dallas Cowboys, one of its best football players. As Jake Gaither, the Rattlers' coach, has said, anyone who runs a hundred yards in over ten seconds becomes a lineman at A.&M. At any rate, one of Hayes's backfield mates in college was Bob Paremore, the second fastest human. Gaither incidentally has ten of his former players in the pros, and he would have eleven had it not been for the death in a car crash of the Bears' Willie Galimore a few years ago.

What differentiates Grambling from most other football powers is its insistence that the athletes set the standards for the rest of the students. They are expected to be gentlemanly and modest. Sometimes, however, it would seem that they carry modesty a bit too far. When Leroy Carter, a halfback who has been described as "a wiggly jackrabbit in heavy traffic," was drafted as a junior by both the Cleveland Browns of the N.F.L. and the Buffalo Bills of the A.F.L., he didn't consider it important enough to tell his fiancée. As to which is the better of the two leagues, the Grambling coaching staff feels that the N.F.L. is superior. End coach Julian Spence, who spent four years in the N.F.L. as a Cardinal and a Forty-niner, and two as an All-A.F.L. Houston Oiler, says that the difference lies in the A.F.L.'s failure to develop its quarterbacks and defensive backs, an opinion that was substantiated in the Superbowl. Eddie Robinson, sharing this view, adds, "You get to go with the best, and the N.F.L. is the blue-chip league, the one we like our boys to go with." But in this, as in everything else, Grambling is rigidly fair. For example, "Bear" Bryant, head coach at Alabama, perhaps the country's most bitterly racist university, is discussed in the sort of reverential tones customarily reserved for the late Knute Rockne. Indeed, Grambling's attitude toward whites verges on color blindness. Even George Wallace is given credit for being, if not a great man, at least a great politician.

The reason for Grambling's excellence on the field of play can be attributed largely to the personality of Eddie Robinson, who is athletic director as well as football coach. His prestige is such that he is able to get just about any Louisiana Negro boy he wants. He says that it pains him to see a Louisiana boy go to college out of state. Robinson's attitude toward his charges is fatherly. He sees to it that they attend church as well as classes, wear coats and ties when playing away from home, shun profanity, and have adequate life insurance before exposing themselves to the hazards of pro football. Unlike the squads at other football powers, Grambling's is composed almost entirely of home-state boys. Louisiana, especially the northern sections, is practically Robinson's private preserve. Although Henry Jones, the fullback, lives next door to the head coach of Southern University in Baton Rouge, he nevertheless chose Grambling. Even the growing integration of Southern white colleges, notably L.S.U., appears to present no threat, for Robinson's reputation as coach, guardian and leader of the Negro college athletic advance is such that he is capable of overcoming almost any competitive offer, no matter how remunerative another school might make. As yet, though, he hasn't been able to attract any white football players. Grambling, of course, is no longer an all-Negro college, having had, at one time or another, six white students. The most recent, a New Yorker, was kidded by his classmates for "messin' around in our affairs," and he did, in fact, spend much time on civil-rights activities.

Notwithstanding a Russian report, released during the American Negro-dominated 1960 Summer Olympics, claiming that the muscular structure of Negroes is superior to that of Caucasians, Eddie Robinson refuses to believe that the colored are superior athletes. He once went so far as to concede that there may be something to the theory advanced by an Alabama football coach that the small white man is the best athlete. But then, Robinson's humility is such that he refuses to consider himself in a class with "Bear" Bryant. Moreover, he constantly takes a dim view of his team's chances against even an Ivy League opponent, an attitude that may have something to do with the fact that Grambling lost to the only white team it ever played, national small-college champion North Dakota State.

Eventually in the course of almost any conversation, Robinson brings up the most frequent charge against the Negro as an athlete—the fact that there has never been a colored quarterback in professional football (although Prairie View's "Choo Choo" Brackins played a few minutes for Green Bay in the pre-Lombardi era). Bigots gleefully interpret this as an indication of Negroes' lack of intelligence, but Robinson explains that the real problem is the position itself. Most quarterbacks must sit on the bench for at least two seasons in order to acquire the necessary knowledge, although, on a few occasions, some have become regulars at once because there was no one else to handle the job, the Jets' Joe Namath being one of these exceptions. Mike Howell, who was a quarterback at Grambling, joined Cleveland at a time when they had Frank Ryan, a star at the position. Despite the feeling that Howell could eventually make it, the Browns converted him into a defensive back because they couldn't afford to waste his talents on the bench.

According to Robinson, this has been the case with a number of Negro quarterbacks—they could do too many things superbly not to be used immediately at some position that was weak. Negro quarterbacks in the main are all-around athletes, adept at running as well as throwing. The pros, however, lean toward specialists, the feeling being that quarterbacks should pass and, as Norm Van Brocklin put it, run only out of fear. West Texas State's Hank Washington, a Negro and one of last season's best college quarterbacks, would have been drafted high had he not insisted that he play the same position in the pros. But most teams wanted him as a receiver or a defensive back and, as a result, he went undrafted, although the Giants ultimately signed him as a free agent, but with no assurance as to where he would play.

Robinson also points out that there are no Negro kickers in the pros, his explanation being that place-kicking requires a dedication to a single phase of the game, something rare among Negro players. It isn't, he says, that Negroes can't kick, but that they lack the patience to concentrate on it. As for the lack of any colored centers in pro ball, however, he is, for once, stumped. "I don't know," he says, shaking his head, and then, with a shrug, "But there aren't any good colored pole-vaulters, either, are there?" Still, Robinson mentions last season's crop of Negro quarterbacks with obvious satisfaction—not only Hank Washington, but also Michigan State's Jimmy Raye, Tennessee State A.&I.'s Eldridge Dickey, whom he considers the best, and Xavier's Carroll Williams. One of them, he feels, is going to make it before long.

If there is one major reason for the success of Grambling alumni in professional football, it is undoubtedly Robinson's use of pro coaching techniques. He was, among other things, the first coach at a Negro college to utilize movies and diagrams in tutoring his players. Moreover, he often asks advice of pro scouts, employs pro jargon, formations, and practice disciplines, and usually has former pro stars on hand to lend him a helping hand. "Dub" Jones, once an elusive Cleveland back, is an unofficial member of the staff, a circumstance, by the way, that catalyzed the career of Clifton McNeil, now a Cleveland flanker. McNeil, who was at Grambling on a baseball scholarship, walked so much like Dub Jones that when Robinson saw him for the first time he asked him if he could run with the ball. After watching him for a few minutes, the coach told him to go to the locker room and get a uniform. The next day, McNeil scored four touchdowns.

Yet, though the college is best known for the feats of such graduates as Green Bay's Willie Davis, sports at Grambling only begin with football. Its Richard Stebbins, for example, who was drafted by the New York Giants last year, won a gold medal as a member of the 400-meter relay team in the 1964 Olympics. And President Jones, in his capacity as baseball coach, has won more than four hundred games since World War II and has seen fifteen of his boys go into professional baseball, among them the Mets' Cleon Jones and Tommy Agee of the White Sox, the 1966 Rookie of the Year.

But basketball, even though it has attracted little outside attention, is Grambling's best and most popular sport. In the past decade, the college has had nine Little and major All-Americans, including Willis Reed, the N.B.A.'s Rookie of the Year in 1965, and Bob Hopkins, the all-time small-college scoring leader. Indeed, basketball is so popular at Grambling that the gym doors open at three-thirty for a seven-thirty game. By five, the stands are filled almost to capacity with students, many of whom bring books, blankets and pillows. The gym seats 4,600, which would be adequate were it not for the four hundred white boys from nearby Louisiana Polytechnic who regularly come to marvel at the Grambling performance.

In a manner of speaking, even the Grambling band has been signed by the pros, for it often does its astonishing stuff between the halves of professional football games. In the South, there is a feeling that a football game is no better than the competing teams' bands. Together with Florida A.&M., Southern, and Tennessee State A.&I., Grambling has one of the four great marching bands in this country. Its flawless formations and electrifying stutter-steps (two hundred and twenty a minute) make any football team look sluggish. It is said that the one-hundred-twenty-three-piece band (which has no girl members, since they would be unable to keep up the pace) is harder to make than the football team.

Although sportsmanship, rather than supremacy, is stressed at Grambling, losing is not accepted lightly. Two years ago, after the basketball team was beaten by Alcorn A.&M. 60-58, the rest of the student body refused to speak to the players and, the next morning, almost no one showed up for breakfast. "Man, they look at us like we was somethin' *nasty*," says Bobby Christian, the seven-foot center.

Yet, for all its achievements, Grambling is unlike any other football power. "Grambling is the school where everybody is somebody" is practically a motto among the students and faculty, and, unlike, say, the University of Alabama, where football players' quarters are studies in opulence, Grambling accords the same recognition to a physics major as a bruising fullback.

There are no special classes, no double standards, no elementary pottery course as there is at Miami University, no special training table, no slush funds. Even the recruiting is done on a family basis, the school's strong point being its ability "to hang in there with the mamas and papas." Since the college offers no cash, sinecures or other enticements to outstanding high-school athletes, what sends a boy to Grambling is often his mother's conviction that this is the best environment for him. Its paternalistic attitude toward students takes such forms as posting placards in the cafeteria that admonish: "Take bite-size mouthfuls," "Break bread before eating," and "Be polite to kitchen help." It is in the cafeteria, in fact, that a visitor from the East knows for sure that he's not at Harvard or Yale, where not only are the eating habits revolting, but the meals frequently degenerate into food fights.

Naturally, the imposing number of Grambling graduates (many of whom played for Robinson) coaching and teaching in Louisiana is a factor in the college's ability to attract first-rate athletes. But even a football player's scholastic accomplishment is considered as important as his athletic ability. Of the seven hundred and five students sent home for poor grades last year, one was the football captain. There are fifty Ph.D.'s on the faculty, and Grambling students have won many scholarships for further study. On one occasion, the debating team held its own against Harvard. All the same, not even the most loyal Gramblingite would argue that the college's educational standards are of the highest order. On the other hand, no critic of the curriculum would deny that the school's ambitions are thwarted by conditions beyond its control. Although one of the South's richest and most progressive states, Louisiana nevertheless lacks the funds to administer one high-school system properly, let alone the two it has had under segregationist laws. Thus, Grambling has to cope with unprepared entrants, many with only a ninth-grade reading level. As a state college it is required to accept, space permitting, anyone who passes the entrance examinations.

Chatting with Grambling undergraduates, one is struck, not by their ignorance or unwillingness to learn, but by their shaky educational foundations—their wretched grammar, their limited vocabularies. Confronted by the dilemma of expelling most of the students or retarding the progress of the advanced ones, the college is forced to compromise. But it does so valorously, working so tirelessly to accelerate the education of the ill-informed that the overall standards are beginning to show a very considerable improvement.

Five o'clock in the morning was a funny time to get up for a football game, but this year The Game was in Baton Rouge, about three hundred miles away. Almost the entire student body would go to it, though, for Grambling-Southern is the Negro Harvard-Yale, annually stuffing some thirty thousand people into a stadium designed to accommodate eighteen thousand. And, as this morning, the atmosphere was as electric and suspenseful as it must have been in Cambridge or New Haven in the golden time when The Game seemed a matter of life or death, when it summed up not a single Saturday, but a whole season.

There were thirteen buses and two police cars outside the cafeteria on this chill morning. One of the boys, his eyes still heavy-lidded from sleepiness, was leaning against a police car and telling about another bus trip. They were returning from the Florida A.&M. game at Miami when they heard the sound of a siren coming at them from behind. When the bus had come to a stop, a Florida State Po- *(Continued on page 184)*

THE ASTIGMATISM OF ALL-AMERICAS

One indication of the meaninglessness of most All-America football teams is provided by a study of the All-Pro selections over the last seven years, or since the formation of the A.F.L. The failure of the wire-service selectors to recognize the talent at Negro and small white colleges makes the A.P. and U.P.I. All-Americas something of a mockery. Of the forty-six players named to the All-N.F.L. (A.P. and U.P.I.) and A.F.L. (players') teams last year, for example, only six had been All-Americas. Moreover, seven of the forty-six attended Negro colleges, and an eighth a small white college.

All-Pro teams of the past seven years include only two Notre Dame alumni, and fewer than one out of every seven selections had been All-America. Football factories such as Ohio State, Syracuse, and Michigan State are represented, of course, but not to the extent as are such colleges as New Mexico Highlands (702 male students), Occidental (999), Howard Payne (574), Heidelberg (650), Maryland State (444), and Arkansas A.M.&N., Scottsbluff College, and a few other institutions that aren't even listed in the *Comparative Guide to American Colleges*.

A glance at some of the Pittsburgh *Courier*'s Negro College All-America teams is revealing. For example, in 1952, when the New York Giants ran out of players on the draft list, they decided to choose, sight unseen, the biggest member of that year's *Courier* team. The result: Morgan State's Roosevelt Brown, one of pro football's greatest stars. Since 1960, ten of the *Courier*'s selections for All-America representatives of the seventy-eight Negro colleges in this country eventually made All-Pro. Oddly, a white boy playing for a Negro college is eligible for selection to the *Courier* team.

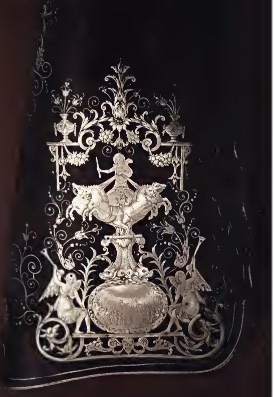
Pro scouts are well aware of the talent at small colleges. Thus, though eight players were drafted last spring from national co-champions Michigan State and Notre Dame, eight were also chosen from small-college champion San Diego State and seven from Tennessee State, the Negro champion.

Naturally, there are certain problems that confront the selectors of All-America teams, the chief one being that the qualities that make a boy outstanding in college are not always relevant in the pros. Bob Ferguson, a fullback whose battering-ram proclivities at offensively unimaginative Ohio State may have made him a valid All-America, simply lacked the technical aptitude or adaptability to make him indispensable to the Pittsburgh Steelers, the team that found him expendable. But what seems inexcusable is that All-Americas ignore so many gifted players. Here are some of the professional super-stars of recent years who never made an A.P. or a U.P.I. All-America: Johnny Unitas, Bart Starr, Gino Marchetti, "Deacon" Jones, Willie Davis, Leroy Kelly, Bob Hayes (who didn't even make the *Courier* first team), Dick (Night Train) Lane, Herb Adderley, Y.A. Tittle, Otis Taylor, Yale Lary, Timmy Brown, Larry Wilson, Ray Nitschke, Lenny Moore, Ernie Ladd, Jim Otto and John Henry Johnson.

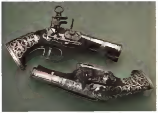
WEAR GLOVES BEFORE FIRING

by Merrill Lindsay

These guns are among the most costly and finely wrought of all the hobdets created for the amusement of European aristocracy in the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The weapons made exemplary wedding presents, acceptable coronation gifts and suitable bribes. A few have been used in their time to shoot deer or wild boar, but most were intended merely for collecting and coddling. Elector Johann Wilhelm of Pfalz-Neuburg instructed his visitors to wear gloves before inspecting the bedizened weapons in his *Gewehrkammer*. Louis XIV melted down his silver furniture for extra money but wouldn't let the workmen touch the ornate gun collection started by his great grandfather. Take a look at the craftsmanship displayed on these pages and you'll understand why the right to bear *these* arms was a princely prerogative.



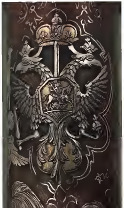
At left is the stock of a flintlock richly inlaid with silver and made by Bertrand Piraube in Paris in 1683. It was ordered by Louis XIV who presented it as a gift to Charles Lennox, 1st Duke of Richmond and bastard son of Charles II. It's now in the Tower of London.



These are Spanish pocket pistols of the miquelet type from Ripoll—distinguished by the external mounting of the mainspring. They are less than eight inches long, have silver scroll inlay.

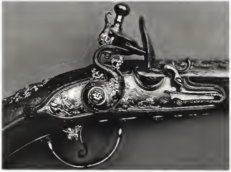
The flintlock above dates from 1610, which is very early in the period when gunsmiths were making this type of arm. The inlay is engraved staghorn and brass wire.

"This one typifies practically all the methods of firearm ornament," says John Hayward of Sotheby's in London. It was made by Arault of Versailles in the eighteenth century, and the hunting scene on the stock is of gold-wire inlay and gold sheet.



Left, a detail of the forestock of a gun made for Empress Elizabeth of Russia. The imperial eagles and royal crest form part of a design executed in colored enamel, gold and silver. Elsewhere on this costly weapon Pan is seen sporting with Diana.

In *African Genesis* Robert Ardrey contends that the weapon created man, not the reverse. The early weapons, he says, proved by chance so efficient that man's mind was forced to develop in order to utilize them. However that may be, until fairly recent times men have spent as much effort and money decorating arms as they have graven images. They painted shields, carved spears, plumed helmets and etched fancy designs on coats of mail. But the height of ornamentation for weaponry can be seen in the pistols and long guns made at the Louvre and Versailles for the Cabinet d'Armes and for other salons of noblemen throughout Europe. The court jeweler and gunsmith were often the same man. The most skillful watchmakers, locksmiths and wood carvers of the period were called in to collaborate. Classical designs of da Vinci, Cellini, Dürer, Burgkmair and Delaulne were adapted, and mother-of-pearl, gold, silver, precious and semiprecious stones, cloisonne, ivory, green rhinoceros horn and white narwhal tusk were favorite embellishments. Walnut from Grenoble in the south of France was aged fifty years to prevent cracks. Major centers for manufacturing the barrels were Brescia in the north of Italy and Nuremberg in Germany. The flintlocks provided especially good opportunities for decorative ingenuity. The curved hammers which contained the chunk of flint could be fashioned in any number of ways. (In the picture immediately below, a hammer is shown in the position it assumed after the trigger was pulled. The flint struck the steel pan and caused a spark, which in turn ignited the priming and fired the charge.) Two pistols, a long gun, a sword and perhaps a cane were the elements in a *garniture*, or arrangement of weapons on the wall. A man of consequence had a number of these in his state chambers, and a guest could take his choice for the hunt or for simple admiration after the pleasures of the table.

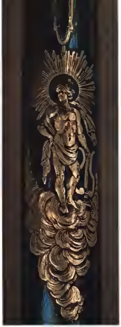


Above: a lion's head, cupids and two masks adorn the hammer of the seventeenth century flintlock once owned by the Elector Johann Wilhelm. The gun was made by A. Bongarde of Düsseldorf.

The fancy decoration on the two pistols at left is the work of Acqua Fresca, a member of a famous Italian family of artisans. The metal is delicately chiseled. These date from 1681 and are now in Les Invalides, Paris.

Below: mother-of-pearl medallions bestud this 1624 gun. Mechanism is a wheel-lock. The user cranked the wheel which then revolved against iron pyrite particles, causing the spark.

J. M. Tulot of Liège made this gun in the mid-nineteenth century. The trigger guard reflects art nouveau design of the period, and the hunter pictured in the decoration is a Victorian gentleman.

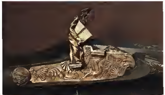


Left: this is a view of the forestock of the gun by Arnault of Versailles shown two pages back. Here, the decoration includes a heavy gold bas-relief treatment of Apollo in the heavens.

The bronze grenade launcher below fires a projectile two and a half inches in diameter. It is German, mid-eighteenth century, and lavishly adorned with a coat of arms and maker's signature.

Another view of the Louis XIV gift gun (see picture three pages back). The elaborate lock is decorated with classical motifs and is attached to a barrel of solid silver. This is the only gun of its kind

Right: a golden figure of a scholar (although some say it is Moses) forms the cock on this wheel-lock pistol of 1726. The mechanism is inside, which gives this gun an early version of waterproofing. The stock is of rhinoceros horn. Inscriptions are in Hebrew and German.



The Transmogrification of Soupy Sales

by Saul Braun

Take away those cream pies and funny suits; take away those TV studio kids—and what have you got? An actor?

His mom says, "First they called him Suppy, then Soupy. But I always call him Milton now."

"I had my name legally changed in 1966, in Detroit," says Soupy Sales, born Milton Supman. He is lunching in a midtown New York restaurant with a public-relations man and a visitor, and his audience includes several adjoining tables cashing in on his ebullience. "My attorney looked at me with a stern thing on his face and said, Do you uh intend to make this name change for purposes of defrauding any person or uh company or any ... thing? Who? Me? No! And do you realize your entire family ... yes, yes ... and your entire everything and do you ... yes, yes! So the judge says, When I raise my gavel you say your name and I'll bang the gavel down and that's it, see. Okay, now say it." Soupy pauses for tempo. "Then I had a horrible thought that somebody was going to come running in and shout *Mabel Fox*. Bang. Down goes the gavel. That's it. I now pronounce you Mabel Fox."

Soupy is pleased with the response but sees a chance to get more. "You know," he adds contemplatively, "they make you wait a year before you can *change* it."

But nobody said Mabel Fox, Milton Supman became Soupy Sales, a name he had been using professionally for several years. Before that he was Soupy Hines. And before that Milton Hines. An onion of identity.

He lunches at Vesuvio, lapping up goodwill, aware that everybody is aware that he is Soupy Sales. He has a star's power thrust, he draws large audiences—a neat skill—to minor offhand comments. "I'm going to open a Topless Tabernacle in Salt Lake City. No, I mean, is it time to order?" He points a finger at his publicist. "I order you to leave the restaurant."

Soupy is going to be the star of a new Broadway-bound *Hellzapoppin'* being produced by Alexander Cohen, for whom he professes much admiration. "Oh, he's great," Soupy exults. "Listen, he's betting half a million on me." Soupy is at home in his rented East Side triplex, attacking a late breakfast of fried egg, sausage, English muffin and dark jam. He talks rapidly as he discusses the yellow brick road which seems to lie ahead of him. But the flexible flyer face has a bruised reflective look. He went through this Broadway thing early in the year ... such, you just don't forget that quickly.

Soupy Sales has sad, beautiful eyes. He has a face that in repose falls in soft folds, waits patiently for the expression to give it life. A face ready to stretch, sitting at the crease of laughter or of tears. It has attitudes of rest in which the flesh sets. Like the work of a lazy writer, it offers with predictable effect near intimations of stress: the heart's counterweights, woe, chagrin, wan wee glee. It is a 'fancy' face partly because it is able to express the emotion without its owner necessarily feeling it.

"This new *Hellzapoppin'*," Soupy says. "Cohen wants it to be the wildest thing in the world. We're opening in Montreal at Expo 67. Then Boston, Chicago, maybe Detroit. New York late in November." A shadow crosses his face. Mrs. Sales, a tall, lovely brunette, brings a tiny TV set into the room and plugs it in. Soupy watches himself on a daytime panel show, but he is restless and soon turns it off. Something in his memory has been sparked. "I'm the kind of performer you can't ever count out. Listen, you don't walk into Hurley's Bar and get a guy to do a Broadway show. Having a show fold doesn't mean you're no good. The show's folding didn't defeat me because if I felt that way ... " His voice has taken on a pleading quality. "When I started, on TV," he says, "they said things like, What's he doing, get him *outta* here."

Soupy Sales. Call me a cab. Okay, you're a cab. White Fang. Pookie. Philo Kvetch. *Doin' the Mouse, yeah!* Will you give ten dollars to help the Old Ladies Home? I didn't even know they were out. Today we're in for a bad spell of weather. W-E-T-T-A-R.

> "... *a comic expression of the face is one that promises nothing more than it gives. It is a unique and permanent grimace. One would say that the person's whole moral life has crystallized into this particular cast of features.*" —Henri Bergson, *Laughter*

Milton Supman was born on January 8, 1926, in Franklinton, North Carolina. His parents, Irving and Sadie Supman, had two older sons, Leonard and Jack. They had moved from Baltimore to help Mrs. Supman's aunt run her dry-goods store. Mr. Supman was not well; he had chronic congestion in his chest. He came home early and was in bed by eight. Reading the papers. Mrs. Supman went to the store. "When I was pregnant with Soupy I was happy all the time," she recalls. "I went around singing." As the only Jewish family in Franklinton, the Supmans were supremely visible; they walked on eggs in a sea of hard-shell Baptists. Once, a town elder came to the store and asked Supman to attend the next Klan meeting. "We were scared to death," Mrs. Supman recalls. "We thought they were going to tell us to leave town. But you know, to show you how well received we were, they invited Supman to join."

Soupy remembers his childhood as a lonely one. He recalls long stretches of solitary play. When he was five, his father died. He now retains only two memories of his dad. In one, he stopped by the store on the way to a picnic and Supman gave him a dime. In the other, he stopped by the store and his dad said, "Hello. How are you?" And he replied, "I'm fine."

Last year, during a tour to publicize his movie, *Birds Do It*, he revisited Franklinton. According to his mother, "Soupy showed them where he thought he was born, but he forgot that we moved. What he really showed them was the house where his dad died."

In the Fall of 1966, the *Soupy Sales Show* went off the air. Those who knew it will recall with fond nostalgia the kitchen table, the back door, the radio with the cathedral shape, Soupy's too-short khaki trousers, dark V-neck sweater, large floppy polka-dot bow tie. He was the super-star of an exceedingly popular children's show. His loyal heterogeneous audience included teen-agers, square fat-assed daddies, hip intellectuals with face hair and incomplete analyses. The half hour was often funny, if you went for Yiddish humor passing for white, punning with a touch of absurd, familiar one-liners, Minsk-Pinsk, and sketches organized to be punctuated, after the punch line, by a pie or a squish of water or a hit on the head with a rolled up newspaper. *Do you know what time it is? Hum a few bars.* Pow! He took an awful beating. That was who he was. His profile was clear, the out-turning feet calling for sympathy, the sympathy stoop, Chaplin's truths, the pleading look on his face, *oy vey is mir.* He is actually six feet tall. Hard to believe. Even in public he doesn't fill his apportioned volume of space. But that secret arrogance, ah! In the turned-in places of a man's heart, who knows what lies? The familiar figure was a composite of the *schnorrer* and the *schlemiel*—or is it the *schlimazl*?—who always managed to come out behind in a world where even the word, let alone the footing, is treacherous.

It was commonly and erroneously retailed that Soupy was a true son of the Commedia dell'arte tradition, which he was not; he was sort of illegitimate. He had a bagful of shtick, to be sure, which are

Photographed by Henry Hamburg

to Commedia *lazzi* as Dairy Queen is to Italian ices: they are somewhat the same thing. Pizza pie in the face? Never.

Soupy rarely bothered with character; he was always Soupy, gloriously Soupy. Like most American comedians who stand up barehanded to be funny, he called on his own resources for the most part, and they were formidable. He braved the difficulties of live television; he wrote the scripts himself; he reported from the danger zone, 'Just keep moving. A moving target is harder to hit.'

When Soupy's contract at WNEW-TV expired he and his managers agreed he should spread his wings and fly. He had made a television special which has yet to appear, and his film, *Birds Do It*, received poor reviews. His personal manager, Stan Greeson, was undaunted, however. "I think he could be a major motion-picture force," he said. "Or he could be an *important* Broadway star."

One factor might prove ticklish: Soupy had no experience in the legitimate theatre. "The last time I was onstage," Soupy said with a laugh, "was in the second grade. I was Peter Rabbit."

Nevertheless, Morton Gottlieb, producer of *The Killing of Sister George*, signed Soupy to star in *Come Live With Me*, a Broadway sort of comedy. Soupy was going to be an important star. He also in all innocence was entering the crucible and would transmogrify past the point of no return, to emerge in totally different substance, like a wafer caught in a ritual not of his own choosing.

Rehearsals take place at the Cort Theatre on Forty-eighth Street. The stage is bare save for the ugly, plain, stained benches that serve for couches, corners, doorways. The back wall is washed white, hung with radiators and grills and the actors' words float up into the flies and the high ceiling beyond. Not an auspicious setting for comedy work.

Soupy is dressed in much the same outfit he wore on television and is precisely what you'd expect the star of the *Soupy Sales Show* to be. He is full of optimism and constantly cuts up: *Waiter, what's that pig doing in my soup? A backstroke, sir.* In the darkened theatre the looming shapes shift and mumble and whisper. The co-author, Lee Minoff, hangs over the shoulder of the director like an old beady-eyed fox-fur collar that lifts its head up now and again to comment. The director is Jonathan Miller, the thirty three-year-old British *wunderkind* who performed here in *Beyond the Fringe*. He talks rapidly, repeats phrases, chuckles appreciatively over Wittgenstein's neat response to St. Augustine's contention that he learned language from the pointing gesture. "Couldn't have, you see. He needed language first to know what the pointing gesture *itself* meant." Tall and loose-jointed, rickety ratchety, Miller is a great bird of prey or of sated repose, the owner of a watchful eye, the discreet mouth lines of one whose smile is often delicate and sardonic. His head is a Roman emperor's, long-jawed, nose aquiline, all quirky-curly locks, lids heavy and sensitive as cultural hoods.

"All right, people, let's move along," he says crisply. He is in grey flannels and blue blazer. He wears a lapel button, a little pink man on his hands and knees and the legend, "I am a creeping Socialist." Miller works swiftly, with assurance, his goal a type of anthropometry. He is cool.

Soupy enjoys Miller's control and his uncluttered paternalism. He rarely disputes and is never intractable. Because his is the largest role and because he is mostly innocent of traditional stage discipline, he requires more notes than the rest of the company. "Now then, Soup. You must be a little more imperiously abrupt; it should be a more elaborate satire. Oh, and you mustn't discharge the energy, Soup, you must hold the tension like a coiled watch spring." Soupy's lines are delivered with little subtlety of inflection or color or tonality. He relies mostly on gusts of physical energy and the vigor of his voice, which is a marvelous instrument. It is thick and coarse, full of crunchy textures, and its patterns, massed inflections wheeling like gulls, allude to hard times in the cotton fields. There are thickenings familiar in the speech of the Southern Negro, lyrical, buoyant, pleading for notice. Somewhat more obscurely but lurking there sure enough is the singsong querulousness of the Eastern European Jewish beggar. Soupy is humble, undemanding. "Once we were driving in a car with a chauffeur," recalls Marc Richards, who left a thirteen-year job at the telephone company, complete with seniority, to join Soupy as a comedy writer, "and Soupy said, 'Stop here. I want some coffee.' He got out and he asked the chauffeur if he wanted cream and sugar in his. The guy was in shock. Soupy brought *him* coffee. Later, the guy told me that in all his years he never saw anything like it."

Soupy chooses not to assume the prerogatives of power that go with stardom. He is like the king of a very small country traveling abroad, or a prince in exile. During rehearsals, he comes across lines he doesn't like, and he says so, but he is hesitant, and won't challenge Miller's authority. "That line is toilet," he will say, but he won't fight. He is devious and subtle, and often denies himself. His effort is to disarm by being himself disarmed. He carries no weapons. Instead he dreams about the bad lines, wakes at midnight and prowls his house till three a.m. He won't admit to feeling tension. Even when the author gives him a reading during notes, Soupy listens politely.

"Ordeur," Lee Minoff says. "Like a voyeur, only with ears."

There is a long hushed moment as all consider the line's comic potential. Above Soupy's head, in a balloon, large elegant type forms the letters t-o-i-l-e-t. But he says nothing. He is *enraged*, feeling nothing. Impassive.

"I don't mind criticism," he says back in his dressing room, changing his clothes rapidly and one would say angrily. "I never mind criticism if it's constructive. That's . . . I know *timing*. I've written more scripts than he ever will!"

He saunters out, nattily dressed, and spots Hanne Bork, the beautiful Danish girl who is playing the ingenue and whose accent is pronounced. "Hanne, you're doing fine," Soupy tells her. "Everytime you say something I look down at your chest for the subtitles." Not bad for the illegitimate son of a fine old comedy tradition. Therapeutic shtick, good for what ails you.

Carlo Goldoni, the Italian playwright who was heir to the Commedia dell'arte, did away with the Commedia masks in order to enhance the possibility of characterization. ". . . the soul under a mask," said Goldoni in his *Memoirs*, "is like fire under ashes."

Soupy's dad died of an asthmatic condition in 1932, at the age of forty-four. Three years later the family moved to Huntington, West Virginia, a city of about 75,000, and Sadie Supman opened up the store again. She has remarried in 1934. The stepfather, Felix Goldstein, was a traveling salesman for a pants manufacturer. His territory was West Virginia, Ohio and Kentucky. He was out all week, home on weekends.

"Felix and Soupy were as close as any father and son," recalls eldest brother Leonard. "They enjoyed each other's company. Felix would say 'Tell me jokes, entertain me' and Soupy would."

"Felix was from Vienna," says Soupy's mom. "He and Soupy were buddies. Felix wanted him to go into a profession like his older brothers, but Soupy said 'Pop, I'm interested in radio. That's what I want.' In 1950 Felix was killed in an automobile accident. Soupy took it awful hard. They were such buddies. In just ten or twelve days, Soupy lost about twelve pounds."

"My stepfather died in 1950," Soupy recalls, "and, well, it really bothered me that he didn't mention me in his will. I guess I was closer to him than he was to me. I love people. I really do. I'm a very sentimental guy. Well, I guess he was thoughtless. He didn't even leave me his typewriter. I mean, well, I didn't really *care*, it was just. . . ."

Soupy is offered a costume hat that doesn't appeal to him. For reasons that are hard to fathom, he takes a stand. He will not be pushed around on this. He appears from the wings of the Shubert in New Haven shaking the hat, his face flooded with color. "This hat. *Look at it*." All activity ceases. Down in the house, at the lighting designer's command post, Jonathan Miller looks up. "What's wrong with the hat, Soup?" "Well, *look* at it. I . . . won't . . . wear . . . this . . . *hat*. I wouldn't wear this hat to a cat screw!" Miller clears his throat. "Well . . . Soup, I've seen hats like that at many a cat screw."

Soupy wins on the hat thing but it doesn't improve his mood. He has settled into a more or less permanently morose state which he refuses to acknowledge. His rehearsal shtick turns even more self-deprecatory than usual; he hurls himself about the stage recklessly, and commences running into doors to get a laugh from the company.

Wearing elbow and kneepads doesn't prevent him from tearing a ligament in his back. "Oh, my God," says the producer, "get a doctor." Jonathan rises up grandly and says, "*I* am a doctor." What a moment! He really is a doctor. He rushes onstage and begins tapping Soupy's spine desultorily. Eventually a local doctor shows up and Jonathan announces happily that the local man has prescribed what Dr. Miller would have.

"Actually," he confides, "Soupy's not fit. He's not in shape for this sort of thing." Within a week or so the play's weaknesses begin to appear insurmountable. "I constantly have to remind myself that I'm a doctor," Jonathan says. He shrugs his shoulders helplessly. "Well, I've done all I can do, I think." The following week while they are in Philadelphia, it is announced that Jonathan Miller is leaving the show. "What really bothers me," Soupy later confesses, "is that he didn't even bother to say good-bye."

Snapshots: A Career Album

"We had a neighbor, Mrs. Shearin," Soupy's mom recalls. "Her son Willie was eating cookies and Soupy said, 'I like cookies, my mother won't let me ask for them, but I *like* cookies.' That really won her over."

"In high school I performed at assemblies," Soupy says. "I used to imitate bands."

"After I moved to Lancaster, Ohio," says elder brother Jack, an attorney, "I got a call from Soupy. He said, 'Guess what. I got a date playing in a nightclub up there.' I said, 'We don't have any nightclub up here.' He said, 'Now you do,' and he named it. Well that was just a hillbilly place where everybody was drunk and where they charged a twenty five cents cover on Saturday night. In his act there Soupy did a takeoff on Sam Spade and he strummed a banjo."

"I was attracted to him because he was in show business," says Barbara Sales. "When he had his disc-jockey show in Huntington he was the biggest thing in town. He was a real dude. He wore suede shoes and a chesterfield with a hankie in his pocket. You know."

"Cleveland was his difficult years," says Fred Shorsher, a New Jersey stockbroker. "He moved into an apartment right across the hall from us. Their furniture hadn't arrived and we had to lend them a mattress and a card table and they set up housekeeping. He had a deejay show at WJW that drove parents wild, with sound effects, noises, lots of brassy music. Then he lost some of the sponsors."

"I went home to Huntington with the baby," Barbara recalls.

"My first year in Detroit I made $13,000," Soupy says. "Then $26,000. Then $70,000 and finally over $100,000. I was the highest-paid local TV performer in the country. John Pival, the general manager, was a sort of father figure to me. In 1960, I told him I was leaving Detroit and he understood. But we'd go out drinking and the animosity would show, he'd begin insulting me. I guess he thought I was *deserting* him. It felt like he was losing a son, I guess."

"After the Jell-O Show ended in Los Angeles," Soupy says, "I was a member of the four or five things club. You know, a guy asks you what you're doing and you say, 'Oh, four or five things.' In the eight months before I went to New York, I only worked two weeks."

"I was told that Soupy was difficult to deal with," says Art Seidel, formerly the producer of the *Soupy Sales Show* and now vice-president of Emenee, a toy company. "They asked me to produce his show because I had a reputation for being a strong producer who knew the business. But Soupy was the nicest fellow to get along with I ever knew."

"Soupy didn't like WNEW," says Kathy Kirkland, president of the Soupy Sales Fan Club. "There's a man there named 'Fats' Bailey, kind of short and fat and I think he has glasses. When they taped the last show that was on the air on September 6, 1966, there were about eight hundred kids there and 'Fats' came out and they all booed and hissed. 'Fats' gave Soupy a bad time."

"Channel Five was like the Twilight Zone," says Marc Richards. "Now Soupy's beautiful, a beautiful human being, but finally even he had enough. Once he showed up and the set wasn't ready, it wasn't lit, nothing. So he walked off. First he called Stan Greeson, his manager, to make sure, and Greeson agreed he said Soupy had every right."

"Not once did the management come out and say 'You're doing a good job,' not one nice word," Soupy recalls.

Joshua Shelley is red-faced, bony, wiry, a man of high energy who has a springy Groucho Marx walk. Soupy was elated to learn that Shelley has replaced Jonathan Miller. He is all the things Miller was not. Shelley is kind enough, tough enough, old enough. He is j-u-s-t right.

"I'll get you better lines, babe, honey," Shelley says. "I give you my word as a Jewish gentleman that I'll be in with that boy all night getting you lines. I'm working to extend the reality of the play. This is a musical with the first ballad missing, you know, 'I'm a lucky boy, You are lucky, too.' Nobody believes this thing as we have to start with Once Upon A Time."

Soupy is enamored of his new director, having a *wonderful* time. His mood has snapped. He brings back, in all its flowering, his epic shtick cycle. Ashtray balances on his fingers. "You think that's too much for an engagement ring?" Ashtray to his face. "You think that's too much for a monocle?" "Go to work, Soupy," Shelley urges. "I'm going to drive to Bermuda," Soupy goes on. "But there's no road to Bermuda." "That's all right, I'll just keep the windshield wiper going." "SOUPY! STOP IT! GO TO WORK!" Soupy is hard put to stop all at once. "Paul Hodges, in Cincinnati, a great old guy, he used to say, 'When in doubt, drop your pants.'" Shelley laughs and together they dance across the bottom of the stage. Shelley turns serious, however. "Hey Swan Lake, hey Soupy. You get an allowance this week and no TV on Monday." Soupy laughs. "You think I'm kidding? You see that seat? Walter Kerr. Walter Kerr." Soupy sniffs. "Oh, what's the use," Shelley groans. "What's the point of being King of the Jews if nobody listens to you! Soupish, listen, do you know when we open?" "No," says Soupy, "but if you hum a few bars I'll fake it." "MILTON! IF YOU DON'T BEHAVE . . ."

Later, Soupy walks into Danny's Hide-A-Way, a favorite hangout in New York, and there is round-faced Totie Fields, a comedienne who has appeared as a guest star on Soupy's old show. She rears back and extends her arms to engulf him and heaves an adoring, full-breasted sigh. "Oh, there he is. My Broadway star."

On opening night, Soupy's dresser, twenty-four-year-old Mark Klein, is having a difficult time getting from place to place. Soupy's dressing room is mobbed. Klein, who has, in his time, dressed George Grizzard, Pat Hingle and Ray Milland, is in a state. "This is the worst I've ever had it ever with people backstage," he complains. It is, in fact, a typical star's opening night, save for the one implausible note struck by Soupy's mom, who stands at the door to the dressing room and shakes hands with all who enter, announcing proudly, "I want to shake your hand, I'm Soupy's mom."

Somewhere in the crush are Kathy and Diane Kirkland, twins and co-presidents of the Soupy Sales Fan Club. They are from California, very pretty and chic in new evening gowns. They have spent small fortunes to come East, have already seen the show six times in preview performances and for their devotion have been invited to the opening night party.

Two long black Cadillacs pull up in front of the theatre. Kathy and Diane hop into one of them, leaving behind about thirty grim-faced members of the fan club. "Boy, will *they* be mad," one of the girls exults. The uniformed chauffeur, Sorry Kelt, is also, by coincidence, a fan of Soupy's. "For me, the show that Frank was on was it. When he hit the King in the face with a pie, that cemented him with me."

Soupy enters Danny's Hide-A-Way to a brisk, spontaneous round of applause which follows him upstairs to the private room on the second floor. *(Continued on page 200)*

Life, Liberty and the Flight of Happiness

It may have been the best of times. It may have been the worst of times, but it was surely, in retrospect, the briefest of times. It was the sunlit decade of the 1930s when everything we needed or cared to know came to us by grace of a magazine called *Liberty*, five cents. The entire stock of *Liberty* has just been brought to light in Manhattan and is up for reprint grabs, which means that one day soon you may see a rerun of such documentaries as *My Sex Life*, by Mahatma Gandhi. First, though, we take the opportunity of bringing you these selected covers from the golden years, thus offering you, in turn, the chance to test your capacity for cultural shock. This is the state that occurs when looking suddenly backwards, as at a less sophisticated, more primitive self, and it is supposed to bring about comments like, "Hey, I used to deliver this sheet!" ... "Gosh, it seems like yesterday!" ... "Boy, life was simpler then!" If, on the other hand, all you can come up with is a numb "Great God, Shirley Temple!" then that odd feeling in your chest is probably not cultural shock at all but the shock of recognition, and face it, you can't go there again.

January 1929 The world, it seemed, lay below us like a land of dreams. Hoover was in the White House, and prosperity, we thought, was ours forever.

March 1929 Reading matter in this issue was financial or physical: "William Jennings Bryan, part VIII" or "The Art of Keeping Fit" by Jack Dempsey.

October 1929 In an affluent economy *Liberty* offered sage market advice: "Buy oil, coal, steel, but especially real estate—there you can hardly lose."

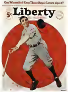
February 1930 After the Crash, but *Liberty's* contents were still reflections in a tranquil pond: fiction by F. Scott Fitzgerald, cartoon about a taxi driver.

March 1930 This issue grappled with the American conscience, combining money with emotion: "Are You Wet or Dry? $1000 for the best answers."

December 1930 The editorial noted the final passing (in India) of the white man's burden; an article said with folly, "Let's Buy Prosperity Back."

June 1931 The covers of this era were meant, explained the editors, to show "tears as well as sunshine, frowns as well as smiles." And they did, they did.

August 1931 Domestic advice, Italian style: "There are joys and contentment which family alone can give." Reading time: ten minutes, forty seconds.



April 1932 Coming up in *Liberty*, an appraisal of Mr. Hoover's chances for reelection (temperate). On the cover: Il Duce again, the great pal of The Babe.

November 1932 By-lines by two branches of Roosevelts, but we knew already that we'd choose the C.C.C., N.R.A., W.P.A., and Eleanor jokes.

March 1933 In F.D.R.'s first hundred days, publisher Bernarr McFadden explained how the country should be run; Fay Wray told how she kept slim.

September 1934 The House of Windsor was safe, said *Liberty*, spiking all rumors: "He will not marry a commoner; he's been too busy; also he's a True Prince."

December 1934 A plea by H. G. Wells: "World State *must* replace our present governments. . . . An attack merely on war will never abolish this ancient evil."

January 1935 Cover: the Sam menace; inside, the story of the recent shooting of Public Enemy No. 1 John Dillinger; an ad for the (new) Plymouth ($565).

December 1935 The Prince of Japan said "rich nations [America] should help poor ones." Also an article on the rebellion of youth—Leopold and Loeb.

December 1935 Shirley's resolution: "to ask my mother for $5 allowance instead of $4." Elsewhere, McFadden praised whole-grain cereals, exercise.

Liberty 5¢
Why Garbo is making her last picture
Hitler planning to be kind to the Jews?
Olympic forecast by Bob Musel

May 1936 Garbo's returning to Stockholm because of Jack Gilbert. The answer to that other tough question is "yes." ("He has a rather kindly look.")

May 1937 Yet more tough cover questions. That social hygiene thing was syphilis. In another feature, Ed Sullivan selected year's common new stars.

November 1937 "Stardom arrives for the Ritz Brothers," wrote columnist Beverly Hills. Cover reproduced C. D. Batchelor's 1937 Pulitzer prize cartoon.

December 1937 Editor in Chief Fulton Oursler apostrophized F.D.R.'s human affection for his dogs: "With such a man, the world is safe for Democracy."

May 1938 Skip that first article. Instead read "Will Kennedy run for President?" remembering the Kennedy is Joe Sr. and the future is in your hands.

Liberty 5¢
The World After the War by George Bernard Shaw
My Plans for the Future by Joe Louis

December 1939 The world is plunging and it all gives Santa Pause. Ho ho ho. Inside, another Batchelor jibe: "This ship (Dictator-ship) must not come in."

May 1940 "Polygamy is excellent for others, but I have taken a vow of celibacy, a great relief," said Gandhi. The Legionnaire advocated isolationism.

August 1940 *Lightning in the Night* was fiction about the invasion of America. This installment was prologue, but for all the golden years, it was farewell.

Automotive Immortality

by Barton Midwood

The great questions of Modern Man
Is there a God?
Can my car be fixed?

Drawing by Robert Grossman

My car is not ready. It shall never be ready. The mechanic is a thief. I am certain of it. But there's nothing to be done. No proof. I cannot assert myself. I cannot bring forth accusations because I do not know how to make myself understood, automotively. The soul of a car is more incomprehensible to me than all the souls of India. I am familiar with the term "carburetor." I know it resides under the hood, the fabulous hood. But I could not locate it, nor do I have a notion of what it looks like. It has something to do with gasoline, but what exactly I cannot say. Right now the carburetor is of no consequence anyway. The mechanic says that the carburetor is all right. That is of course a lie. The very root of the trouble is undoubtedly located precisely there, somewhere in the phantasmagorical confines of this carburetor. The mechanic is a thief. I know for certain that the mechanic is a thief because he was recommended to me by a friend.

An hour ago my car had a nervous breakdown on the road and had I not at the time had the presence of mind to turn the key off it should certainly have gone entirely to pieces under me. I immediately called my friend, Farnsworth.

"Hello, Farnsworth? What shall I do? I am on the highway. I am blocking traffic. I am miserable. Neurasthenia has finally got the best of the Edsel."

"Call VQ9 0767. Ask for Fritz."

I call Fritz and presently he arrives upon the scene in a strange red truck with an immense fishing pole jutting from the back. The line is thick as your fist. A whale hook dangles on the end. I shall not tell you what he, this Fritz fellow, does with this hook. It is too fantastic. You would not believe it. Suffice it to say he manages to drag the Edsel to his lair. Though I ride in the red truck with the mechanic, and proffer many interesting and friendly remarks, he says nothing. He is dark. He is in a greasy study. He says nothing. He is insolent and reeks of the underworld. He is a fool! A fool! I shall surely strangle him. I am sitting now in his hideout. He ignores me. Several times I have asked him in the most courteous manner what is ailing my poor car. But he does not condescend to answer. I am not there, I am nowhere, nothing. Only once did he answer me. It was when I asked him about the carburetor. "No," he'd said, "not the carburetor." If only . . . oh, if only I knew the names of some of the other parts! Then perhaps I might establish some rapport with this Fritz. Who knows? Perhaps he is not such a bad fellow after all.

I approach him. I have been sitting here one hour and six minutes. I am anxious. He is charging me by the hour. He is charging me five and a half dollars by the hour. That is an impressive figure, true enough, and yet I would not object to it were he giving my car his undivided attention. But he is not. He is a busy man. The phone has rung eight times since I have arrived. Once it was a wrong number but every other time the party was loquacious. Fritz however was most businesslike and economical in his speech. I'll have to give him that. He did not seem to be wanting to waste his time and my money on the telephone. But his customers are all apparently chatterboxes and chew upon his ear. They are meddlesome. What do they need to talk to him about? Can't they simply tell the man their car needs fixing and then leave him to his business? No, they must always be pestering, pestering! I shall surely strangle one of them. But the phone . . . the phone is not really what galls me. It is the fact that Fritz is constantly walking away from my car and dipping his head in other cars too. He spends no more than seven minutes at a stretch with my car and then he spits and looks at another car. And all the while I am paying through the nose for this—for the phone calls, for the other cars, for the spitting. So you see it is understandable that I am anxious and annoyed as I approach him, and yet I have delicate and refined sensibilities and therefore I display a chivalrous style upon addressing him.

"Ah, Fritz," I say, "if it were only the carburetor. Then it would be so simple, eh?"

He answers with a curious gesture which I take to be a sign that somewhat vaguely, if profanely, concurs with my subjunctive ecstasy. I am encouraged and press on. "Tell me, Fritz, what would you venture to say it might be?"

He looks at me. I am penetrated, annihilated. Then he speaks: "The whole friggin' transmission is shot to hell."

"Forgive me," I say. "What is this—how do you say?—*friggin'* transmission? Will it cost very much to repair? In our country we know very little about cars. Some of the more progressive people have begun to take an interest and learn. But I—alas!—I have always been hopelessly atavistic!"

His eye scans me, like a finger across a map.

"Where you from, buddy?"

"I told you . . . another country."

"*What* country . . . *what* country?"

This is most embarrassing. I am standing here before this creature who has just asked a really very simple and inoffensive question and yet, for some reason, I cannot answer him. It is as if that glance of his had petrified a part of my brain. I cannot for the life of me recall where I am from. Where am I from? From another country. Of that much I am certain. But what country exactly I cannot say. I am terribly embarrassed. I reach for my wallet. I have some identification in there. The wallet is gone. Fritz . . . Fritz undoubtedly has stolen it.

"My wallet is gone," I say.

He says nothing.

"If I do not find it I shall not be able to pay you for your services."

Still he says nothing. His silence accuses him. It is all clear. He is in collaboration with Farnsworth. I must be cautious.

"Tell me, Fritz, why do you ask where I'm from? Of what interest precisely is it to you?"

He spits. He turns away. He goes to the phone. It is all quite clear. He realizes that I am aware of the entire affair. He is obviously trying to get in touch with his superiors for further instructions. Aha! For the moment I have confounded him. I have upset his plans.

"Own up, Fritz!" I shout. "It was the carburetor all along, wasn't it!"

He looks at me askance over his shoulder. He is whispering (*Continued on page 172*)

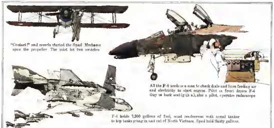
Hotshot Charlie Rides Again

The technology is now a miracle, the spirit is still Dawn Patrol

Text by Doug Stone, Drawings by Ken Dallison

You are looking at a hooknosed F-4C Phantom, the jet currently playing havoc in the skies of Vietnam and, under it, the old Spad XIII grandstanding in a classic loop-the-loop. The W.W. I Spad was a cloth-and-dope crate; the F-4 is a computerized "weapons system" that flies more than ten times faster and carries missiles that think. Progress. What remains constant is only war itself and the spirit of the men who fly these fantastic machines, the impulse of delight that drives to the tumult in the clouds. The Phantom pilots try to be just as dashing as their ancestors, as you will see in the following pages, and they are. They are also a lot smarter—they must be to fly their planes. And wherever Spencer Tracy is now, he will be happy to know that chewing gum still gets stuck under the wings.

GETTING OFF THE GROUND, AND STAYING THERE

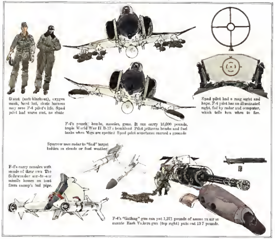


"Contact!" and muscle started the Spad. Mechanic spun the propeller. The pilot hit two switches

All the F-4 needs is a man to check dials and lines feeding air and electricity to start engine. Pilot in front drives F-4. Guy in back seat (g.i.b.s.), also a pilot, operates radarscope

F-4 holds 3,300 gallons of fuel, must rendezvous with aerial tanker to top tanks going in and out of North Vietnam. Spad held thirty gallons.

BAGGAGE ALLOWANCES



G-suit (anti-blackout), oxygen mask, hard hat, chute harness may save F-4 pilot's life. Spad pilot had warm suit, no chute

Spad pilot had a ring sight and hope. F-4 pilot has an illuminated sight, fed by radar and computer, which tells him when to fire.

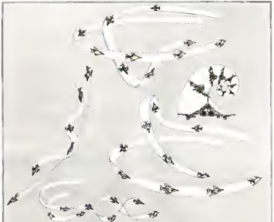
F-4's punch: bombs, missiles, guns. It can carry 16,000 pounds, triple World War II B-17's bombload. Pilot jettisons bombs and fuel tanks when Migs are spotted. Spad pilot sometimes carried a grenade

Sparrow uses radar to "find" target hidden in clouds or foul weather

F-4's carry missiles with minds of their own. The Sidewinder air-to-air missile homes on heat from enemy's tail pipe.

F-4's "Gatling" gun can put 1,372 pounds of ammo in air in 1 minute. Each Vickers gun (top right) puts out 13.7 pounds.

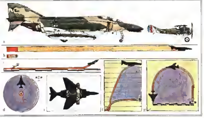
PURSUIT TACTICS: CHASING AND RUNNING



Chandelles, yes, but the updated fighting repertoire includes (counterclockwise from 12 o'clock high)—Low-Speed Yo-Yo: the trailing offensive F-4 dives below opponent's level, inside his turn, zooms to 6 o'clock. Vertical Rolling Scissors: defensive series of close turn reversals, chap who slows up first wins. Scissors Maneuver: a series of turn reversals in an attempt to regain the offensive after an overshoot by an attacker. High-Speed Yo-Yo: offensive counter in scissors, zoom, roll, dive and slide off to prevent overshoot. High-G Roll Over: snap roll over the top, basically a last-ditch maneuver, or to get attack position. Also used for repositioning after unsuccessful attack

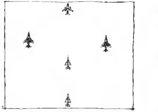
BASIC CHARACTERISTICS

The $2,300,000 F-4C dwarfs the $7,500 Spad (a). The F-4 weighs 58,000 pounds; Spad, 1,807. Two jets totaling 33,000 pounds thrust shove F-4 to 1,650 miles an hour at 45,000 feet (b); 220 h.p. engine nudges the Spad to 140 m.p.h. Chart (c) shows Spad using 500 feet of runway; F-4, 2,500 feet. F-4 operates within 900-mile radius, Spad within 100 miles (d). Silhouette (e) shows the Spad is 20 feet 4-inches long with 26-foot 3½-inch wingspan. F-4 is 58 feet 3-inches long, has 38-foot 4-inch wingspan. F-4 climbs (f) to 98,000 feet in 6 minutes 11 seconds. Spad took 4.67 minutes to reach 6,500 feet. At mach 2.4 (1,600 m.p.h.) F-4 makes 10-mile turn; Spad executes prim turn of 2,000 to 1,500 feet at 130 (g)

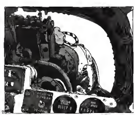


DOGFIGHT '67: THE SCHOOL SOLUTION

In the panel at right you are looking down on five planes. An American EB-66 is in front. An electronic reconnaissance plane, it is virtually unarmed, and its crew must concentrate on peeking at North Vietnam as if there were no enemy. It is, therefore, a sitting duck for Vietnam Migs, Russian-built fighters. The wingtips of the EB-66 point directly at two F-4C's guarding it. The trio is cruising at a lazy, subsonic 570 knots. Flying the near F-4 is Captain Wilbur "Joe" Latham and his g.i.b.s First Lieutenant Klaus Klause. Leader of the escort, Captain James "Friar" Tuck, and his back seat driver, First Lieutenant John Rabeni, are flying the far Phantom. Now two strangers have slid, unobtrusively, between the F-4's. They are enemy Migs, and their pilots are intent on one thing: "getting" the EB-66; they want no part of the F-4's. What ensues is a dogfight. Latham describes it:



1 "We were escorting the EB north of Hanoi when two Mig 21's came up the middle at a high rate of overtake." Each F-4 flier watches a quadrant of sky, but at today's jet speeds, bad guys come fast out of nowhere.

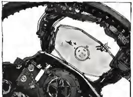


2 "I'd just looked back at my right as the warning cry, 'Migs,' came over the air." It was Rabeni, in the rear seat of Tuck's plane, who saw the Migs, which were "locked on" the EB-66 and ready to fire a missile.

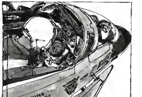
3 "As the silver Mig passed between us, he launched a missile at the EB." But it is not yet too late for the target plane: anything that flies, missile or Mig, can be outmaneuvered if quick, corrective action is taken.

4 "Tuck radioed a warning to the EB to 'Break right! Break right!' We both punched off our tanks to clean up our aircraft. The second Mig flashed by my right wing." The Mig wingman must protect his leader.

5 "The EB broke into a diving turn, causing the Mig's missile to miss. Tuck slid in behind the leading Mig and I fell in behind the second Mig, which was on Tuck's tail." EB (out of picture) leads single file.

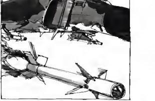


6 "I warned Tuck about the Mig on his tail and Tuck reversed to the left, my Mig went to the outside for spacing." The Mig yo-yos, nose high, for a clean shot at Tuck and to avoid the danger of hitting his own leader.



7 "From my back seat, Klause yelled, 'We've locked on!'" Klause has Mig's range, course, and rate of closure on his radarscope. He is tracking the Mig, while the Mig pilot tries to position his plane to start tracking Tuck.

8 "As the Mig rolled back in for his attack, I put the pipper on him and squeezed the trigger." Latham keeps his aim dot on the Mig, big and fat in his gunsight reticle. He selected the Sidewinder heat-seeking missile.



9 "The Sidewinder left the rails with a 'Whoosh!', homing on the Mig." The Sidewinder is on its own, pointed at a target 1,500 feet away, and it is constantly making corrections. Mig must break fast to survive.

10 "Seconds seemed like hours while the missile tracked its target." Punched off from perfect launching position, at 6-o'clock low, the missile is at mach 3 in three seconds. The Mig cannot now turn inside missile.

11 "As I began to break away, we saw the missile explode in a red fireball in the Mig's tail." Ending: Tuck zapped his Mig too, the EB got away. Migs' mistake: having missed EB on first pass, they should have fled.

"THERE I WAS . . . AT 20,000 FEET, WITH BOTH BURNERS OUT. . . ."

Two F-4's in trouble, 20,000 feet over North Vietnam. The top plane has lost both engines. The second plane is attempting to give its friend's a push to safety. Both planes were hit by ground fire while they were blasting a steel works north of Hanoi. Captain John Pardo has had Captain Earl Aman drop his tail hook—ordinarily used by Navy planes for carrier landings—and is nudging Aman's plane along with his canopy, ever so gently, so that he will not smash his wind screen. "Like pushing the other fellow's car without scratching your bumper, a great bit of courage and flying skill," said a Thailand-based operations officer. Four or five pushes and the planes were out of enemy sky at 10,000 feet. The crews of both planes had to eject (Pardo's plane was out of fuel); a helicopter rescued them.

Robin Olds and His Battle Aces

by Tom Buckley

"G-8," this time around, is forty-five years old, a veteran of his second war, an ace four times over, and he plays squash between dogfights

When it's over and done with, I'll stop to think about it and I'll shake for a year." Colonel Robin Olds was talking about flying over North Vietnam. He had just shot down his third and fourth Migs and the Air Force had brought him in from his base in Thailand to talk to the press. Ordinarily the press conference would have taken place after he had gotten No. 5 and become the first ace of the Vietnam war. The Air Force had decided not to wait. There was always the chance that a Navy pilot might get lucky on a couple of afternoons and slip in ahead of him. Or maybe the Air Force was afraid that the North Vietnamese would run out of planes before Olds got his fifth. And you couldn't rule out the fact that Olds might become No. 1 for some kid at the button of an 85mm automatic cannon. Flying over North Vietnam is the most dangerous job in the world. As this is being written, 603 American planes have gone down there. One hundred eighty-nine of the men who flew them are prisoners and four hundred seventy-eight are missing and presumed to be dead.

But if Olds was being brought in as a plane too soon, the press didn't mind. The Vietnam war hasn't produced many heroes, at least not the kind who stick in the public memory. Anyhow, Olds was a special kind of hero: not just a brave man, but a top technician, a Mario Andretti with guns. He's someone that the over-thirty-fives can identify with, and they're the ones who support the war with taxes and anti-Communist fervor. Olds is getting along in years himself. He was forty-five in July. In World War Two, before most of the infantrymen over here were born, he shot down twenty-four German planes. Better yet, Olds doesn't drop any ordnance, which is what the Air Force calls what used to be called bombs. He sets no fires, craters no highways, machine-guns no trucks. In his camouflaged Phantom F-4C he is up there flying rover, trying to keep the Migs away from the boys with the ordnance under their wings, and that means dogfights, plane to plane, in the high clear air over the sweaty paddies, the empty streets and the peeling stucco buildings in the vicinity of Hanoi and the crowded harbor at Haiphong.

So there was Olds in Saigon, in front of the television cameras first, then feeding answers into the tape recorders, finally sitting down with a Scotch and soda and just talking for a while. He doesn't look like a man who shakes very often. He is six feet two inches tall and built like an oak tree. He played football at West Point and was a heavyweight boxer, but he doesn't have that indefinably used quality of the former athlete, the insurance hustler in the Cesar Romero suit, or the air of fading juvenile corruption of the overage fly-boy. Just say that he is a very big, very handsome, self-possessed man with blue-grey eyes, thinning chestnut hair and the one faintly spurious, or at least slightly theatrical touch, a big new demi-handlebar moustache. He had changed from his grey-green zippered flying suit into the silver-sheened Air Force tropical worsteds. The uniform, well-worn but not quite shabby, fitted perfectly but not obviously so. His flying boots, soft with many straps, had an easy glow rather than a high polish. There was no peaked garrison cap with the grommet removed to achieve the effect that used to be known as the fifty-mission crush, but the bluish-grey overseas cap was pushed back a bit. He wore no ribbons and his wings and silver colonel's eagles looked a bit tarnished.

Well, Olds has been a chicken colonel for a long time—since 1953. The word around Seventh Air Force headquarters is that if he cared less about driving airplanes and more about staff studies, high-level contingency planning, seduction of congressmen, speechmaking, deep thinking about the aerial role in the containment of galloping inter-global anti-counter insurgency and other preoccupations of the high brass, he would have been a general long ago. But Olds not only prefers driving airplanes, he also drives the wrong kind. For two decades now the only airplanes as far as the public is concerned have been those six-, eight-, ten-engine jobs of the Strategic Air Command, formerly commanded by General Curtis LeMay, the J. Edgar Hoover of the air, with their fat, grey hydrogen bombs, their twenty-four-hour flying alerts and those nerveless majors at the controls whose eyes are black pits in twitching faces. Until recently Olds stuck to the single-engine jobs that were once called pursuits, then fighters, then fighter bombers, or, if you're listening to someone who is already a general, multi-purpose aircraft; he now flies a twin-engine plane.

"The name of the game . . ." Olds is saying. It's everybody's favorite phrase in Vietnam. Talk to a quartermaster colonel and the name of the game is getting hot chow to the boys in the boonies. For the infantry, the name of the game is zap Charlie. But Olds is saying what the name of the game isn't. He puts himself down coolly. "The name of the game isn't the aerial destruction of Migs," he says. "That's incidental." Dropping ordnance is incidental, too. It's just one way of persuading the North Vietnamese to stop sending troops and supplies to the south by making them understand that for as long as they continue, the ordnance will land on their factories, generating plants, highways, railroads, bridges, sampans, trucks, and, occasionally and regrettably, on their houses.

Olds is too much the professional to comment on the subject of American civilian opposition to the war, particularly on their belief that the bombing of North Vietnam is the least morally defensible of American tactics. Like most officers, he seems to believe such criticism is directed against the Armed Forces rather than against the political decisions that brought the servicemen to Vietnam.

From the fields on Thailand, from carriers in the Gulf of Tonkin, and from the Marine airfield at Danang just below the border, the United States can put four hundred planes a day over these targets. To oppose them, the North Vietnamese have a hundred to a hundred twenty planes. Three-quarters of them are Russian-built Mig-17's, which are about ten years old and much slower than the American planes. There may be twenty Mig-21's, which are pretty much a match for them. The Migs don't rise against the attackers every day. They seldom try to defend against raids in the southernmost hundred and fifty miles of the country. But when the strikes are near Hanoi or Haiphong or against the air bases, they often come up. When they do, Olds says, the dogfights are as vicious as anything he encountered in the Second World War.

"They're good pilots," he says. "I credit them with being extremely imaginative and very courageous." The score in the dogfight game is pretty one-sided: seventy-seven Migs downed to twenty American planes (the rest have been hit by missiles and anti-aircraft fire). But that's mostly because of superior training and experience, Olds says. The old spirit of gallantry, comradeship in the air still lives on. Colonel Olds says that he saw the pilot of his fourth kill parachute to safety after a Sidewinder missile had exploded in his tail pipe. "I was glad of that," Olds says.

Olds is commander of the Eighth Tactical Fighter Wing. It's based at Ubon in north-

eastern Thailand, about 410 miles from Hanoi. Olds says that without doubt the wing has more experience than any other fighter unit in history. The three senior officers fought in the Second World War or Korea or both. Olds calls these men the Old Heads. The oldest head is his vice-commander, a fifty-one-year-old colonel named Vermont Garrison. The operations deputy is forty-six-year-old "Chappie" James. James is even bigger than Olds. They say about him that he doesn't get into a Phantom, he puts it on. James also happens to be a Negro, but the great thing, maybe the only great thing about this war is that, for the first time, one has a chance to find out, when a man is shooting down the plane that was about to shoot you down or carrying you out of the woods while the machine guns are slicing up the leaves around your head, that you can really and truly forget what the hell color he is. And, who knows, you might still be able to forget a little even a year or two later.

Anyhow, Olds and James and the rest of the Old Heads live in big air-conditioned trailers on a street that they have named Menopause Lane. They don't have many visitors. It's difficult for anybody but the pilots and the maintenance men to get into Ubon or any of the American bases in Thailand. The Thai government is as anxious to halt the march of world communism as any other military dictatorship, but the awkward fact is that the most likely path from Thailand to North Vietnam means flying across Laos, which doesn't happen to be at war with anyone.

It's comfortable at Ubon, Olds says. He has built a squash court, where he tries to get in a couple of games a day, a bowling alley, a big swimming pool and lively officers and enlisted men's clubs. Olds and the Old Heads leave the club to the youngsters. When they come back from a mission they aren't ready to frolic right away; they sit around in their trailers, showing each other pictures of their children and maybe their grandchildren, playing tape-recorded "letters" from their wives, drinking beer and, as Olds says, telling lies about the days of the Messerschmitts, Zeroes, Yaks, Mustangs, Stukas and the rest of those subsonic relics.

Going to bed is something tough. "It's the night before you're flying that you do your dying," Olds says. "I can see the youngsters tensing up. You judge them as carefully as you can. When it's a really tough mission, you put in the first team." The captain of the first team, of course, is Robin Olds. The co-captain is Vermont Garrison. "If you're going to command a fighter wing you're also going to lead it," Olds says.

That is what he always wanted to do. His father was a flying instructor in France in the First World War; when he died in 1943 he was a major general. Olds was born on an Army post in Hawaii. He grew up at Langley Field in Virginia. Between them, the father and the son span all but the first decade or so of the era of military aviation in this country.

"The first sounds I remember," Olds says, "were the cough of Liberty engines warming up at dawn and the slap of the ropes in the night wind against the flagpole on the parade ground. And I can still see the red lights shining on the tops of the hangars."

He went straight to his objective easier than most. Olds seemed always to have it all. High-school class president three years in a row, All-American tackle in what was admittedly the talent-depleted year of 1942, major at twenty two, quadruple ace, winner of the British and American Distinguished Flying Crosses, and, two years later, husband of a movie star.

It was 1947 and Olds was flying jets in an Air Force aerobatic team. The girl was Ella Raines, dark-haired, big-eyed, fabulous figure, big career. She had just made *Mr. Ashton Was Indiscreet* and was blurry with starshine. It was at a party at Palm Springs, California. "I didn't exactly cover myself with glory that night," Olds says. "In fact, I can't remember saying anything at all. I kept looking and thinking that girls just didn't come that beautiful."

He came to his senses in a couple of days, hustled around until he got her telephone number and invited her to a grandstand seat at March Field for the next performance of his aerial circus. To his surprise she accepted. It was a fast West Coast romance. The Cocoanut Grove, Ciro's, Lake Arrowhead, skiing at Tahoe. They were married a few months later. For a while they were often apart, Olds in places like the air base at Rome, New York, and Miss Raines in Hollywood. Their first child was born in 1952 and their second the following year. Both are girls. After that Miss Raines's movie appearances became less frequent. Nowadays she is, Olds says, a more or less contented housewife, living in Washington, waiting for him. From time to time she talks about resuming her career. "Have you ever met an actress yet who wasn't just about to go back to work?" Olds says with a laugh.

Korea was one show Olds missed. Even now he doesn't like to think about the fact that from October 1950 until June, 1952, he was with an Air Defense Command outfit at the Greater Pittsburgh Airport—"that God-damned Pittsburgh." What followed, during the last months of the war, was even worse. It's entered on his service record this way: "Ch programs div ps&r hq eadf stewart afb, ny." He's not sure now just what he was doing, but by the time he got himself out of the conference room the war was over. Olds went back to the Tactical Air Command, flying and holding staff jobs when he couldn't avoid them. He spent a year at the National War College (1962-63), learning to look at the big picture, and the thirtieth of last September he arrived at Ubon to take over the wing.

It wasn't until January 2, though, that Olds got his first Mig. His wing went gunning for them. They called it a Mig hunt and they got seven. His second came on May 4 and his third and fourth on May 20, when fifteen North Vietnamese planes rose with equal parts of gallantry and unwisdom to oppose Thunderchiefs bombing on the fringes of Hanoi. Olds got both three and four with missiles, which have pretty much replaced machine guns and cannons as air-to-air weapons.

The Defense Department doesn't permit correspondents to fly over North Vietnam, although they've said they will eventually, possibly when the North Vietnamese Air Force has ceased to exist, which is probably all for the best. Thus, the only firsthand descriptions of what it's like up there came from the pilots.

"A piece of sky," Olds says in his deep, calm voice. "Try to think of a piece of sky from fifty feet off the deck to 15,000 feet. From the tops of the trees to the cloud line and beyond. Two 105's have come in low. Now they're climbing to 10,000 feet or so to start their target runs. We're higher, covering for them. Two Migs come out of the sun, trying to dive past us onto the 105's. If they're 17's they're slower, but they can turn tighter than we can. The 105's are locked on target, heading in on a straight line. The Migs want to get them, not us, or they want to force them into the flak. The flak never stops. The 85mm guns are positioned so that they keep firing at fixed points crisscrossing the approach path. The 105's have got to fly right through it. When you get lower there is the smaller stuff banging away at you. There are tracers all over the sky, hundreds of black smudges where the shells explode. Your wingman radios, 'Five o'clock, five o'clock.' Here comes a Sam missile (surface-to-air) at you, big as a telephone pole, with a long yellow tail of flame behind."

Flying with Olds is the g.i.b.—guy in the back seat. He operates the electronic systems—navigation and target acquisition. These are elaborate "black-box" mechanisms built around a radar set. The g.i.b.'s are cubs mostly, and the one who was with Olds over Hanoi on May twentieth is with him in Saigon. He's a smiling, freckled young lieutenant named Steve Croker. He stands silent and somewhat daunted in the shadow of the colonel. His regulation khakis are too heavily starched, a bit large for him, and his regulation black oxfords are brightly polished. His red hair is still worn in that grim square, sides-bare Air Force Academy crew cut. Croker says little on his own, and he answers all questions put to him with brief statements that seem to begin and to end with "sir."

While Croker nods, Olds says, "You're trying to keep the Migs off the 105's. Think in the vertical plane. You're diving, twisting, dodging you and the Migs at 500 knots and more. It all happens so fast that it takes hours on the ground afterward to piece together what happened. And yet when you're in a battle for maybe ten or twelve minutes it seems like eight hours.

"Basically," he goes on, "the battles aren't that much different from the Second World War. Even then they were saying that we'd never be doing it again. Well, here we are. The tactics, the maneuvers, nobody's got anything new. The differences are in speed and closing rate. The weapons systems that we've got now give you a greater killing range. But the idea is still to get behind the other guy before he gets behind you." ⧺

Lester Maddox As A Leader of Men

by Rex Reed

Well, like he says, it was better back at The Pickrick

On Memorial Day, orange-hot sunbeams filtered down through the magnolia blossoms and darted off the gold-leaf dome of the state capitol building in Atlanta. The air smelled like ripe bananas, ladybugs crawled lazily across the early morning grass and yellow jackets sipped the dew dripping like blackstrap molasses in the Southern heat. Traffic was slow and it was easy to find a parking place. Everybody in town was at the swimming pool, or going on a holiday picnic, or in their air-conditioned houses watching ball games on TV. Everybody that is, except Lester Maddox, the seventy-fifth governor of Georgia.

Down at the state capitol, a limestone monolith which cost $118.43 less than $1,000,000 of carpetbagger money to build, Maddox was hard at work behind his desk. He does not celebrate Memorial Day. He only recognizes *Confederate* Memorial Day. And for the next four years, so will the people who work for him.

It was early, not yet noon, but the TV reporters from the local stations were already setting up cables in the marble halls, hoping to catch ol Lester's thoughts for the day. Not that they expected to get much. One thing Lester Maddox has learned since he's been in public office is that the press is his natural enemy. They print cartoons of him, analyze his vocabulary on their editorial pages, criticize his every legislative move, and make him the butt of more jokes than Tallulah Bankhead.

Wandering past polished glass cases filled with rotting Confederate flags, I wondered what Lester Maddox was really like. I had seen him only once, on television, waving a pistol at a group of Negro youths who had tried to enter his fried-chicken cafeteria called The Pickrick, eyes bulging, face crazed. Now he is governor, a fact which has provided more conversational needlepoint for sophisticated Atlanta than *Gone With the Wind*. "I've never interviewed a governor before. I don't know much about politics," I confessed nervously to one of the reporters, a Dartmouth graduate from Ohio. "Don't worry," he said, "neither does ol Lester."

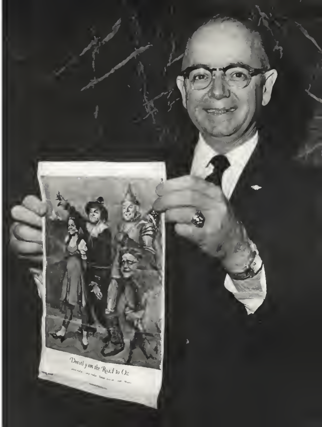
Inside the glass doors marked "Office of the Governor" sat a buxom brunette in slight makeup and a bright orange dress with two yellow porcelain pears on her left bosom. She is Mrs. Mary Beazley and she knows everything that goes on in Maddox's office. When I had telephoned the governor's public-relations counsel Bob Short from New York, he put me right through to Mrs. Beazley, who assured me, "Don't worry 'bout a thing. I'll see that you get a good story." Now she waved me to a seat and continued with a telephone conversation. A lot of other people were waiting, too. There was a man in a white ice-cream suit with a plantation bow tie smoking a Havana cigar who looked like Raymond Massey as Abe Lincoln, forty-two Negro schoolchildren from Albany, Georgia, and a twenty-four year-old war veteran from Jackson, Mississippi, wearing a Purple Heart over a short-sleeve sport shirt, who had come to ask Maddox to march in a "Win in Vietnam" parade.

Suddenly, unspectacularly, Maddox himself was on the scene, dodging the reporters, shaking hands like Will Rogers, chucking the Negro kids under the chin, and telling everybody "Hawdy." Dressed in an inexpensive, olive-drab suit with a Masonic pin in his lapel, he looks at fifty-two like a fighting cock. Hairy hands hang from their coat sleeves in animated chunks. His round, balding head, too big for his stubby little body, rises above the rest of him with a few tiny strands of hair clinging for dear life to the crown, Dagwood Bumstead style. Horn-rimmed glasses sag heavily against a network of tiny varicose veins which threaten to fester and erupt on the tip of a nose supported by a red sunset of a face which continuously changes shades as his temper comes and goes. When he speaks, he whimpers in a high-pitched, nasal voice like Henry Aldrich. "This the gentleman from N Yok? C'mon and let's have us a li'l talk, son," he motioned, leading the way past the outstretched hands and ignoring Mrs. Beazley, who waved three telephones frantically at him.

In his chambers, blood-red carpets line the floors, black leather chairs rest comfortably against dark wood-paneled walls, air-conditioning adjusted to 65 degrees sends wet chills through the bones and, in stark contrast, possibly as a reminder of its phantom past, an antebellum plantation sofa with cream and rose-colored flowers stands near the entrance. On his desk a spray of disorganized bills to sign, state documents, assembly-meeting speeches and a copy of William Manchester's *The Death of a President* sprawl nonchalantly, almost covering the governor's prize possession—a gigantic white-leather Holy Bible with his name engraved in gold. Also in the clutter I noticed a statue of praying hands pointing up toward an enormous Confederate flag waving just behind his chair, another paperweight of praying hands holding down a copy of Robert Ardrey's *The Territorial Imperative* and, just beyond, a smaller, unobtrusive American flag dangling precariously on a stick.

"I don't turn away anybody, no *suh*. You know they tell me Ronald Reagan don't let *nobody* in to see him. Well, I don't run my bizness thataway. I promised to be guv'nor of all the people, black and white, and I'm keepin' my word. Tell me, what do they say about me up yonder in N Yak? They think I'm some kinda nut? Well, I'm not. You ask me anything you wont, heah?"

I asked him about his campaign. "Well suh, I knew I didn't have any money. I couldn't put ads in the paper 'cause nobody liked me and I already closed down my restaurant 'cause the Communists in Washington had turned the state of Georgia into a police state. So in October of '65 I went to work preparin' a platform which I published 50,000 copies of and delivered by hand in my '64 white Pontiac station wagon. I had no public relations firm and nobody to write a speech even. I answered all the mail myself—traveled a hunnert thousand miles and fifty thousand of that was in one car. Nobody ran my campaign but me. I always been my own hoss and that's the way it's gonna stay. Cost me $40,000 just to get in the primary and the runoff against two million that had been spent against me by my opponents. I never did even have a billboard. I been studyin' on politics for thirty years and ran for lots of things, but I never did win. This time I didn't see no way in the God's


Dorothy on the Road to Oz

Ol'Lester, as they call the Governor of Georgia down home, appeared in Esquire seven months ago as the Cowardly Lion (with Lurleen and George Wallace and Ronald Reagan). Ol'Lester has a sense of humor, hear?

world I could lose. People were fed up with the Communist dictators and rabble-rousin' bolsheviks 'roun' heah and I knew they'd support an ol' country boy like me. I tied me a four-foot ladder on my Pontiac and drove down the highway and everytime I saw one of them big $2,000 billboards put up by one of my opponents I'd pull off the road, git my ladder out and nail up ten little signs all over the big uns and ruin 'em all and it wouldn't cost me but a quarter."

He roared a high tenor laugh, rubbing his nose with his two forefingers. I asked him how much he got paid. He didn't flinch. "The salary was $12,000 a year when I was elected—about $18,000 includin' commissions. They increased it to $42,500 a year for me. Hell, a mule couldn' live on what they used to pay. There was more money in sellin' fried chicken. I got a furniture bizness on the side now which the wife runs and I plan to go back into that when this is all over. You know I wuz a happy sonbitch in that restaurant. I still don't like to drive by there. It hurts my heart. I got into it with fo' dollars in my pocket and through the great American free-enterprise system enlarged it nine times in ten years till I was makin' half a million dollars a year before the Communist takeover under Lyndon Johnson. You know, the moral decadence in this country is frightnin'. Chillrun see their parents and executives in political life drinkin' and carryin' on, abusin' theirselves on the taxpayer's money, and they think they can do it too. I know I cain't wipe this condition out but I know if I c'n git others to follow my example we'll raise a state full of Christians down heah in Georgia. I wouldn' have opened my restaurant if I had to sell cocktails. It was a place you could bring the wife and chillrun on a Sunday night without fightin' off the drunks. Many of my friends do take a social drink, mind ya, but not me. I don't smoke neither. You won't find an ashtray in heah. Drinkin' and smokin' leads to moral degeneracy. Just like some people want to integrate. That's their bizness. When the gov'ment tried to force my customers to sit next to Nigras I got mad. We don' cotton to that down heah. I'm a peaceful man and I always treated my colored hep fair with due respect and a decent wage. But I'm not gonna live next door, no *suh*. I've never been one to get mad and fuss. These kind lose. But don' step on me."

I asked him if he ever had any regrets about the pistol-waving incident which sent his image flying through the TV cables of the world as a radical monster of the militant Southern bigot variety. "Naw *suh*!" Did he think he had done the wrong thing, displaying his passionate hatred of Negroes in public? "Naw *suh*!" Would he do it again? "Yes *suh*!" Would he uphold the federal law regarding desegregation now that he was governor? "If a man wants to let them Nigras in his place of bizness that's up to him. I cain't stop him. If he don't then I cain't stop that neither. The system of free enterprise is one of the principles the American people cherish most. They are declaring war on the chillrun of the South. Integration represents an erosion of the rights of the people. We are placin' the Constitution ahead of the welfare of our citizens and the people of Georgia are not gonna continue to tolerate this."

What were his views on some other, non racial topics, I wondered? How would he handle, for instance, capital punishment? (Four hundred fifteen people have died in Georgia's electric chair.) "I've never signed an order sendin' nobody to the 'lectric chair. Rather than do that I'd rather walk that last step myself. Some of the people go to the 'lectric chair 'cause juries are afraid the criminals will be back on the streets in seven years if they don't kill 'em. I plan to solve that problem by makin' their sentences longer and keep 'em in jail. Then they cain't git out." Right.

The phone rang. It was a long-distance call from the new member of the Pardon and Parole Board, Judge J. O. Partain, whose first act after Maddox's appointment was to sign a medical reprieve for a dangerous prisoner to travel to Louisiana for an operation. The prisoner had a long record of convictions and past escapes, and all week the Atlanta papers had been giving Maddox hell about it on the basis that the prisoner could have received the same medical attention in the prison hospital. "Yes *suh*," said the governor to the party on the other end. "Yes *suh*. What do you mean we don't have the prisoner's records anywhere in the files?" [Judge Partain had claimed he was told the prisoner had no previous record.] "How could you lose a man's prison record?" A frantic glance in my direction. "Well, don't tell that fellow you just named anythin' you don't want to be told all over the place, you heah? Yes *suh*."

He returned from his conversation, ready to quote more political press-agantry to the Yankee visitor. "I believe people in high places as well as low places oughta practice what they preach. They talk big but then they git into office and turn to graft and immorality. This state gonna get the best gov'ment under me it's ever had. I just wanted to see what an honest man could accomplish. I have no close ties with any Establishment controlled by any group any place anywhere. I'm jes' one of the people. I git out in the streets in them country towns and people yell 'Lester,' not 'Guv'nor.' I'm a big follower of Dale Carnegie who taught me to follow the Golden Rule of Jesus instead of jes' admirin' it. My image was like a animal or a red-neck or a beast. That's 'cause of the Communist press. We still have some articles in Atlanta that are brutal. Look here." He thrust some clippings from The Atlanta *Constitution* at me. One was an editorial-page cartoon showing Stokely Carmichael holding a sign, "Don't Obey Laws You Don't Like," and being chased with a club held by Maddox, then Maddox picking up the same sign and marching off with it. Another was an editorial by Ralph McGill, the distinguished journalist-columnist-publisher of The *Constitution*, titled "Defending the Second Rate." A third, titled "A Little Maddoxemantics," was an analysis of the grammatical errors in Maddox's public speeches. "They try to make me look like a durn fool ever chance they git," he said. "It's yeller journalism. They won't forget my past. When I gave up my restaurant I opened up a souvenir stand in front sellin' ax handles. You could buy a whole family backlash kit with mama size drumsticks and junior size drumsticks—those clubs railroad switchman used to carry. I was outta bizness and had to do *somethin'*. They blew that up in the papers like it was awful, even though the demand for my ax handles only lasted two days. I bought more'n I could sell and there weren't no Nigras aroun' to use 'em on anyway 'cause the restaurant was already closed down." He raised his arms behind his bald head and stretched his stumpy legs in front of him, closing his eyes, remembering. "I'd much rather be ol Lester at The Pickrick sellin' short ribs and beans than Guv'nor. Everybody lost when I lost that place.

"I still believe integration is unChristian. The Bible says so." "Where in the Bible?" "Wait a minute, and I'll show you." He searched in his desk and handed me a mimeographed sheet. "This is proof of the breakdown of the purity of the races as unGodly—In choosin' a wife for Isaac he was instructed 'that thou should not take a wife unto my son of the daughter of the Canaanites'—that's from Genesis xxiv, verses 3 and 4. Also from Leviticus—'Thou shalt not let thy cattle gender with a diverse kind.' And in Deuteronomy, 'Thou shalt not plow with an ox and an ass together.' It's against the will of our God to integrate. The Bible says it right here."

He told me it was high time he got some work done but I could "hang around" if I wanted to and he promised me another meeting.

In the outer office the man in the white ice-cream suit with the plantation bow tie was still standing nearby, smoking his Havana cigar. "My name's Shine. Please to meetcha. You from a magazine? Esquire! You mean ol Lester gonna be in Esquire? Well kiss my foot. Now if he c'n jes' get in *Playboy* he got it made. You tell them folks up yonder in New Yok he ain't crazy. He got Klan members on his staff, but I never seen ol'Lester at any Klan meetin' I wuz ever at. He's been good to the coloreds. Why, there's been more *goddamn* niggers in this room since he's been here than any guv'nor in the history of Georgia."

People in Atlanta still can't believe the election. It was a queer one, even for a state which once had two governors at the same time. This was a city which had watched Maddox's rise to power with the horrified fascination of a crowd at Cape Kennedy witnessing a rocket launching explode in midair. He ran for mayor in 1957 and 1961 and people laughed. He ran for Lieutenant Governor in 1962 and the Negro vote killed him. The liberals denounced him because his background is a study in unenlightenment (he attended school only to the tenth grade), but the common workers love him. He appeared to shake hands at every shift break in every cotton field in Georgia, walked up and down the main streets of the country towns telling druggists, "Doctor, I wanna show you my prescription for Georgia," and refused to ride in planes as his opponents did, saying, "You can't shake hands from a helicopter." He put every penny he owned into his campaign, even mortgaged his house. People who ridiculed him were often subjected to threatening phone calls from his admirers and one political opponent was even forced to engage full-time police protection at his home.

In the Democratic primary the Republicans cut their own throats by voting for the Democratic candidate they thought had the least chance of beating their own Bo Callaway, a distinguished corporation executive and the first Republican representative from Georgia to sit in Congress in years. With the Republican vote added to the red-neck vote, Maddox got enough to land in the runoff with Callaway. But the liberal Democrats and the Negroes, who didn't approve either candidate, headed a write-in for Ellis Arnall, a former Georgia governor, who stole so many votes that neither Maddox nor Callaway received a majority. Callaway got approximately 47.4 percent of the votes, Maddox came in second with approximately 47.1 percent and Arnall got the rest. Lawsuits were filed. A recount was demanded. According to the state constitution, if no candidate receives a majority vote, the election must be decided by the General Assembly, which is composed of two hundred thirty-one Democrats to twenty-eight Republicans. A hundred thirty votes were needed to elect. Since sixty-five percent of Georgia's Democratic Party is conservative, it was an easy one to predict. The General Assembly met the second week of January, 1967, and the night of the decision, while people were still laughing at him, ol Lester drove his family out to the new executive mansion, parked and pointed a stubby finger. "I jes' wanted y'awl t'see where you gonna be livin'."

Few Atlantans slept that night. TV sets blared, waiting for the votes. The people had already handed Callaway a plurality. Now it was up to the politicians. So few of the outnumbered Republicans showed up for the count that Callaway got on TV, tears in his eyes, and said he understood. It was the poor plowboy (Maddox) vs the millionaire (Callaway) who never worked for his bread and butter, went to West Point, skied on the slopes at Aspen, and owned five textile mills. The morning Maddox was announced as the new governor, liberal, sophisticated Atlanta awoke to storm clouds.

Atlanta bears little relation to the rest of the South and none whatsoever to the rest of Georgia. Of its 1,250,000 population, forty-three percent is composed of Negroes and only slightly less than the remainder is made up of upper-bracket white liberals brought in by big businesses from other states. With its sloping hills, its richness of foliage (they say three blossoming dogwoods abound to every man here) and its swanky sections of luxury homes, Atlanta looks more like Beverly Hills than the South. Very few reminders of the Old South, in fact, still exist. The Ku Klux Klan used to burn crosses on top of Stone Mountain, but today burning crosses are as hard to find as Confederate nickels. People drive as fast on the Atlanta expressways as they do on the Hollywood Freeway. The old plantations have been razed to make room for new $110,000,000 luxury apartment complexes and the city boasts the best Urban Renewal program in the United States.

Not that Negroes are treated like kings. Restaurants still refuse to allow them to be photographed inside, Negro babies are kept behind the whites in hospital maternity wards so they are not visible from the plate-glass viewing windows, and Negro homes in Buttermilk Bottom are being bought by the city and resold to developers. But the situation is much better than it is in most sections of the South and it was improving vastly when Lester came into office. Suddenly Atlanta found itself trusted to the care of a man who had no experience in governing even a crossroads junction, let alone a cosmopolitan city, who had never held public office, who knew none of the right people, and who drank only milk.

Since then Lester-watching has been a sport second only in popularity to the Atlanta Braves. Chicken wasn't all Lester sold at the old Pickrick. Visitors could also read letters, pamphlets and a publicly posted letter calling for the sterilization of all Negroes. Tourists could purchase a copy of the U.S. Constitution or a K.K.K. announcement, side by side. Maddox also displayed prominently Goldwater bumper stickers, American flags, a barrel of ax handles to use on any Negro who entered the door and a booklet called *Kiss of Death*, published by the Christian Constitutional Education League in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, billed as "a graphic illustration of beautiful white maidenhood clasped in the arms of an African savage."

The Pickrick had been started with $25,000 saved from Maddox's original four-dollar hot-dog-stand investment. It was a brick-and-board building at 891 Hemphill Avenue, in a seedy section of Atlanta a few blocks from the Georgia Tech campus.

The Pickrick became an institution, not only for its snappy fried chicken and cafeteria style at a reasonable price, but because of its ads placed every week in the Atlanta papers. Everybody else ran their ads in the big Sunday editions, but Maddox foxily unveiled his on Saturday, causing more attention and getting cheaper rates and wider space. They began as harmless ads for fried chicken, but as his following grew Maddox saw an opportunity to use them as sounding boards for racial prejudice. Under big headlines worded "PICKRICK SAYS" he editorialized at length to the delight of everyone in town, capitalizing key words to get his message across: "If you want to integrate then integrate. Just leave me alone. I don't bother you and all I ask is that you be Christian enough not to bother me. Stop making yourself look inferior by taking away something that belongs to others. AND THAT ALL may know, we do not serve INTEGRATIONISTS regardless of race, creed or color. This means red, yellow, black and white. We discriminate against INTEGRATIONISTS and respect their right to discriminate against us." Followed by the prices of his Sunday-night drumstick special.

But trouble really started for Maddox on July 3, 1964—the day after the federal civil rights bill was passed. Three Negro students tried to enter The Pickrick and were chased away by customers brandishing ax handles and by Maddox waving a pistol and yelling, "Get away you no-good dirty Communists!" On August 11, three more youths appeared and were immediately surrounded by a crowd of Maddox's friends in torn sweat shirts and Bermuda shorts, gas station attendants in sockless tennis shoes, frowzy Southern white girls licking Eskimo Pies and Maddox's own Negro kitchen help, Lester's people, among them two of his sisters. That afternoon Maddox staged a march, followed by five hundred local toughs, in front of The Pickrick. He shoved policemen, shouted at the TV cameras and threatened to shoot any Negro who came near him. Police wreckers were called to haul away the Maddox family cars blocking the entrance to Hemphill Avenue and Maddox ended up on all the front pages, even rating a report on Huntley-Brinkley.

The next day federal marshals invaded The Pickrick and handed Maddox a government order to show cause as to why he was not desegregating. He went to the Democratic convention in Atlantic City and picketed in front of Convention Hall, to no avail. In the last week of September, a Negro theological student, the Reverend Charles Wells, tried to enter the cafeteria and Maddox pushed him bodily out the front door. With the lawsuit, a federal order to desegregate and the federal taxmen denying him the right to deduct his Pickrick editorials as business expense, Maddox was really in trouble. He wrote in his customary ad in The Atlanta *Journal*: "Because of this unGodly, unAmerican, unconstitutional and inhuman legislation, we lost more money in two months than I earned in the first ten years after leaving school. We will never get over this horrible thing that has come into our lives and never recover the financial losses."

On top of his financial problems, the Justice Department stepped into the picture and began an investigation of the Lester Maddox Cafeteria because he was defying the Civil Rights Act. (He had reopened The Pickrick under this name in September, calling it a local 'non-interstate' eating place, believing thereby he could evade the Public Accommodations Section in the Civil Rights Act referring to businesses related to interstate commerce.) Maddox's greatest ad appeared in October, 1964, the week Lady Bird Johnson visited Georgia:

"PARENTS

in distant states who have been questioned because your son at Georgia Tech came to our cafeteria for meals, students who have been visited by F.B.I. agents, men and women who work in Atlanta (with out-of-state license plates) . . . and others who have been subjected to this police-state harassment . . . please do not blame us.

BLAME THE PRESIDENT

the United States Congress and the Communists for this dreadful and unbelievable thing that has happened to Freedom and Liberty in America.

SPECIAL TONIGHT
(No Integrationists)

Order of Lester's skillet-fried chicken—25¢ for drumstick and thigh, 50¢ for breast.

AND I APPRECIATE

the Negro man who called to tell me it makes him sick to look at that picture that shows Atlanta's top Negro politician leader being hugged by the President of the U.S.

BY THE WAY,

We could use a few more customers but we don't want any integrationists regardless of race, creed or *(Continued on page 168)*

KESSLER, THE INSIDE MAN

by George Fox

Can a modern poet find happiness and love with half a million bucks in hot traveler's checks and the Mafia on his tail?

The chances are I never would have joined the gang that stuck up the La Ricot gambling casino if those bastards back in the States hadn't turned me down for a fourth Guggenheim. To many people, of course, even this wouldn't be justification. Considering the stresses I was under at the time, I found it sufficient.

Exploration of motive was the farthest thing from my mind when on the evening of August 27, I climbed the flood-lit marble steps of the casino. Not for an instant did I ask myself, Why are you, Monroe Kessler, once described as the most promising of the younger American poets, doing this? I wasn't even brooding about the dangerous minutes ahead. I could think of nothing except the tightness of my dinner jacket. I'd never worn one until three weeks before, but even at the tailor's I'd realized it didn't fit. Stavros, the scarred Greek criminal genius who planned the robbery, had insisted the garment was just right. "A rich American always buys formal clothes too small," he had said. "He figures that by the time he actually has to wear them he will have lost at least fifteen pounds. I know what I'm talking about. I spent one year, three months, two days in your country."

Like many masters of detail, Stavros tended to be shortsighted. The jacket's tightness had been annoying on the previous nights I'd visited the casino, but with a .32 automatic beneath my left armpit and a tear-gas grenade beneath my right I felt like one of those net bags stuffed with walnuts. I stopped to examine myself in the huge gold framed mirror that dominated the foyer, saw the same not-quite-fat shape I'd never grown used to; extra bulges weren't conspicuous. I studied my eyes for traces of nervousness but they were noncommittedly blue and heavy-pouched as ever. The *Saturday Review*'s comments on my first book popped into my mind: *Kessler's verse displays an inner tension that transcends his occasionally commonplace idioms. Unlike most academic poets, he has the courage to be banal if it suits his purposes.* Stavros had used similar terms while describing his qualifications for the perfect inside man. I tried to be afraid, wondering why I wasn't, imagining pistol blasts and blaring klaxons and the clerical voices of detectives. Fear went off in my gut like a Roman candle. I winced at the cliché and the struggle to frame a better simile calmed me.

Painting by Phil Hays

I went over to the barred cashier's window and bought three thousand francs' worth of plaques. The cashier rolled the bills, crammed them into a hollow brass cylinder which he placed in a pneumatic tube. I started a little when the cylinder began its whisking journey to a steel-walled room on the second floor, where my cash would join the three quarters of a million dollars that poured into the casino on an average summer evening. The tear-gas grenade I carried was a perfect duplicate, externally, of the house's money cartridges. At eleven-forty-one—forty eight minutes away—I would order the cashier at gunpoint to shoot it up to the vault. After that, Stavros and the others would take over. By rough figuring, they were now half a mile out on the Mediterranean, approaching the seaward side of the casino aboard four two-man submarines.

Entering the main salon, I was struck again with mild disbelief at the sight of the elegantly dressed figures around me. I had lived in Europe for years but the trip to Le Ricot was my first close contact with wealthy Continentals. I had been shocked to learn that they really were the sour-fleshed grotesques of the Antonioni films. You can't accept anything so preposterous at first, but once you do you know where you're at.

I went to the roulette tables because the game required so little concentration. Gambling had never interested me. Even at childhood contests like fish my luck had been bad. I lay a five-hundred-franc plaque on the red 22 square just before the croupier spun the wheel, then glanced over the bowed heads of the other betters at the open balcony doors. That was the way Stavros' gunmen would come.

"*Rouge vingt-deux*," the croupier intoned. I didn't connect his words with me until he said in English, "You have won seventeen thousand francs, m'sieu."

I nodded toward the plaques he had heaped on the red 22 square and said, "Let it ride." For the first time since coming to Le Ricot, I'd made a decent profit on a bet. Maybe it was a sign that the rest of the evening would go well.

Again the wheel revolved, like a combination lock running amok.

There isn't much point in going too far into my life before Stavros found me. It was a common pattern. M.A. from Columbia, marriage to a graduate student in sociology, teaching English in order to gain time for writing, three children, publication of my first book of verse, *Simon's Abacus Is Broken*, at the age of twenty-six, a grant to broaden my horizons by travel abroad, two more grants, refusal of a fourth, departure of wife and kids for the States, wife tearfully declaring on the gangplank, 'We'll be waiting for you when you come to your senses.' I couldn't go home. In the beginning I told myself it was the prospect of again teaching freshman composition, but that wasn't true. The fact was that during my five years in Paris I hadn't even had a good time. Foundations always issue monthly allotments exactly one dollar and twenty-two cents below the good-time level. I'm not sure why I expected to enjoy myself more without any money at all. I didn't, of course. But I still couldn't go home.

Occasionally, after spending one of the small checks my father in Brooklyn sometimes sent, I'd lie in my room on the Rue du Bac and dream about rich women with insatiable lusts for slightly overweight thirty-three-year-old poets. I was involved in one of these reveries when Stavros knocked. "How do you do, Mr. Kessler," he said in his gnarled growl of a voice when I opened the door. "I am coming in." Although I'd never seen him before in my life, I stepped out of the way Genghis Khan would have stepped out of the way. Stavros wasn't much taller than myself, but his stocky broad-shouldered frame, clad in a black Milan-cut suit, seemed to be wrapped around a core of suppressed power, like the casing of a hand grenade. His brown face was so ridged, scarred and pockmarked that it resembled a relief map of Serbia and his eyes were the caked grey of a fireplace scuttle that hadn't been washed for six months.

"Do you know who you are, Mr. Kessler?" he said, sitting in the room's only comfortable chair. "You are the son of a New York City sweater tycoon. You are not very smart, but your younger brother is even more stupid, so you are a vice-president of your father's company. You are in Europe for the second time on a month's vacation. The first time was right after you graduated from college. You have slept with two Parisian whores and not enjoyed it and you wish you had brought your wife after all."

"My father is a seasonally unemployed carousel operator," I said, edging toward the door.

"What did the title of your book mean? I read it three times and there is no Simon and no abacus in any of the poems."

"It represents the collapse of ..."

Shrugging, he cut me off. "Only as the son of the sweater tycoon do you interest me. For two years I have been searching for such a man. Thousands of them come to France each summer but they all have money. You do not, but you would like some. And how, I ask, is a poet who looks like the son of a sweater tycoon to get money?"

"Steal it," I said with a nervous laugh.

"Correct," he said, standing up. "Now we go."

"Where?"

"For the test. I believe in you, Mr. Kessler, but there must be a test."

Enchanted, I went with him. I'd realized almost immediately that he was a master criminal. He simply couldn't be anything else. A black Mercedes, a chauffeur behind the wheel, was double-parked outside. We got into the back and the limousine roared off. During the brief drive Stavros told me that I had been selected to play a key role in a monumental robbery. "Later you will have the details," he said. "I shall tell you this much—your share will be nearly one hundred thousand dollars. But first the test."

The test turned out to be holding up a small *boulangerie* in the Bastille district. Stavros gave me a handkerchief mask and an automatic pistol and waited in the car. It was easy. The proprietor, a little man with a Hitler moustache, handed over his cash-box, which contained less than a hundred francs, as soon as he saw the gun in my hand. Then he fainted. "Excellent," Stavros said, patting my shoulder as the Mercedes raced through the narrow street. "The job I have in mind for you will be only a little harder—and much more profitable. You can keep what you got from the baker."

A week later, equipped with a new wardrobe, plenty of cash, a rented Porsche and a forged U.S. passport identifying me as Leroy Tannenbaum from Great Neck, Long Island, I checked into the only hotel in Le Ricot, a coastal village east of Cannes. Dotting the jagged corniche hills around it were the summer villas of many of Europe's wealthiest families. Its small, unpublicized casino attracted the most moneyed bettors in the world.

Stavros hadn't said so, but I'd guessed it was our target. "Lie on the beach, have a good time, gamble in the evenings," he'd told me in Paris, "but don't risk too much. The sons of sweater tycoons don't risk too much anymore. Somebody told them it was vulgar. I understand these things. Let them all get used to you but not too used to you. Girls will be around. Have nothing to do with them. Women's memories are too good. When the time comes, I will give you further instructions."

There were girls all right, the kind of girls the fellows who write for the quarterlies ridicule. They slid over the beach in their bikinis all with the same slightly curved bellies and impertinent navels and large but controlled breasts, their faces bearing identical small noses and fine chins, eyes masked by the same huge sunglasses. They were all exactly alike and my desire for them was agonizing. One of the worst things about being poor is that you have to settle for women with destructive personalities. A lithe blonde tormented me in particular. She seemed always to hover on the edge of my vision like a loose eyelash—two beach umbrellas down, four spaces ahead in the line at the movies. I often felt like going up to her—she was the only girl at the resort who had no visible male protector—and saying, "My name is Leroy Tannenbaum and my father is a sweater tycoon." But I never did. Besides my fear of Stavros, I doubted that it would work.

Stavros contacted me on my twelfth day at Le Ricot. "Villa Demoln," his familiar growling voice said over the phone. "Drive approximately seven and three-tenths kilometers west on Route Nationale Sept. You will pass an Esso station. Turn left at the first dirt road after it. The villa is on the sea. I will expect you at five-twenty."

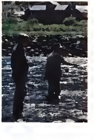
The room looked like a military command post, its walls covered with maps, pictures and charts, including huge blowups of the Le Ricot casino, an eighteenth-century château. "Our goal, of course," Stavros said. He gave me the tear-gas grenade disguised as a casino money cartridge and described its function. "At exactly eleven-forty-one p.m. on the twenty-seventh you will go to the ground floor cashier's cage to turn in your plaques. The cashier normally would write a chit and propel it to the second-floor vault in a change cartridge. You will activate the grenade and make

(Continued on page 155)

WHERE FISHING IS A BLOOD SPORT

by Ernest Schwiebert

It's in Norway
and, essentially,
it's still fishing–
but the fool
on the other end
of the line
may be a prince



The Norwegian stave church above was built in 1150 A.D Nearly as ancient are the rites of fishing in the nearby River Laerdal Enthusiastic anglers in the pictures at right are Prince Harold of Norway (right top picture) and experts Nils Astrup (middle) and Thomas Falck (right bottom picture) The Lindstrøm Hotel (far right) is the place to stay and the goal (opposite page) is salmon—magnificent and fifty pounds apiece

> *For the sake of those anglers who have not had the good fortune to visit the Laerdal in Norway, perhaps some description is necessary to explain the charm which induced us to return season after season, and to leave it with such regret*
>
> —T T Phelps, *Fishing Dreams**

Atlantic salmon have been considered the royalty of fishes since Walton enshrined them in his *Compleat Angler* three centuries ago Fishing them has since evolved overtones of ritual and tradition, until the storied salmon rivers of the world, like Alta and Ballynahinch and Restigouche, have a pilgrimage-like fascination for anglers

The rivers of Norway have surrendered all of the salmon records and are unequaled for trophy fish, and their fishing rights have passed from generation to generation like priceless heirlooms The past on such Olympian rivers is filled with a long parade of salmon-fishing kings and dukes and princes, and in terms of such tradition there is no salmon river in the world to equal the pastoral Laerdal for its history of royalty and riches

Its source lies in the reindeer barrens and snow melt of the high Fillefjell country in a region of mountains and glaciers two hundred miles above Oslo The river drops fifty miles through a spectacular valley of forests and sod-roofed farmsteads and waterfalls punctuated with the brooding twelfth-century stave church at Borgund. There are salmon in the sixteen miles of river between Ulvisfossen waterfall and the village at its mouth

Laerdalsøyri is the name of the village. Its charming clapboard houses are clustered along a winding street that ends in the Sognefjord ferry slips. The pitch-stained church slumbers inside its walled churchyard, almost hidden in a dense cloak of pines The valley floor is a patchwork of small irregular hay meadows and potato fields Mountains rise steeply above the valley and the cattle grazing in the sea grass meadows where the river meets the fjord There is a waterfall above the center of the village making its Yosemite-like plunge down the escarpment behind the Lindstrøm Hotel. The hotel's slate roofs and scrollwork Victorian balconies have sheltered salmon-fishing pilgrims since 1845, and the river is the lifeblood of Laerdalsøyri

There are better salmon rivers in Norway The wild steeplechase water on the Argy which the celebrated Charles Ritz made famous in his book, *A Fly Fisher's Life*, holds fish of immense average size below its Platforms of Despair Malangsfossen is the best single pool in the world, where the spawning run of a vast watershed is delayed for six weeks below the maelstrom of waterfalls and rapids The unique Alta lies deep in arctic Lapland, where the fishing is done from graceful Karasjok longboats in the lingering twilight of the Midnight Sun, and is certainly the best salmon river in the world

Salmon fishermen do not measure their sport in terms of catch alone, and such brawling rivers as the Alta and Malangsfossen and Argy lack the memorabilia of the past The history of the Laerdal is richer in both literature and legend. Its plank-and-timber casting platforms have carried most of the crowned heads of Europe and captains of industry and fishing statesmen from Gladstone to Churchill.

Its character is intimate and less forbidding than its sister Norwegian rivers, with a wading-size friendliness to its silken currents and incredibly clear pools. Such clarity makes each fish visible in the deepest pools, and hooked fish can seem suspended in air rather than in the river The pools are perfect in size wide enough to challenge accomplished casters and small enough for the less skilled, with good wading or bank casting in many places Picturesque casting platforms are found on some of the famous beats The current is deceptively swift, swimming flies perfectly in low water and challenging for anglers into heavy salmon There are few of the problems found on some Norwegian watersheds such as the floating timber and the excessive poaching or the fjord nets and the uncertain fly-fishing, and the Laerdal typically offers good sport after Midsummer Eve.

Laerdal fishing is uncommonly consistent in a sport known for its fickle moods The salmon arrive punctually with the first flood tide in June and migrate slowly upstream until they reach the Ulvisfossen waterfall sometime in August Sea-run trout enter the river about six weeks after the salmon, but seldom arrive in large numbers until August. The challenge of the river after midsummer is unique, since the fly-fisher has good odds for killing a fifty-pound salmon or twenty pound sea trout in a relatively small river.

Fishing rights on most European rivers like the Laerdal, unlike the relatively open sport familiar to Americans, are privately owned and must be leased through salmon-fishing brokers, often a year in advance. Such leased sections of river are called beats, and many are named after nearby villages and farmsteads and families.

The fishing at Laerdal is divided into twenty-three beats of varying quality and length depending upon their location and character These twenty-three beats total sixteen miles of water. The lower mileage is wide and smooth-flowing, with excellent holding places for both sea trout and salmon. The upper reach of river between Rikheim and the Ulvisfossen waterfall varies widely in character, from legendary pools like Bjørkum to the moss-covered boulders and wild rapids at Honjum and the Husum Gorge.

The river has a pastoral charm in the midday hours. Brown cattle are browsing in the water meadows and the farmers are busy with hay fences and mowing in the fields The evening comes early in the mountain-walled valley, veiling its pools with a melancholy sense of history Midsummer darkness never really becomes night, and the twelve-hour twilight is strange for an angler only hours off the SAS Caravelle in Oslo Its light lingers and dwindles imperceptibly until long after midnight, when darkness almost obscures the river and then suddenly it begins getting light again—living without night is unsettling at times

Fishing the smooth sea pools in the tidal meadows has considerable charm in those twilight hours The waterfall seems louder then, and the music of the river is audible from the hotel when it is swollen with the snow melt of good weather Gulls wheel over the quickening current, filling the darkness with their cries

Down the dark mountain walled fjord, the sea lies quiet and silvery purple. The night ferry steamer to Kaupanger sounds its departure, and the deep-throated horn echoes along the mountains Fishermen row their skiffs patiently in the mingling currents below the river, trolling for mackerel and hoping for salmon The tiny freight packet comes down the fjord, carrying its cargo of lumber and machine parts and cabbages into the Laerdalsøyri landing The rhythmic chunk-a-chunk of its engine is a soft counterpoint above the river sounds Salmon roll and pirouette restlessly in the sea pools, the half-remembered intoxication of fresh water in their gill structures, and fall back heavily into the darkening current.

Laerdal has a special place in my remembrances of rivers past Its memories include such peripheral pleasures as the flower gardens and print collection of the Lindstrøm Hotel, and the sleep-bringing sounds of its waterfall There was the calm of village life with marvelous breakfasts of rolls and sweet butter, brislings and dark goat cheese, strong English tea and fresh milk from the cows in the water meadows. Breakfasts were sometimes taken on a sun-filled balcony above the street, where I often dressed extra Orange Charms and Black Fitchtails and Hairwing Ackroyds while waiting for an evening boat.

There are also memories of fish and fishing The swift pools of the Stønjum reach lie between the fjord and Hunderi, looping across the valley in a long sickle-shaped curve The river course is lined in places with massive walls of moss-covered granite Fishing houses and farmsteads with barn-red outbuildings lie along the water These pools were filled with fresh run salmon when I first visited Laerdal years ago

The fishing rights were held by a young textile engineer from Belfast who had taken a sentimental fishing leave from his spinning mill in East *(Continued on page 182)*

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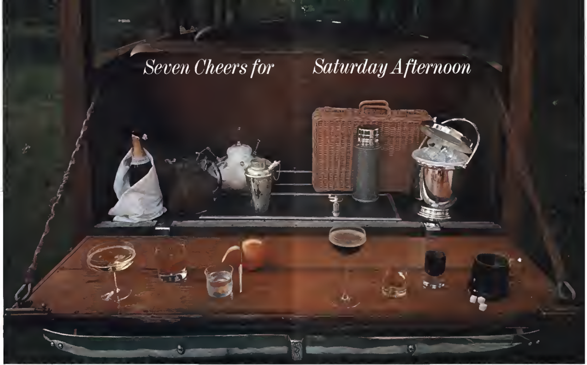
*Batchworth Press London 1949

Photographed by Ernest Schwiebert

Seven Cheers for Saturday Afternoon



The Twenties and Thirties were great days for the custom sometimes called "tailgating" (referring to outdoor drinking, not perilous driving). Station wagons pulled up to appropriate Ivy League stadia, white-coated houseboys arranged the silver platters and poured the drinks, the idea being to cheer the spirits and firm up the resolve before kickoff. The tradition is now undergoing revival, although on a somewhat less opulent scale. Nevertheless, proper tailgating requires a degree of ceremony, and it won't do simply to chug-a-lug cans of beer while lolling against the VW. If you don't own a 1935 Rolls-Royce shooting brake like the one in the picture, you ought to, but short of this at least you can provide well-made drinks and elegant accessories. Take note of the weather and match the drinks to the chill of the day. The season opens on summer-like Saturdays which call for a quaff of chilled champagne (far left, above), particularly if you have also brought along some cold smoked salmon or cold roast chicken. Second from left is a refreshing (and potent) Stadium Punch made as follows: on Thursday brew a strong pot of tea, strain one and a quarter cups of it into a saucepan. With a vegetable peeler cut the yellow zest from a lemon (don't include any of the white peel) and add that to the pan with the juice of the lemon, juice and pulp of a large orange, and a half cup of sugar. Boil until the sugar dissolves and the liquid thickens slightly. Cover and let cool. Then pour it into a jug, add a cup and a half of golden rum, a cup and a quarter of dry sherry and a half cup cognac. Shake to mix, cap the jug tightly and refrigerate. On Friday strain out the lemon zest and orange pulp, return to jug and refrigerate. At the game, pour the punch into a pitcher of ice and add a cup and a quarter of chilled dry white wine (a Moselle would be admirable). The outdoor Martini, third from left, is served ice cold but, nevertheless, warms the spirits on brisk days. Premix gin with vermouth (at least six to one) at home and carry it to the game in a cocktail shaker. Stir with ice and pour into a chilled stemless glass with a twist of orange peel. In the tall glass on this page is a Black Velvet, suitable for a chilly day. Pour in equal amounts of cold champagne and unchilled Guinness stout. When it drizzles and raw winds pelt the stadium, you'll need a good malt Scotch—there are several brands to choose from. Drink it neat for the heavy, peaty flavor the Scots themselves prefer against the rigors of inclement weather. Next to last, a hot Bullshot. Bring heated beef bouillon in a thermos and add a jigger and a half of vodka, some Worcestershire and a grind of fresh pepper. Finally, the big game; the day is wintry, there's been a pre-game party and there'll be another afterward. Now is the time for a mug of strong black coffee generously laced with bourbon; add sugar if you wish. Don't forget to cheer

Photographed by Carl Fischer

New York, New York: Good-bye, Good-bye

by Hughes Rudd

An American foreign correspondent returns to his native land for a short visit and finds that there is no reason to prolong his stay

In the first place, the movie is terrible, even at 35,000 feet, where you might not expect to see a movie at all. Did God intend us to watch movies at 35,000 feet above the Atlantic? It seems unlikely, but if He did so intend, surely He did not intend we should watch movies like this one: Natalie Wood dresses up as an old woman and robs her husband's bank on the tiny screen which hangs from the bulkhead dividing the first-class passengers from the tourist passengers. The stiff plastic earphones are terribly inefficient: to hear the sound track, you must press the earpieces cruelly in toward the inner ear and hold them there. If they are simply set in place and allowed to dangle, you hear only mumbling and humming and snatches of sound-track music off-speed. The movie cost millions of dollars, no doubt, certainly the airplane did, and the airplane does its job much better than the movie. The movie is not entertaining, but it is garish and crude and the people in it overact and inhabit a world which seems made of plastic and self-service elevators with Muzak in them and the women wear furs which are probably run up from some cellulose spin-off from Eastman Kodak. The passengers sit leadenly in their narrow seats, the earphones hanging stiffly and nobody smiles at the antics on the screen; everybody just watches; the other passengers can't tell whether you're laughing or not, as there's no need to laugh. We are simply killing time, that's all, at 35,000 feet, at an indicated six hundred miles per hour, making good a ground speed of five hundred ten miles per hour, although there is no ground: there is only the Atlantic, invisible below. Or we assume the Atlantic is down there; we cannot really know, of course. The invisible is not reality; reality is up here, in the airline meals which seem to consist of wet brown cardboard and shrimp made of foam rubber, served with glasses of sweet red wine. Obviously, we're almost home.

America! It bursts on the part-time expatriate, already suffering from indigestion, while the aircraft is on final approach. The terminal building is hailed as a triumph of modern architecture; the Berliners would undoubtedly call it another pregnant oyster, although the Berliners are not so damned much either. The loudspeakers in the terminal are incessant, the voices those of young women who are obviously melting with love; the newly arrived picture them reclining on silken cushions, wearing transparent harem suits, crooning with passion into pastel microphones. And when the girls are not crooning, there is the Muzak, except for that lovely few minutes on the sidewalk outside, waiting for a taxi. Inside the taxi there is the radio, and more music, and cigarette butts on the floor and dried mud on the floor and the grime of human habitation over all. Is there anything dirtier than an American taxi, inside or out? Do Americans even know how dirty their taxis are? America, awake! Your taxis are filthy, thinks the arrival, but he knows it makes no difference, because an American taxi is a necessary inconvenience. It is supposed to do nothing more than get you from one point to another. Why should that be done under pleasant circumstances? That is not the American way; Americans know better. Their whole history has told them that moving about their country is hell, is fraught with danger and disaster and discomfort; naturally the taxis are dirty. We should simply be thankful there aren't any hostile Indians along the way from the airport to Manhattan. That problem, by God, has been licked. Can you imagine how dirty it must have been in a Wells Fargo stagecoach? On the cracked seats and busted springs of the taxi, with dirt underfoot and at hand, we are in the great American tradition; this is how it is, moving West.

Since the Immigration and Customs officials hardly count as human beings anywhere, the first fellow-American you meet is the taxi driver. He is aware of his importance: he knows you've been away, because of your fancy clothes and your suede shoes, and he knows you want to know how it is here in the New World. How have things been going, that's what you want to know; how are we doing, are we making it? Are things going to be all right or not? What's happening, what's happening?

"Looka that son of a bitch," says the driver, taking both hands off the wheel to shake his fists at a car ahead. "That bastid must be from Jersey, he? No offense, but that bastid musta just come over from Jersey."

No, no, you say, you are not from Jersey; no offense taken. But what's happening? What about the new mayor?

"He made one-ways outa Fifth and Madison," says the driver grudgingly. It seems. Is the mayor right or not? "And he's towing away all these parked cars. Yeah, yeah, it helps, but the bastid's raising taxes. He couldn't get elected to nothing tomorrow, know what I mean? Nothing. He's finished. It's not safe in the streets. I'm scared to pick up a fare after dark, and I'm scared when I go home at night. Goddam Puerto Ricans knock you inna head. Or worse. You want I should go by the tunnel or the Triborough?"

You tell him the tunnel, because it's cheaper, and he says traffic is blocked at the tunnel, so you go by the Triborough, not forgetting to hand him the quarter for the toll.

Lurching and squeaking and rattling and banging, the taxi goes into the city. The streets are rougher than you remembered, the traffic is slower, the buildings dingier. Sacks of garbage are piled around the garbage cans outside unreconstructed brownstones; in front of the reconstructed brownstones there is no garbage, and the iron railings glisten with black paint and the brass door knockers glisten with brass polish. But there are more unreconstructed brownstones than there are reconstructed, of course; otherwise, why bother to have a reconstructed brownstone at all? Otherwise, one would leave the city entirely, perhaps. Otherwise, otherwise.

The radio blares in the taxi and the disc jockey talks with astonishing speed and the commercials are cozier and funnier and more outrageously imbecilic than you remembered them, and Frank Sinatra is still singing his little songs in his curious crooner's English, with the soft, almost Negroid r's: "Stranguhs in the night . . . when you ah heah write mahself uh lettuh . . ." They say he's a millionaire now and never wears those funny bow ties anymore. For a while there, of course, he was even getting invited to the White House. But then, so were a lot of other people, everybody except Norman Mailer, it seemed. And what about Norman Mailer? Is he still worried about finding cancer everywhere? Does he still want to be mayor of New York? Is he still insulting people at cocktail parties? What about Norman Mailer?

"That nut," the driver says uneasily, but it's plain he's never heard of Norman Mailer. He doesn't even remember William Buckley, as you sit back and listen to Frank Sinatra and watch the garbage go by, and the occasional doorman go by, and the enormous American cars go by. Chevrolets now look the way you remembered Cadillacs looked and Cadillacs now look like something imagined by Terry Southern. At a stoplight you peer out through the dirty window glass at the names of the cars around you: they are not simply called Fords and Chevrolets and Pontiacs and Buicks anymore; they are called those things but they also have other names on them, spelled out in little metal plates, virile-sounding names, aggressive-sounding names, get-the-hell-out-of-my-way-sounding names. What are they all? You can't remember these names for five seconds, but they linger incorrectly in the mind as Bronco, or Bucko, or Buckskin, or Whiplash, or Jackboot, or Stingo, or Rattler, or Diamondback, or Copperhead, or Cottonmouth: what the hell is it with these names? Why not Marigold, or Bluebell, or Yellow-breasted Flicker, or Cottontail? My God, you think, but the light changes and the taxi lurches forward on its sagging springs and you are flung back against the leatherette (vinyl? plasticine? phoform? plasticette?) seat. Shit, man, you think, this *is* Marlboro country.

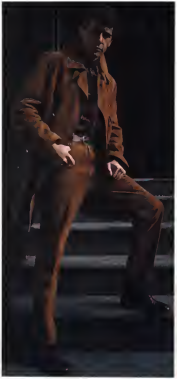
How about Puff Adder?, you think, looking out at a low-profile, crouching sort of car which should look racy but instead looks sluggish and at the same time lethal. The designers have done their virile, hell-for-leather best, but the car looks asleep; it is so enormous you cannot imagine it ever being very lively. Its brain is probably too small. Diplodocus Super-Six Carrera Nine-Thousand: plop. Wake up, America, the arrival cries to himself: your cars are too big for the brains inside them and for the cities which surround them, the tar pits are just over the ridge, the primeval clog is surely at hand. But it is not, of course. American know-how will see to that, God knows how, exactly. Instead it is the hotel which is at hand. The wrong hotel, as it turns out. It is the hotel which holds the traveler's reservation, but nevertheless it is the wrong hotel, appearing one way in remembrance, another in reality. It has become seedy, the bellhops are older and craftier looking, the cigar counterman now offers girlie books with unfamiliar titles, and in the room across the hall a woman shouts in argument eighteen hours a day against an adversary who is not present. She speaks in German-accented English, sounds in her sixties, and is terribly, terribly worried about her money and about the things her adversary is saying about her; she denies these things, whatever they are, and says everybody is after her money. She does not say it, she shouts it, unendingly, and the Spanish maid says she has been asked by the woman to cover all the mirrors in the woman's room with towels, because that is where the adversary comes from. And this is in the absolute and fundamental heart of Midtown, of Fun City. The woman across the hall does not leave her room; she is fed by room service and leaves the wheeled tables in the hall, the dirty dishes carefully covered with a napkin, only a catsup bottle standing guard. She probably eats cheeseburgers with catsup. She seems to be unaware of all the fun in Fun City.

But Fun City is out there, nevertheless, and people are wading around in it up to their armpits, which have been sanitized in most cases, which is more than you can say for armpits in Moscow. For that matter, it's more than you can say for Fun City itself. Fun City offends! In fact, Fun City offends like a menstruating ape on a Florida baboon farm, perpetually putting her worst side forward. The drinking glasses in the hotel rooms have been sanitized in little twisted scraps of cellophane or Saran Wrap or Pliofilm and the plastic toilet seats in the hotel rooms have been sanitized by slipping ribbons of white paper across them, with printing on the ribbons which says "Sanitized For Your Comfort And Convenience," but Fun City is not sanitized for anybody's comfort and convenience. Fun City is like a Caterpillar Tractor foundry, full of deafening noise and flying cinders, cinders everywhere, in everybody's eyes: the women and even a lot of the men have taken to wearing sunglasses all the time, day and night, fair weather or foul: is it fashion, or is it the cinders? It is an iron city, full of the taste of iron and the noise of iron: all night long the taxis thump down Fifty-second Street, hitting the manhole covers in steady rhythm, and the manhole covers leap from their sockets and crash back, Kawhang!, like something from the comic strips and the art world which has sprung from the comic strips. Kawhang! may be amusing when some faggot paints it on a six-by-eight-foot canvas, but it is not amusing when it comes clanging into the sanitized hotel room all night as the sanitized occupant lies there with bloated belly from his Continental-style dinner, thinking between the Kawhongs! that the room is costing thirty-two dollars per night, and why in Christ's name had he been stupid enough to order anything called artichoke hearts stuffed with bread crumbs alla Milanese?

Why is it the manhole covers of London and Paris and Berlin and Athens and Vienna and even poor old Moscow do not leap into the night and shriek Kawhong! when cars run over them? Why doesn't somebody in Fun City fix it so Fun City's manhole covers lie still and silent in the night? Doesn't anybody give a damn? No, nobody gives a damn, if you are bucketing along raddled Fifty-second Street in your striped-ass Strafeship, why should you give a damn when you hit the manhole covers and they leap into the air? Perhaps it is even a pleasant sensation, like shooting at somebody if they're not shooting back. But how many Kawhongs! and assorted unnecessary nerve-shredding sensations does it take to drive the riflemen up into the tower, or the strangler into the apartment, or the kid and his 22 pistol into the beautician school, where he lays low everybody in sight? Hm? In the Old Country they do not seem to produce many riflemen sniping away at the citizenry from bell towers. It takes more than Kawhong! to make an American murderer, of course, of course, but Kawhong! must be part of it, and Kawhang! is not necessary, but Kawhong! is everywhere, and it is not just made by the manhole covers of Fifty-second Street. Wake up, America! thinks the visitor, your Kawhongs! are driving you up the wall, up into the tower, up into the Texas School Book Depository, driving you nuts, in the vernacular. Sleepless nights and endless days, the hillbilly song used to say, noise! punctuated with indigestible food and overly strong booze and incipient or thrombosed hemorrhoids, and zap! you're in the hands of the patent-medicine men. Or if it gets bad enough, you're up in the tower, full of a mindless rage, drawing a fine bead, squeezing the old trigger, correcting for windage, maybe even remembering what Hemingway said, that on a downhill shot almost everybody overshoots, and allowing for that.

"Listen," says a man just back from Vietnam, "you wouldn't believe the stuff those guys bring back. They even caught a guy trying to bring back an eighty-one-millimeter mortar in his footlocker. Yeah, back to the States, to the Big PX! But for everyone they catch, how many don't they catch? And carbines and M-14's and M-16's and M-this and M-that, and grenades, man, grenades! And most of those combat guys out there are black! Man, those grunts are black! Some outfits eighty percent! They're coming back, and they've learned how to use that stuff, man, they don't mind using it. These people back here better shape up, that's all." Otherwise, even more Kawhongs!? How about 81mm mortar shells looping up from One-hundred-twenty-fifth Street and whacking down in Rockefeller Center? Those Cubans missed the United Nations building, but they hadn't had the training Our Boys have had. This possibility, as with so many other possibilities, is a dread one, and it is discussed in the magazines of smaller circulation (*Are We Poisoning Ourselves to Death? Do Exhaust Fumes Cause Cancer? Nervousness? Debility? Tired Blood? Stop Killing the Redwoods!* Cigarettes, red whiskey and wild, wild women: they'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane), but nobody really pays any attention. Committees bloom, but the great wave of shoddiness rolls on across the land, and *The New York Times'* food editor has the effrontery to assign stars to various restaurants in Fun City although, as a traveled man, he knows it is almost impossible to get a decent meal in any one of them. Good food may be wanted, but it is, classically in America, driven out by bad. *The New York Times'* food editor even assigns stars to an ersatz Irish saloon which serves chili, saying it serves some of the best chili in town, although there is no perfect chili in Fun City; the best is served in a Mexican restaurant on Second Avenue, a place now full of out-of-town buyers in the garment business and their popsies, so the chili there doesn't taste as good as it should.

American res- *(Continued on page 195)*



Esquire Predicts: The Swagger Suit

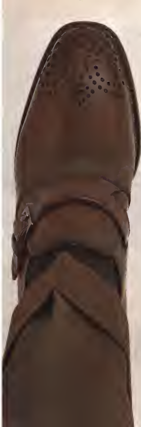
A bit too much for the unimaginative, maybe, but ideal for the adventurous, the three piece swagger suit of the finest, softest antelope suede had its inception in the gentleman's walking suit that Esquire introduced in November, 1966. The center-vented, double-breasted coat, which falls to some four inches above the knee, has a large bal collar with a button-tab extension. The upper half is lined with silk taffeta; the bottom half with a lightweight wool tartan which is also the material of the classic sport shirt with long point collar. The Western-style trousers are fully lined in silk. Especially designed for Esquire, the suit and shirt can be ordered from Roberto Anderloni 24, Via Fiori Chiari, Milan, Italy, for around $450

Exaggerated collar may be worn open or closed

Wrist warmer upper pockets, lower pockets are angled, have deep flaps

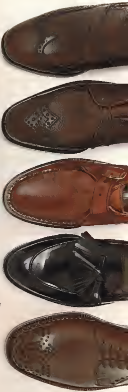
Pants are cut for wide belt, have Western-style pockets

Photographed by Terry Stevenson



The Beauty of The Blunt-Toed

Sometimes it is all for the best that fashion's so fickle. Now—and high time, too—the jade has finally rejected the shoe with the rapier-pointed toe (which Esquire reported without, thank God, endorsing). Going to the opposite extreme, she has decreed that this fall's shoe styles will feature the beauty of the blunt-toed, evoking the dress of Brahmin bankers and barristers on Boston's State Street and of masters strolling the ivied quadrangles of Eastern colleges and prep schools. At the left is Freeman's $30 medallion-tip leather slip-on with a buckle as well as a strap through a tunnel loop. At the right, from top to bottom, are: Jarman's $20 blunt toe in a rather dressy leather wing-tip slip-on. Bolder perforations lend a certain masculinity to Florsheim's three-eyelet-tied wing tip in Scotch-grain; it's $30. Bass, whose classic Weejuns are almost part of the curriculum at Eastern campuses, interprets the blunt toe in a moccasin-monk combination in a golden tan at $23. An oval blunt-type toe marks Crosby Square's $21 tasseled kiltie-moccasin of black Corfam. Nothing could be more New Englandish than the bold perforations and extended sole of Banister's $50 four-eyelet blucher.



Photographed by Carl Fischer

THE WHEEL OF LOVE

by Joyce Carol Oates

A finished love affair is like a palindrome
read forwards or backwards
it means the same thing

> Some must break
> Upon the wheel of love, but not the strange,
> The secret lords, whom only death can change.
> —Stanley Kunitz, *Lovers Relentlessly*

He and Nadia turned up the walk to their apartment building. He and Nadia would go out to dinner that night. He and Nadia could drive off any time they wanted, go anywhere: they were free.

David caught himself thinking this way, "He and Nadia," thinking about himself in the third person the way he had to think about Nadia, who was dead. She had been dead now for three months. But in his mind the sentences wound on, picking at the past and terrifying him with their hunger for the future. There was no longer any "He and Nadia could drive off any time they wanted. . . ." The fact was that while she had been alive they had not driven off like that. Who was he trying to deceive?

So he thought clearly, "I have to be careful. I have to remember what has happened and, because of that, what can no longer happen."

That evening he was on his way to an ex-student's apartment for dinner. To a man so newly lonely, so newly alone, an invitation out meant an evening in other people's lives, and therefore freedom from his own, and it meant the possibility of laughter that would surprise him—how good it was to be alive and healthy, to have a body that had not given up in spite of everything. When he was with other people he realized that he had not really died along with Nadia, after all.

The strange thing was that he hated to be invited out. He hated to play the game again, as one hates and fears returning to a childhood game that has once been so easy. It was almost too much effort for him to show that he was alive when every cell in his body ached to die and have it over with. But he never turned any invitations down. He never said no because he was the sort of man, kindly and distracted, who would agree to anything, and what if he wanted to join the game again someday and he had no way to get in? He had parked his car down the block and was now walking quickly to his ex-student's apartment building. As he walked he listened to the curious lonely sound of his footsteps, a sound he had truly never heard before Nadia died, and he quelled the panic that rose in him by saying, "The hell with it. The hell with it," telling himself that he could stand anything now that he had stood so much, that he could get through these few hours with a former student without breaking down.

The apartment building was shabby, and he felt his aunt sympathize with the building and grow limp, wrinkled. Yes, he was shabby, he was tired. Why hide it? Everyone who saw him said, "That's the one whose wife killed herself," and made a moist clicking sound with their mouths: they would have wondered had he not been shabby. A young couple on their way out for Saturday night held the door open for him and he mumbled thanks and ducked inside. He probably looked as if he lived here. All his life David had melted into landscapes, just as Nadia had stood out from them. Seen in the foyer of the expensive apartment house where he lived, he looked as if he belonged there, seen in one of the sleazy campus taverns, he looked as if he belonged there too. Nadia had had the gift of eliminating all backgrounds. It had not been her face exactly, that angular, striking, nervous face that always drew one's eye back to it, and not her long slender body that looked always about to move on, to shift about restlessly . . . but something in her manner, some indefinable impatience or intolerance in her voice. She blotted out landscapes and other people, and she was beginning to blot out, for David, all of the life he had led up to the time of her death.

Time led up a slight incline, like a cracked sidewalk, and at its feeble peak was the top of his life: those several minutes when they had explained to him that she was dead. Then time led downward again, the same modest cracked sidewalk.

In the foyer he pressed the buzzer beside Jerry Randolph's name and was answered at once by another buzzer, which unlocked the inner door. All this caution, David thought, in a neighborhood like this? Why would anyone want to break in here? The buzzing had made him nervous and he tried to force the heavy door shut behind him, but it was closing slowly of its own accord and could not be hurried. He was standing there, no longer pushing at it and not quite on his way again, when he heard, "Dr. Hutter? Hello."

Jerry stood on the landing, smiling nervously. "Hello!" David said. They both smiled. There was the awkward business of getting up the stairs with Jerry watching, but then they were on a level and it was all right. "We live down here," Jerry said. They walked along briskly. The corridor was grey and made David feel nearsighted, something vague and fuzzy about the way it was lighted. "We were lucky to get in here, so near school. . . . Someone said he was moving out. . . ." David nodded to all this, not really hearing it. He wished suddenly that he had stayed home. He wished that he had stayed safe in his own apartment, wearing out the hours to bedtime without bothering to turn on the lights, just sitting there in the living room that faced the park. . . . But Jerry was talking and David turned to him guiltily. He had always liked the boy and he forced himself to remember this.

"My wife Betty. . . ."

This was a surprise, a wife. "Very pleased to meet you," he heard his voice say. She colored pleasantly, a pretty girl, ordinary and pretty and very young, like all the girls he noticed these days. They ushered him inside the apartment. They chattered together about the room, about Jerry's books and records, he had so many of them, and David gave the impression of listening. If he could get to the moment at which they offered him a drink he would be all right.

Jerry indicated the best chair. He sat. The little girl asked him about drinks and he said, "Yes, anything," and she disappeared. Good. Jerry sat and there was a moment of silence. But fortunately a record was playing and they listened carefully to it.

"Ah, Ives," David said.

"Isn't he wonderful?" said Jerry.

David could let the music answer for him. He sat back and relaxed. But he was such a fake these days, after Nadia had left him for the last time, that even his relaxing was just pretense. He had forgotten how to relax.

Painting by Jean-Paul Goude: photographed by Another Studio

' . . . eight more credit hours to go It doesn't seem possible,' Jerry was saying David asked him about his plans for next year. The boy talked and now David had that drink. He smiled up at the girl what-was-her-name, and accepted it Because he needed it so much he forced himself to sit and hear out one of Jerry's sentences to the end Finally he said, "Here's to your new apartment It's very nice."

They all drank. The girl smiled and then her smile weakened, became qualified A tremor in his stomach told David when other people were thinking about Nadia he looked away

"What sort of work are you doing this semester?' he asked Jerry

Jerry sat forward, he could talk for hours He jumped from topic to topic as he had in class his conversation a kind of free association of ideas and impressions, like the radical poetry published in the students literary magazine The girl was a little embarrassed David caught something restless in her—she was blonde and tanned, not the type David would have guessed for Jerry's kind of quibbling good nature, with a heavy gold bracelet weighing down one wrist Too good for Jerry Better background In a minute Jerry would shift to the university and the class it represented, which had not been his class his father had been unemployed for years and he, Jerry, was just now finishing up college though he was twenty-six

' . . . the trustees and the Establishment are identical," Jerry was saying

They talked and the girl listened, fascinated by both husband and professor When she excused herself and went out into the kitchen, David said, "Very lovely girl.' The "very" made it sound insincere and this surprised him since he had meant it.

"Yes" Jerry said embarrassed "She's the one I . . . I mentioned to you a few times. We finally got married in October I'm afraid I was always bothering you, saying the most self-centered self-conscious crap, wasting your time . . ."

"No, not at all," David said vaguely

"Your advice meant a lot to me I might not have made it through school without it."

David took a drink, startled. He did not want anything frank or personal said to him this evening He wanted nothing more than to play the game and hide behind drinks and dinner and ordinary, tedious conversation Jesus Christ, he thought, does he mean it? He tried to think of what he could have said to this boy while he himself had been carrying around with him daily the five-hundred-pound burden of a disintegrating marriage, a disintegrating wife.

But Jerry was sensitive enough to switch onto another topic, racial discrimination at the university which was so familiar that anyone could talk knowledgeably about it. And so on until dinner They ate in the kitchen but the overhead light had been turned off and there were candles on the table David was touched by how hard the little girl was trying

'More of this sauce?'

'No thank you"

Eating was a pleasant distraction and he was able to relax a little He wondered if it was true, what someone had said—that he looked tired, didn't he need a rest? A wave of self-pity swept upon him and he wanted to say, Yes, yes, I am tired, I am tired to death, someone please help me But when he did speak his voice was as meaningless as the twang of a piece of metal

" . . . What do you think about that new law? Stopping and frisking men on the street?"

David tried to think what this was. He no longer read the newspapers he had just forgotten about them. 'Is it constitutional?" he said This must have been a good answer since it got Jerry going He jiggled the table in his excitement, while David pushed food around on his plate The girl said, "Oh honey," and David was able to glance at his watch It was still early Jerry was talking about the police abusing a Negro woman, and how she had tried to cut her wrists in her cell The girl said again, in a sharp surprised voice, "Honey' And all conversation stopped

David kept on eating He wanted to explain that it was all right They need not be concerned Please talk again Talk. He ate to show them how composed he was, after three months to show them that he was not still thinking of his wife who had taken every pill in the medicine cabinet, like a child playing a game, flooding her arteries with poisons that must have warred even on one another

'Do you know Shapero's quartet? I want to play it for you," Jerry said and when he got up he jiggled the table. The girl steadied it and tried to smile at David but her smile was unconvincing From the other room, Jerry called in ' Wait till you hear the precision in this—it's stunning"

"Do you like music? ' the girl said shyly

Not really, David thought. Not anymore But he said yes, because only those who are ugly and cruel and are never invited anywhere admit they don't think about music at all—liking it or not liking it.

They listened to the record They had dessert. David thought, eating that food was a reality he had almost forgotten about. It was real Music and talk floated around and got lost the hell with them, but food was real and proved to him that he was alive. There was always more of it. Music and talk and even people could get lost, but food never

Jerry got up and played the record again. They listened. The girl pretended to listen and her frown of concentration seemed to David lovely

After dinner she remained out in the kitchen and he and Jerry sat together, man to man Jerry said with the plodding sincerity that had always made David like him "I was sure sorry to hear about it. I . . . I couldn't believe it at first. . . .' But if he had known Nadia he would have believed it at once, " . . . all the kids. . . . I remember that one class when you talked about Keats . . ." The class materialized in David's imagination that roomful of faces he had never realized cared so much about him, were so sympathetic, so nosy The girl returned, smiling shyly, and Jerry brought that conversation to an undignified halt. He was abrupt, graceless The little girl stared down at her feet—patent leather shoes, very pretty—and David wanted to take their hands and bring them together, introduce them to each other and leave, get out What place had he, a forty-year-old wreck still careening along with the force of forty years' momentum in the crowded happy little apartment? Tonight the girl would huddle in Jerry's arms and maybe even manage to weep, a few tears not for David but for the tragedy of it, how sad it was.

Now they were talking about politics, and David could at least handle his side of the conversation He felt aged, weary, a tennis player trapped in a game with someone twenty years younger, lunging to get shots as one expected him to get He drank, Jerry drank and the little girl sat on the floor, her feet tucked primly under her skirt. This was the real thing this kind of talk Her eyes shone. She had heard so much about Dr Hutter the intellectual Dr Hutter and now David could not let her down He had to perform, weary as he was. Every cell in his body ached but he kept on with the game

"It really meant a lot—you coming here tonight," Jerry said "Betty thought we maybe shouldn't bother you, but—" Jerry chattered on without noticing his wife's sharp, warning look. He had a thin, earnest, eager face this boy who was no longer a boy but a man, growing into manhood and therefore forcing men like David on into middle age before they were ready for it David felt a stab of sorrow to think that he was not equal to the boy's admiration He was not equal to anyone's admiration He wanted to explain this to them but his brain was clouded from the alcohol and the strain of keeping up talk keeping his face sane and orderly Jerry faltered, embarrassed but happy in that way only students can be happy and his wife listened with a small worried smile, hoping he would not make another blunder

Then it was time to leave He would be carried along by the current of talk, right out the door and down the corridor into safety Standing, they talked a little more easily than before. He had stayed late enough The warm air of the room seemed to push drunkenly at him, pressing against his chest, and he felt as if he were on the brink of something terrible.

"I should—maybe I should explain—" he began

They waited, but he did not go on He stared past them and was silent.

Then the chorus of farewells again, and the open door, and the hall that made him feel nearsighted and at last the night air

Outside he knew what he had wanted to tell them. It came to him suddenly, like a blow They had to know—they shouldn't be fooled—that he was not mourning Nadia's death but his own. He hated her for the selfishness of her death and for her having eclipsed him forever obliterated him as if she had smashed an insect under her shoe He would always be pointed out as the man whose wife had killed herself That would be the only interesting fact about him, and how could he ever rise above it by anything in his own life?

"Like a slug A filthy slug' he said aloud His dead wife was a slug that had trailed its slime across the whiteness of his life, and this was what he had wanted to tell his student and that worried little girl For a moment he thought about going back to tell them, running back and pounding on the door ' I want you to know the truth ! The truth !" Then he recovered and went on home.

Three months before, on the day before Nadia died, they had been driving out to her mother's house. It was a Sunday and that day remained in David's mind always blank, blurred, pale, the sky not blue but not white either, overcast by a veil of haze.

She was driving and he didn't like the way she passed everyone, as if she really wanted to get where they were going But she said, "I can handle the car I'm fine." She wore a black-and-white-checked coat, of a simple and expensive cut like all her clothes. When David came home and found another of those packages on their bed the long rectangular cardboard box with flimsy paper inside or lying half-crumpled on the bed, he always felt a mixture of anger and helplessness. The new suit or new dress would be in the closet and he could never tell which one it was, but the box was left out, accidentally, carelessly as if she had forgotten about how he felt when her mother gave her money She would say her eyes large and restless in their deep sockets, "My mother wants to do it, why should I refuse her?"

She swung out into the left lane, preparing to pass another car David said "You should have let me drive" She said at once "Don't talk to me like that Don't make me angry " The car gathered power and rushed forward leaving the other car behind David lit a cigarette and saw how absurdly it trembled in his fingers.

"You keep at me all the time," she said

"All right"

"You never let me alone." From the side, Nadia's face looked slender and anxious she had a gambler's thin, suspicious nose With her, words were just sounds to thrust out at David or at anyone—even her doctor who had finally contacted David to ask his cooperation—to keep them at a distance, to distract them She did not really listen to what she said and so it was a surprise when she remembered odd, stray little remarks of his years old She would smile at him with her dreamy calculating smile and recall observations he had made, years ago when he had been another person It was the same power she had in her face, something he could not imagine until he experienced it again and again the power to turn her gaze upon him and excite him so that he felt shaken and helpless, as innocent as he had been when they had first met

"Because of the way we came together you can never respect me," she was saying Their arguments made his head ache because he always gave in and, in giving in, he knew that the victory was nothing important to her, she was already thinking of something else

"Look, please," he said "It's a lovely day It's Sunday Why don't you relax?"

"In every car on this highway someone is telling someone else to relax,' Nadia muttered 'What are you going to say to my mother? About my going to Toronto?"

"Nothing '

Nadia glanced at him "Were you really so worried?"

He did not answer His head was aching

'David look," she said "I know how you feel I know But what about me? I keep thinking of going away, of going to strange places . . . can't you understand that? You've never tried to understand it. I think of dirty old buses, I think of walking hitching rides . . . if you woke up one morning and ran outside and ran away from your life, wouldn't you come into a new one? What would it be? And if you had run away a day earlier, wouldn't you have gone to a different life still, a different world? When people know this how can they stay in one place?"

"Nadia, we don't want to talk about this again. Not now "

"But you stay where you are and you're so permanent," she said, "you seem to me heavy and strange like a statue I can feel you behind me when I leave, I circle around you and feel you there, I don't know what happens . . . He told me to call this Dr Hack, but I'm not going to I know very well what Dr Hack is"

"We'll call him tomorrow"

"Everyone is like me ! They want to have other lives, be other people. Don't tell me If I have to be just one person I'll kill myself—"

"Don't talk like that, Nadia Please."

"What day is today? Sunday?" she frowned and he saw sharp lines on her forehead between her eyes In a few years she would look like a witch, he thought He was unmoved The love he felt for this woman was a condition he existed in the way he existed in a world of gases fit to breathe and only accidentally fit to breathe. He needed this love for survival the way he needed air, but it would never have occurred to him to be grateful for it or to feel any affection for Nadia, beneath the surface of his passion. And what a famous passion it must be he thought—married now for six years and still hollow-eyed with being so alert, with having to see in every stranger an object for Nadia's meticulous and always serious concern

Right now it was a child on a bicycle, coming toward them. She rode on the muddy shoulder of the highway a girl of about twelve Hands firm on the handlebars, on red plastic guards that were probably soiled, body leaning forward, legs pumping . . . she wore sneakers and white socks

"Wonder where she's going in such a hurry," Nadia said

He saw her take the time to glance into the rearview mirror and he was bitter with jealousy It was like a taste in his mouth Her imagination sailed off backward with the child to what ugly little farmhouse crouched on the edge of this highway stunned by the road getting so wide and so busy over the years, to what drudge of a mother and what father resting all day from a week in the factory now that these small old farms were no longer worked?

'I used to love riding a bicycle,' Nadia said softly

"We could get two bicycles. Keep them in the garage"

"I'm too old for it now"

"Everyone rides bicycles in the park. Grandfathers Grandmothers '

"It wouldn't be the same thing" she said.

It was never the "same thing" with them She was vague and exasperating Why wouldn't it be the same thing? She was a woman who had abandoned her own life her own body, and David felt often like one who is shackled to a corpse

She disappeared sometimes and when she returned to him, haggard and wistful he always took her in She had done nothing wrong even when there had been other men involved, at least nothing that should not have been done, and if she stayed home for his sake in the apartment she had wanted so badly, she could sit for four, five hours at a time in the bedroom, staring out at the park. The building was expensive because its hundred or so inhabitants could stare out their windows at the jumble of leaves and branches that was the park, but there was a terror to the silence of trees that could never be imagined by one living an ordinary noisy life He said to her Call that girl you used to see what's-her-name and go shopping Have lunch He said Why don't we have someone over? I can help you with dinner He bought tickets to plays and concerts wooing her luring her out but he got no happiness from her icy beautiful face if that drugged look was in it Neutral to the touch as wax neither cold nor warm, having neither softness nor hardness—her skin lay on the outermost limits of her body and that was all. If she did not run away on an impulse to Chicago or Toronto, she could be just as far away lying beside him at night She said "I keep wanting to go away but I need you here. I need you back here, waiting"

"Do you think that's healthy? Normal?'

"I don't know what that means, normal," she had said slowly

He thought that if they went out driving more, went on sudden trips of their own she would give in to him and become his wife. A wife was a kind of possession and no husband thought that way until something went wrong there were things in life you had to have, to possess, you had to be able to depend upon He tried to explain this to her. But his love was the anchor that held her down and kept her safe, no matter how far away she went. Without him, she would have had no one to encircle and she would have kept going forever in one direction lost.

Now she let her head fall back a little, *(Continued on page 158)*

GIANTS

The letter was brief, it read: "I am ill-adapted to a military career. I am not satisfied in my present environment and I feel that it would be to the best interest of both myself and the government if I were permitted to resign and pursue another career" Thus, in August of 1941 was born the prototype of a style which twenty-six years later has come into its own. The dropout. Its progenitor, Cadet Private Timothy F. Leary.

Who knows if he had yet turned-on and tuned-in? The early scriptures are not clear, and there is little the disciples can learn of their guru during the days he marched to a different drummer. Only that. he was a sharpshooter on the M-1, received excellent grades in small arms and musketry, was given a normal amount of demerits for improperly shined shoes, spot on dress coat, both buttons unbuttoned at breakfast formation, dusty shelves and bookcase, soap spots on shelf, wearing hop shoes home from dancing instruction, dirty rifle sight, room in disorder, no blotter on desk, stain on white trousers.

And so he dropped out, or thought he did. From the plain of West Point he moved, laterally, to the house in Millbrook across the Hudson. He traded the privilege of command for the dominion of charisma He traded the explosion of men's might for the blowing of their minds. Firepower for flower-power. And now, on occasion, he (the general), wearing garlands of flowers and beads (web gear), closes the house (HQ) at Millbrook and bids his followers (troops) to spend a fortnight in the woods (field), during which time they commune (recon) with Nature (the battle area) for Experience (training).

The highest-ranking member of Leary's old class is now a brigadier general. Leary outranks him

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Is this the coming way to run an airline? You bet it is

by Richard Joseph

1975 arrivals and departures will be computerized, the trip supersonic and don't call the stewardess if you see your plane folding its wings

Within the next seven or eight years, you'll be able to fly the 3546 miles from New York to London with 349 other passengers in the Boeing S S T (supersonic transport) in two hours and forty one minutes. Or, for a somewhat lower fare, you'll be able to do it with as many as 489 fellow passengers aboard a Boeing 747 jumbo jet in six hours and twenty-two minutes, about eighteen minutes under the present jet schedules

More people will be flying to more places than ever before—increased disposable income and the attraction of the supersonics and the jumbo jets (plus lower fares made possible by the latter) will take care of that. The total of 186,000,000 passengers carried by the world's scheduled airlines in 1967 should almost triple in 1975 A Douglas Aircraft market analysis forecasts that 9,000,000 Americans will go abroad in 1975—again almost tripling the 3,300,000 who did so in 1965. And the transatlantic airlane will be a two-way street; the European Airlines Research Bureau predicts that by 1975 the number of Western Europeans visiting the United States will more than triple the 1966 total of 546,847 In other areas Boeing researchers believe that in 1975 air travel to the Far East will show a 580 percent jump over 1965, South Pacific travel will increase almost as much, more than four times as many people will be flying to Hawaii and more than twice as many to the Caribbean and South America.

Piston-powered airliners will just about disappear in the next decade as six thousand jets are delivered by 1975 Americans will be flying in the Boeing 1800-m.p.h. S.S.T., expected to enter service in 1974-75, the Anglo-French 1450 m.p.h. Concorde, due in 1971, the jumbo 747 starting in 1970, the proposed Anglo-French-German twin-engine, two-hundred-ninety-eight passenger A-300 airbus and in the present generation of subsonic jets—the stretched-out Douglas Series 60 DC-8's and DC-9's the British VC-10's One Elevens, Tridents and Comets the French Caravelles the Convair 880's and 990's and the whole family of Boeing jets—707's and 720's, twin-engined 737's and three-engined 727's. Turboprop aircraft will still be used in 1975, but mostly for short-range flights

Beyond these facts figures and forecasts, though ground haze and low visibility cloud the crystal ball Take your flight time between New York and San Francisco, for instance. Boeing engineers believe their S.S.T. will be able to span the 2579 miles in two hours and eleven minutes—flying at its supersonic capability But will protests against the sonic boom force the S S T's to fly over land at subsonic speed? If they do then the giant S S T's won't be able to shave much off the present flight time of five hours and forty five minutes

Anti-boom forces are already marshaling their artillery—even against overwater supersonic flights. Aviation engineers, meanwhile, are working on boom reduction devices, tracing flight patterns designed to reduce the number of groundlings subject to the boom, and crossing their fingers in the hope that the boom problem will dissipate itself much as the original objections to jet noise seem to have done in the past couple of years

But even assuming that the supersonics will be able to realize their full-speed potential your trip time is still very much up in the air In airline parlance, flight time is figured "block to block"—from the moment the plane's engines are started until they are cut at the end of the trip Boeing's "profile" for the New York-London hop allots eleven minutes for taxiing and takeoff, twenty-five minutes for climbing to 64,000 feet (during which the plane will cover 330 miles), an hour and thirty-eight minutes to cruise 2925 miles at 1800 m.p.h. and twenty-five minutes for descending landing and taxiing to the terminal

Which leads one to the belief that Boeing's engineers haven't been caught lately in one of the runway traffic jams at New York's John F Kennedy Airport or stacked in an approach pattern on a foggy day over London At present, a forty-five minute wait for takeoff at J F K. during a busy period is not at all unusual transatlantic planes are often stacked up over London for as long as an hour and frequently are diverted to alternate airports

Much more meaningful to the passenger than flight time is total trip time—door to door or as some term it, "bathtub to bathtub" As highway traffic steadily worsens airline men have recurring bad dreams entitled "London to J F K in two and a half hours—plus two and a half hours J.F.K. to New York!"

Aviation executives, government officials and industrial engineers, realizing that the airport bottleneck threatens to choke off the promise of the future, have come up with a wide variety of ideas for separating long haul and short-distance airline operations and general air traffic by means of new, individual airports for each They've also been blueprinting high speed transportation systems to link airports and midtown terminals. Their ideas range from such radical proposals as hovercraft and cars running through pneumatic tubes and V/STOL (vertical or short takeoff and landing) air buses with much greater capacities than current helicopters, to comparatively conservative ideas such as the construction of monorails and spurs of existing subway and rail lines

But Charles C. Tillinghast, TWA president, doesn't think too highly of proposed rail solutions. "The airport traffic problem is part of the general highway traffic problem," he told us "Most people prefer to go to and from the airport by car But they have trouble getting there and when they get there they have trouble finding a place to park their cars. All rail solutions assume that most passengers will want to get to and from the midtown terminal, but what about the people who don't? And what happens when the passenger loads of five or six jumbo jets and S.S.T.'s are dumped into the city all at once? Can you imagine Penn Station with two thousand people all fighting for cabs?

Despite all the difficulties, though veteran airlane watchers can't help viewing the future with optimism. Similar problems menaced the jet age a decade ago, they point out—engine noise traffic congestion in the air and on the ground, obsolete airport facilities, inexperience in handling what was essentially a new transport medium, a shortage of jet-trained pilots—all these and more were feared as threats to airline progress Yet solutions were found or palliatives were improvised the jet planes won new customers and made more money for the airlines than ever before and created the travel boom that, in turn created most of the current problems

Automation and computerization will be important in handling flight problems of the Seventies The Air Transport Association is already testing an automated system that would deliver ninety-five percent of all airline luggage to any claim area, including parking lots and boarding points for ground transportation, in less than three minutes after removal from the plane Domestic scheduled airlines have appropriated $100,000 for construction of a prototype of the system by which the passenger would insert his baggage-claim ticket into an electronic reader and a memory unit on the baggage cart would direct the cart to the proper claim area. In checking in, the baggage tag would program delivery of the bag directly to the proper aircraft from various pickup points in the terminal.

The baggage problem isn't trivial. Last year the U.S. airlines carried 110,000,000 passengers who checked through 176,000,000 pieces of luggage. About 1,700,000 of these were mishandled—sent to the wrong places, delayed, etc.—and somewhere between 12,000 and 17,000 were lost. The forecasts of three times the present traffic in 1975 might mean that something like 5,000,000 bags won't get where they're supposed to go when they're supposed to get there.

Strangely enough, the supersonic jet will ease the strain of jet lag—the difference between clock time at your arrival point and the time you've been living on—created by its subsonic predecessors. In pre-jet days, the New York-London flight took about twelve hours. The passenger boarded the plane at, say, seven p.m. and was finished with drinks and dinner by ten. He magazine-browsed until about eleven, stretched out along those long leg rests for seven hours of sleep, was awakened for a six a.m. breakfast, landed shortly after seven, and got to town around nine. It would be two in the afternoon, London time, and the traveler, primed by a good night's sleep, would be ready for the afternoon and a long first night.

Nowadays the seven p.m. departer gets to town about three a.m. New York time—eight a.m. London time—hung up by little or no sleep and probably with his hotel room occupied until noon or worse. He wanders around on one cylinder until late afternoon, falls into a nap, can't sleep that night, and doesn't get completely oriented for another day or so. Even though day flights are available, most people still fly to Europe by night.

Making three round trips to Europe daily instead of the one and a half of the current jets, the supersonics will enable the airlines to operate with much more varied schedules. And their speed will make the passengers' life much easier. A six-thirty p.m. departure from J.F.K. will allow the passenger a full day in New York. He'll put down at London airport shortly after ten, and, hopefully, be in his hotel room about eleven p.m. Seven hours' sleep will get him up around six a.m.—eleven a.m. London time—and he'll be rested and ready for a good day and evening.

The 1967 traveler boarding a 1975 plane would find himself in strange surroundings—just how strange depends on which type of plane he's on. The least unfamiliar will be the cabin of the Anglo-French supersonic Concorde. If anything, it will remind you of planes gone by, since its cabin will be noticeably narrower than those of current jets. The fuselage will be a hundred ninety-one feet long, about thirty-eight feet longer than the biggest Boeing jetliner now flying, but only about four and a half feet longer than the most stretched-out current 60 Series DC-8s. Bulkheads will divide the cabin at points along the length to eliminate any narrow tubular effect.

But the Boeing S.S.T., carrying three hundred fifty passengers, will be more than half again as long as the Concorde, three hundred six feet—six feet longer than a football field, goal line to goal line. The plane is so long, in fact, that the pilot will have to look at a television screen on his instrument panel to know when his tail wheels are off the ground.

Most impressive of the new planes in size and capacity will be the 747. It will be seventy-five feet shorter than the football field S.S.T., but it will be able to carry as many as one hundred forty additional passengers—a maximum of four hundred ninety—in all-economy configuration. This will drop operating costs per seat mile about thirty percent below that of current jets—which could well result in fare reductions. In the 747 you'll ride in a twenty-foot-wide cabin, almost twice as wide as those of the current jets. It is this living room width that will give the jumbo jet much of its novelty and appeal in all classes of service.

Wherever you sit, you won't notice much difference between flying in the new planes and in the present jets. What you will notice is the faster climb of the supersonics, a sharp angle that will take them way, way up before they do any sound-busting. And if your plane is the American S.S.T. you'll enjoy watching it flap its wings . . . well, not exactly flap—*fold* to be more precise. They'll be stuck out at about the same angle as the wings of subsonic jets on takeoff, and fold back to an intermediate position for subsonic flight. Then when the plane passes the speed of sound, at somewhere above six hundred fifty m.p.h., it will pin them back like a wolfhound flattening its ears—at a 72-degree angle—and really get moving at almost three times the speed of sound.

While you're still up there, arrangements will be made to speed you through your destination airport, especially on homebound international flights. The U.S. Bureau of Customs is working on plans for satellite transmission of such airline documents as passenger lists and baggage manifests, and Customs officials are also considering the possibility of eliminating the bottlenecks in the central Customs area by setting up clearance stations in individual airline terminal buildings. Another possibility is the extension to other foreign airports of the pre-clearance procedures now provided U.S.-bound travelers in Canada, Bermuda, Nassau and the Virgin Islands.

Wherever you travel abroad, it's quite likely that you'll be stopping at airline-owned hotels. More and more airlines have been forced into the hotel business by the necessity of having some place to put their passengers when they get them there—thus following the precedent of a number of railroads many years ago.

A shortage of good South American hotels caused Pan American to start the trend back in 1946 when it formed Intercontinental Hotels. Scandinavian Airlines System built the Royal in Copenhagen and is planning more modest hotels at major Scandinavian airports, and TWA took over Hilton International this year. BOAC has hotel deals pending in Africa, the Caribbean, the Far East, the Pacific and in Britain itself.

Continental Airlines, currently seeking routes to Hawaii and the Pacific, has invested in Inter-Island Resorts, a Hawaiian hotel chain. Alitalia has plans for building hotels and resort villages in southern Italy, Braniff International is planning to develop resorts and hotel properties in South America, and the Sheraton chain has been negotiating with several airlines on joint ventures.

Spokesmen for Inter-Continental Hotels predict that many future hotels will be "simpler and with fewer frills" and will be situated on the outskirts of cities, where lower land values will permit construction of such recreational facilities as golf courses, tennis courts and swimming pools.

But Curt R. Strand, executive vice-president and a director of Hilton International, disagrees. "There's a place for edge-of-town hotels, of course—we have some and are building others," he said. "But people will always want to stay fairly close to the things they've traveled so far to see, and the pampering they get in a good hotel is an important part of a vacation trip."

The conveniences of hotel living have to be made more convenient, Strand said, and the inconveniences have to be eliminated. He suggested such improvements as round-the-clock room and valet service and coffee-shops—which some Hilton hotels already have—and streamlining of room service breakfast.

"Why should a man have to climb out of the shower to let the waiter into his room and sign the check?" he asked. "Why shouldn't the waiter let himself into the room with a passkey, after he has buzzed, and just leave the breakfast tray? People shouldn't have to fumble around for a pencil to sign the breakfast check either. Why should the guest have to sign it?

"And there's no reason why people should be awakened at eight in the morning by maids checking to see if the room is occupied. The housekeeper and accountant can work out ways to get their head count without disturbing the guest."

He also suggested a drastic alteration of registration and check-out procedures. "Why not have your credit card recorded when you check in and have your bill debited from your account and credited to ours? A compatible computer system could handle it easily. And if you wanted to check over your bill, you could do it much more comfortably at home or back in your office, rather than standing in front of the hotel cashier's window, with a whole line of people behind you clamoring to check out."

Strand's opinions coincide with those of John R. Hunter of Douglas Aircraft, who predicts the eventual end of cash, except for tips and small purchases, and the disappearance of checking accounts as the credit cards and computers credit everybody's bank account with the sums debited from everybody else's. So it would seem that Fly now, Pay later will be gone with the Sixties. By 1975 your computer will pay while you're still in midair—and getting there will be half the time. ∎

47 PLACES IN AMERICA TO BUY LAND AND MAKE MONEY

by William H. Robbins

If you have the cash to spare, try real estate
You can make 30 percent on Wall Street but more than 100 percent
in the pastures of Elyria, Ohio, and Galesburg, Illinois

A newspaperman who later reformed and took a government job visited upper Vermont a few years ago and fell in love with its green hills. A real estate man there told him he could get a big section of them for about $10 an acre, and he bought a hundred twenty-five acres, ignoring the advice of native Vermonters that he was paying too much.

He was planning a cottage in a hollow looking out over an isolated valley when he learned that a new interstate highway would slice through the valley, bringing traffic and people and clusters of roadside businesses, spoiling his splendid isolation. He decided to sell the twenty-five acres sloping down toward the road, and this brought enough to pay for the other hundred acres and for part of the cost of the cottage.

More recently, on City Island in the shadow of Manhattan, an elderly housekeeper arrived late for work wearing a perplexed expression. As she hung up her coat, she told her employer, "Mrs. McAdams, I can't work for you anymore after today. They say I'm rich."

Mrs. Audrey McAdams, a young magazine writer who was preparing to rush off to her office, paused, startled.

Her housekeeper went on: "I don't know if I ever told you about that twenty acres my family had out on Long Island, my daddy's old farm. I'd almost forgotten about it. A real-estate man wanted it for some factories or something, and I sold it for $400,000."

In New Jersey a bit earlier a man began to buy up small plots of land once sold as homesites on a high bluff looking across the Hudson River from the little town of Fort Lee. It was a town that had been teased and then bypassed by a wave of land speculation, and as a result had once gone bankrupt.

The man then asked the town to rezone the land so apartment houses could be built on it. The town obliged, and he leased the land to a builder for the construction of a group of apartment towers that command the state's highest rents. And the man who owns the land under them lives in a penthouse at the top with an unparalleled view of the New York skyline, the river and Long Island Sound in the distance, and enough income from the land to provide for himself and generations to follow.

His son, meanwhile, bought a large tract of land in New Jersey's Sussex County, at some distance from the nearest eddy of New York's swirling suburbs. But in the act of buying it he attracted attention to the area. Surrounding land rose in price and his own land reflected the higher values, proving that a man can increase his fortune by the act of spending it. Now, as the tide of development sweeps out toward Sussex, land that once went begging for $500 an acre attracts offers of $1,200 to $1,500.

The newspaperman and the housekeeper benefited by chance from something the Fort Lee man and his son and thousands like them have been exploiting by design—the land boom that continues to sweep the United States and that has outpaced even the postwar bull markets on the big stock exchanges.

Building tracts have soared more than four hundred percent in such diverse places as Albany, New York, Ashland, Ohio, and Fort Dodge, Iowa, in the last seven years, and more than a hundred percent in Berkeley, Los Angeles and Santa Barbara, California, in DeLand, Florida, Elyria, Ohio, Marion, Indiana, Galesburg, Illinois, and hundreds of other cities and towns like them.

Prices of undeveloped land should have dropped in the last year, if ever they were going to, because of builders' troubles in a tight money market. Many builders went broke and others threw land that they had stockpiled for operations onto the open market. Yet an unpublished portion of an economic survey by The Chase Manhattan Bank showed prices continuing to rise across the country, with the prospect of more of the same.

Recreation land within reach of dense population areas soared, creating crisis after crisis for the Department of the Interior, which has had to go back to Congress again and again to supplement funds the Department had gotten to set aside lands for public parks, forest preserves and reservoirs.

And as millions of acres a year were being swallowed up by highways and housing projects, resorts and industrial parks, dams, parks and reservoirs, the land boom seemed to point far into the future.

Into this picture of a boom that seems to perpetuate itself has come a new tendency to regard land as an appropriate investment medium for anyone with surplus cash. Once regarded as primarily the province of the professional and a risky venture even then, land parcels are being researched as investments for nonprofessionals in much the same way that the outlook for corporations has been investigated by stockbrokers before they advise their customers.

New ways have been found to make landholding a tax haven for high income investors, securities analysts and portfolio managers get counsel from land experts, and in California there has arisen a new breed of real-estate organization that calls itself a "research-based land company." These companies primarily manage investments for wealthy individuals and the growing numbers of big corporations that put their surplus cash into land. But at least one of these California companies has broken down interests in large landholdings into denominations designed to attract small investors.

All of this, of course, helps to fuel the land boom. But what has been happening differs only in figures and degrees from a trend that started with the birth of the nation. The land boom, with peaks and valleys and with blights that singled out isolated sections, has been almost continuous, and people who didn't need the money have always been able to make fortunes from it.

"Ninety percent of all millionaires become so through owning real estate," Andrew Carnegie once said. "More money has been made in real estate than in all industrial developments combined."

B. C. Forbes, the late economic writer, editor and publisher, explained the chief reason why this is so: "Our stock of everything useful, which cannot be increased, becomes more and more valuable because there are more and more people to bid for it."

Not only is there no possibility of increasing the supply of land, but more and more people, earning more and more money, are using it up at a faster individual rate than ever before, for larger lots, for second homes and for playgrounds to enhance their increased leisure. And as the multiplying population and the uses for the land press in upon it, the remaining supply balloons upward.

Where will it all end? Skeptics, convinced that bust follows boom in an inevitable cycle, stand on the sidelines, patiently waiting to watch the land investors pick themselves up off the ground after the fated crash.

But they have waited a long time and Dr. George Cline Smith, vice-president of MacKay Shields, Inc., an economic consulting firm, says. "There is no end in sight. There is no question that land values will continue to rise."

Assuming that the economist is right and the skeptics misguided, wouldn't it seem logical to suppose that all one needs to do is hock the family possessions, close the savings account, borrow on the insurance policy and start buying land? And then sit back and wait for his fortune to mature?

"You couldn't be more mistaken. Nothing you could do would be riskier," said Alexander Summer, the man who executed the land coup atop the Fort Lee bluff.

Summer, of course, is a professional. He is head of the Alexander Summer Company, which is one of New Jersey's most successful real-estate-brokerage and mortgage-banking concerns. He is also a member of the elite corps of realtors known as the American Society of Real Estate Counselors.

In Fort Lee, especially, he knew land values, and how and when to buy. And, more important, he didn't really need the money.

"Fortunes in real estate," Summer said, "are usually made by people who don't need them."

Although the long term trend in land is upward, there can be periods of correction when values drop, just as in the stock market, he warned. With land, a period of correction can last a few months, a few years or a generation. And the man who strains his resources to buy is almost sure to have to sell when values hit bottom.

Summer recalled that the very area where he had assembled land for apartments had been a graveyard for the hopes of investors who had thought that construction of the George Washington Bridge from Manhattan would bring a stream of home buyers and money to the land. But development followed new roads out beyond Fort Lee. Only in recent years have large scale developers found the obvious advantages of sites on New Jersey's high Palisades worth the costs of solving the engineering problems of the rock formations there.

And farther down the river, developers who are paying six times what Staten Island land was worth before the construction of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge stumbled daily over the ghosts of an earlier boom. At one point a gateway rising from the underbrush proclaimed a community that had never materialized. Elsewhere, builders find curbs for roads that were never built and fire hydrants standing isolated and unconnected among the weeds.

"Even in a growing area," Summer said, "one tract may be valuable and the land next to it almost worthless."

Summer was merely stating a warning that is axiomatic among realty experts. A dog-eared dictum among them is the saying: The three most important points to consider in buying real estate are 1, location, 2, location, and 3, location. The saying is so well-worn that the humor in it has been lost, but it is still true. Almost every aspect of land value is tied to its location.

Most real-estate men know the trends of growth in their own areas of operations. Vance Miller, for example, vice-president of the large Henry S. Miller Company in Dallas, points to his city's northern metropolitan area, where research-oriented industries are clustering around a new graduate research center. He also cites the growth of land values around Austin.

Genny Bostock, a comely young woman who is a leading broker in Longview, Texas, singles out the Sabine River area, the Toledo Bend lake area and the Trinity River navigation project from Houston to Fort Worth.

Other brokers generally agree with Miller and Genny Bostock. How can they deny it? The thing that is predicted is already happening, but most realty experts tend to favor the areas they know best—their own side of the city, their own areas of operation. The peculiar thing is that all of them are probably right. The boom seems to hit most areas of undeveloped land around growing urban centers.

But how do you judge one area against another? And how do you weigh the effects of a competition that is becoming increasingly important—the competition of land in blighted inner-city sections that is due for redevelopment?

Most local realty people base their estimates of what will happen on what has happened, after land values have already had a good ride on the escalator. But specialists in land look for tracts in what they call the "pre-development" stage—not too far ahead of its ultimate use but before the land has taken its steepest ride. And they carefully weigh area against area, section against section.

The system they use to find places where they might invest or advise their clients to invest isn't difficult to follow. In fact a simple set of do-it-yourself overlay maps could be made, to peer through, like a semi scientific crystal ball, to find sections where development is likely to be strongest. Each overlay could be tinted and shaded so that when one is laid over another the likeliest sections would take on heavier and heavier coloration.

People follow roads, and land values follow both, realty experts say. Development follows roads outward like spokes in a wheel from the hub of a spreading urban center, so the do-it-himself map maker could start with a road map, including projected highways.

"Of course, these things may change," says Calvin H. Johnston, a California specialist, "but we try to go with the grain, rather than against it."

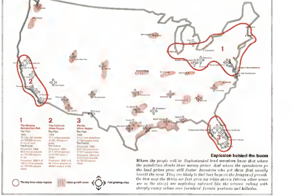
The map maker would need to know, of course, that not every road leads to the same type of growth, and some types of roads carry development farther than others. A broad avenue will carry a wide band of business and industry beyond the outskirts of a city, if there are no serious terrain or zoning problems, and will branch out into secondary roads with clusters of home communities and commercial developments growing from them. This type of road would get a wide swath, rose-tinted for the optimistic prospects of the land, but its hue would fade and thin out as it reached farther from the city.

Expressways would get a deeper tint but, though it would reach farther from the city, it would be more localized. Growth along a limited-access highway spreads from the interchanges, however, where the interchanges are far apart the land in between can be more isolated than it was before the road was built. But because of the faster travel on expressways in comparison with business-fringed highways crowded by shoppers, they carry an influence based on time rather than distance.

Interstate Route 80, for example, has brought Sussex County, New Jersey, into the galaxy of New York suburbs. And together with the northern extension of the Pennsylvania Turnpike reaching up from the Philadelphia area, it has brought the playgrounds of the Pocono Mountains within two hours' travel time for big-city dwellers. The development of lake resorts and ski runs has moved faster than the cars, and land in the Poconos has tripled and quadrupled in value.

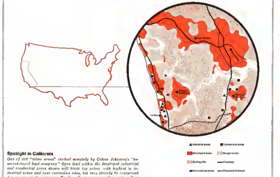
Growth in land values, of course—except for specialized resources and development, such as agricultural potential, mineral discoveries and river and harbor projects—stems ultimately from population and shifting trends in movements of people. The next overlay would have to show areas of greatest probable population increases.

The population of the United States is expected to increase about 50,000,000 by 1980. Most sections will be affected—though trends will shift people away from some areas—but growth will concentrate spectacularly on land representing a small proportion of the



Explosion behind the boom

Where the people will be. Sophisticated land investors know that where the population climbs their money grows. And where the speculators go the land prices grow still faster. Investors who get there first usually benefit the most. They are likely to find best buys on the fringes of growth. On this map the thirty six fast growing cities shown (eleven other areas are in the story) are exploding outward like the arrows, rolling with sharply rising values over farmland, forests, pastures and hillsides.



Spotlight in California

One of 690 "micro areas" studied minutely by Calvin Johnston's "research-based land company." Open land within the developed industrial and residential areas shown will bring top prices, with highest in industrial areas and near recreation sites, but may already be overpriced for an investor's purposes. Roads will carry new values into rolling hills, also indicated above. Rough terrain shown—problem land requiring special techniques—is likely to be last here to feel full impact of the boom.

Maps designed by Rudolph Pollarak

continental area. Of the states that are growing fastest, Arizona, Florida, California, Nevada, New Mexico, Colorado and Utah are expected to add between twenty and thirty percent by 1980.

Pinpointing more closely, by 1980 the Miami-West Palm Beach area is expected to have more than double the population it had in 1960, and the San Diego and Los Angeles areas to have nearly twice as many people as they had then. These areas, of course, would get a highly saturated color on the map, as would the Houston-Galveston, Dallas-Fort Worth, Denver, Washington, and Atlanta areas, each of which is expected to grow nearly as fast.

A wide tinted band would stretch from Maryland's Eastern Shore south around the Gulf of Mexico, across Texas and up the West Coast past San Francisco, according to present indications. The areas ripest for fast growth in population and land values, says Robert G. Ducharme, a specialist with the Northeastern Illinois Planning Commission, are the temperate coastal regions.

"I don't see any letup in the long term rise in land values," said Ducharme, "considering the population growth, the increased use of land for highways, parks and recreation, along with the steady rise in personal incomes and the trend toward the use of more and more land for each family. The tendency is to use larger lots for each house and for more families to buy land for second homes, vacation houses along seashore and lakeside and on mountain slopes.

"But the biggest pressures in the long run will be in warmer climates along the water where, with more affluence, more people can afford to live," Ducharme said. Industry is already moving into temperate climates that are attractive to the much-coveted researcher and young executive, and it is taking more people with it.

But the sharp rise in new directions does not mean that older built-up areas will lose. The metropolitan belt of the Northeast and the Lower Great Lakes region will continue to close in the undeveloped gaps among the merging borders of cities and towns that compose it. By 1970 it will have grown to a population of 76,380,000, from 65,160,000 in 1960, and will have rolled over nearly 10,000 more square miles of land, according to a scientific projection by Dr. Jerome P. Pickard, recently research director for the Urban Land Institute and now an executive with the Department of Housing and Urban Development. Dr. Pickard arrived at his projections by feeding into a computer current population trends and coming influences that are now apparent. His monograph containing the results of the study is being published by the nonprofit Urban Land Institute; it is titled *Dimensions of Metropolitanism*.

He carried his computer projections through the year 2000, a not too distant future so far as influences on land are concerned. Present valuations in some sections of the country are already looking ahead to the worth of sites for development ten and fifteen years in advance, and trends that will not mature till fifteen or twenty years after that can be expected to exert an influence decades earlier.

Dr. Pickard's results (which an artist has reflected in the U.S. map on page 142) show that this same metropolitan belt will stretch from Maine to Hampton Roads, Virginia, by 1980, covering 23,000 square miles more than it will in 1970 and gaining more than 19,000,000 people. The Northeastern region will then begin to merge with the metropolises of the Lower Great Lakes region.

Of course it will not close in all sections of this vast region of 159,000 square miles but, because of the pressures of population, open land remaining will perhaps carry as high a premium for recreational uses as for residential and industrial development.

Meanwhile, the edges of metropolitan areas in two other major urban sections—California and Florida—will begin to blur and merge, and other large urban regions will be developing. The latter will include the Carolina Piedmont, North Central Georgia, North Central Alabama, the Texas-Louisiana Gulf Coast, North Central Texas, South Central Texas, the Missouri-Kaw Valley, Salt Lake Valley, the Colorado Piedmont, Puget Sound, the Willamette Valley, Metropolitan Arizona and Metropolitan New Mexico.

At the same time, St. Louis, Louisville, Memphis, Oklahoma City and Minneapolis-St. Paul will be developing into what Dr. Pickard calls "freestanding metropolitan areas," expected to grow to more than a million people each by 2000.

By 1970, forty-nine percent of the population will be concentrated in the 5.4 percent of the continental area covered by the three biggest urban regions; by 1980, their land area will spread a little to 5.7 percent and their population grow to 54.9 percent. Twenty years later these same three regions will have sixty percent of the people on 7.7 percent of the continental land. And with the maturing of movements into the other urban regions and metropolitan areas, 238,000,000 people—seventy-seven percent of the population—will be concentrated in eleven percent of the land area.

Undeveloped land in all these areas could get a rose tint, with the deepest shading where land is scarcest, because land values climb fastest where the supply is most limited. Where there is plenty of acreage beyond it, even close-in land for industrial or residential use may be slow to reach the first step of the escalator.

Still a third overlay could be added, for farmland values. Producing farms can pay the interest and carrying costs during an investment period. And even farmland that remains in agricultural production historically has grown in value along with development land, despite the problems farmers have had and, in some respects, because of them.

As farmers require larger and larger acreage for a profitable operation, there is a necessity to spread into neighboring cropland. Across the country, farmland has risen more than fifty percent in value since 1959. Acreage across the Southern tier of states has risen more than the average, reflecting the population movement into that area. In the last year the average rise has been about eight percent, and reporters who keep tabs on such things for the Department of Agriculture expect farmland prices to continue rising at about the same rate.

The farmland that will rise fastest, of course, will be that in the path of urban development and acreage with water sites or other features that make it suitable for resort development.

Now, with his map, should an investor, assuming he has plenty of surplus cash, go out and start buying land wherever he finds it in the fast-developing areas?

"Not if he's wise," says Roy P. Drachman, president of the American Society of Real Estate Counselors, who points out that even land specialists seek the help of local experts. He doesn't insist that a member of the Counselors be chosen. There are other groups with members qualified as advisers. Members of the Society of Real Estate Appraisers, for example, can tell if a tract price has already been inflated beyond its worth for many years. And there are farm and land brokers, shopping-center specialists, and general real-estate brokers who are also experts on land.

Summer, the New Jersey counselor, has another warning against trying to go it alone.

"Land values grow directly out of land use," he said. "Acreage next to a valuable tract may be almost worthless. It may lack water, or it may have some geological fault or terrain problem. It may be affected by a blighted section close to it, or it may have zoning, sewerage, drainage, school or political problems. Unless you have a good solution, you steer away from problem land."

Within specific areas, political decisions, such as zoning, and the routes of waterlines and utilities can exert an influence.

Charles L. Weill Jr., a real-estate counselor and broker in Greensboro, points out that in the fast growing triangle between his city, High Point and Winston-Salem—part of what is called North Carolina's Piedmont Crescent—industrial growth has moved mainly along highways toward the area's regional airport. Land for residential development also needs accessibility, he noted, but among the areas well served by roads, the land where values have risen most sharply has been that in the path of extensions of municipal utilities.

Land that seems overpriced for an area actually may be worth considerably more than its price tag, according to Calvin Johnston of West Los Angeles. He cited the case of a parcel of land that his company examined for clients. According to the prices that other property had sold for, it was worth $4,800 an acre, but the seller was asking $6,000. He advised the clients to take it. They did and three years later sold part of the land for $170,000 an acre and part for $40,000 an acre.

"Rezoning for commercial purposes was the key," Mr. Johnston said, adding that the rezoning was not difficult to project, but a strict price comparison would have made his clients pass up the tract.

Mr. Johnston is president of the Property Research Corporation, one of the new breed of "research based land investment companies" that claim to have made a science of land studies and investment. His company, which is said to manage about $50,000,000 in land investments, performs a variety of

(Continued on page 162)

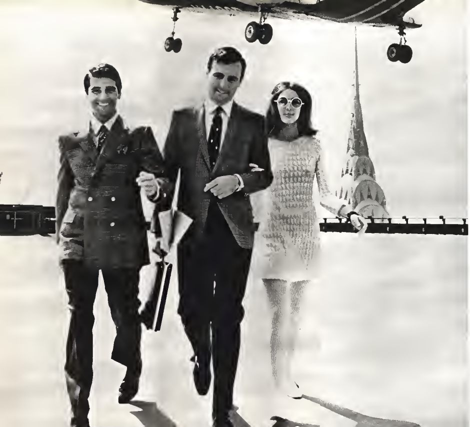
Photographed by René Groebli

BLUE LOU

If it could be shown
that this was the actual
photograph that
mesmerized the adolescent
Picasso it would be a
document of enduring
importance in the
history of twentieth-century
art. But there is no
evidence of this.

If it could be claimed
that this was the actual
photograph that inspired
Rhapsody in Blue, or
Mood Indigo, or *Blue Moon*
it would be an interesting,
if minor, footnote to the story
of American music.
But Gershwin and Ellington
and Rodgers deny it.

What can, in all honesty be
claimed is that it is
a photograph made by René
Groebli, a Swiss
photographer, of a girl
wearing only a triple
rope of pearls and bathed
in filtered light. The
truth shall make you free.



Arrangement in Black and White

A Regency beau named Brummell, who was something of an authority on elegance, once allowed as how a chap could do worse than to stick to the simplicity of black and white in the coloring of his clothing. And since *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*—or something—it should come as no surprise that male apparel this fall will be characterized by some exceedingly imaginative arrangements in black and white.

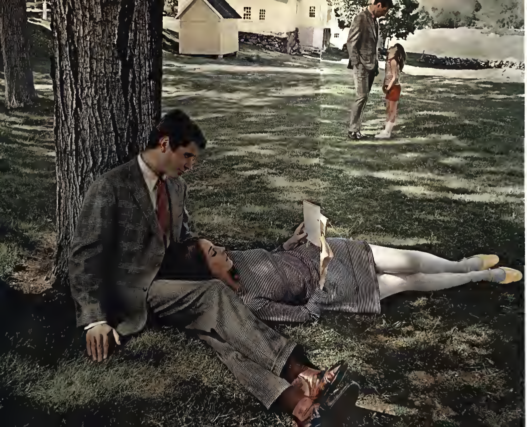
At the left, on the opposite page, is Stanley Blacker's Dacron and wool double-breasted blazer in a strong black and white plaid. It has wide peaked lapels, flapped pockets, deep side vents, white pearl buttons, and goes for a very reasonable $50.

A touch of burgundy lends a certain dashing distinction to the chiaroscuro tone of the one-button plaid sport jacket worn by the man with the Samsonite attaché case. The angled pockets have flaps which may be worn either in or out, the lapel has a mini-notch, the buttons are smoked pearl framed in silvery metal, and there are side vents. By Greshire and around $85.

The man in motion, above, wears a double-breasted black-and-white worsted Hart Schaffner & Marx suit ($110) with shoulders that have been slightly broadened to emphasize the waist suppression. The plain-front trousers have an extension waistband. His Suzuki bike is from Dart, his helmet from Racing Safety Equipment. The shirts on both pages are by Manhattan, the ties by Schiaparelli.

For where-to-buy-it information for Esquire's fashions shown in this issue, see page 179

Photographed by Carl Fischer

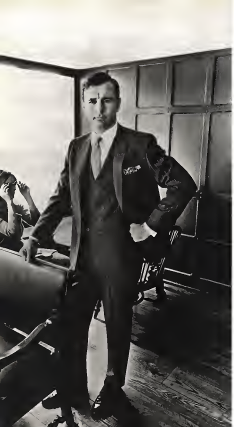


Right Out of an Old Hitchcock

You see it in the old Hitchcocks on the Late Show—at those buffet breakfasts in stately country homes on that train from which the lady vanished—and always it seems as right as the English rain, the kippers and the pride of Empire. It speaks in the clipped accents of Nigel Bruce and it looks like Walter Pidgeon, who of all men, most seems to its manner born. It is the country suit, a blend of class styling, often including a vest, and such casual fabrics as cheviot and saxony. And now it finally has become fashionable in this country—not only because of its distinctive look, but also because it offers the inducement of being able to wear the jacket with odd slacks.

On the opposite page is Hunter Haig's shaped treatment of it in a bold plaid saxony. The notched lapels are wide, the pockets (including a ticket one) hacking, and there are side vents. The price: $95. At the left, on this page, is an imported wool two-button shaped country suit in a veritable racetrack plaid. It's by St. Laurie and costs $125. At left, above, Gordon-Ford's interpretation ($115) is shown in a green, white, and mustard plaid of imported Scottish saxony wool. The vested suit at the right—from Lanett and around $125—is of imported worsted lamb's wool, patterned in grey and black checks with a bold red overplaid. The shirts on these pages are by Hathaway, the ties by Givenchy.

Photographed by Carl Fischer



The Chic of Chalk Stripes: The Elegance of The Ascot

Pretty pleased with himself he seems as he poses against the paneling—not without good reason. His black chalk-stripe wool suit by Phoenix ($100) has pleatless trousers and a one-button jacket with moderate shoulder double-piped pockets and side vents. But the thing to note is the so-called Ascot vest (six-button double-breasted with straight bottom) that echoes the elegance of the Edwardian. It is as handsome when worn with a soft spread-collar shirt, as here, or, on more formal occasions, with a white or colored dickey bosom and a starched white collar

For where to-buy-it information for Esquire's fashions shown in this issue, see page 179

Photographed by Carl Fischer

A Hatter Not So Mad

In our time and after his own fashion, Pierre Cardin is one of the few men of all seasonings—on the one hand, a *haut couturier* who adds the dash of spiciness to woman's wear, and, on the other, a designer of such men's apparel as beatified the Beatles in the eyes of many a beholder He is an inventive and energetic man and, because of him, the face of fashion is constantly changing, and, more often than not, for the better It is a measure of this man that when he enters into something, he does so whole hog for he knows better than most designers, that it is the ensemble, and not the individual items, that appeals or affronts The most attractive of suits, for example, can be made a horror if its wearer indulges in the wrong shirt—or, as well, the wrong hat. So, since there is the Cardin suit, there is also Cardin headgear—nor is it without some influence, either The original Cardin hat (above) prodded a whole industry into reappraising the conventional models most men wore simply because there were no alternatives. New hatters everywhere are responding to his influence. They realize for example, that the shaped look in suits should be complemented by the styling of hats. New hats have slightly higher crowns and brims which are wider and more tightly furled in the back. And the width gradually tapers to the front, which is never, not ever, sharply snapped. The topaz hat, at right, is of silky-looking brushed fur felt, has contrasting black grosgrain band. It's by Cavanagh ($25) At left, the black fur felt adds a pinched front to the center crease, has wide, matching grosgrain band By Stetson, around $14.

Photographed by Carl Fischer

The Shirt Watcher's Guide to Living with Lipstick (and other fun spot makers)

Or: How one home washing zips out stains from new permanently pressed Manhattan®
"Zip-Clean"™ Madoca® shirts— 80% Dacron®, 20% cotton.

Amazing new soil-release finish developed by The Manhattan Shirt Co takes the worry out of being close sighs Trixie

Lipstick hair dressings, wine, butter, catsup, salad oil—they're just a few of the spot makers that wash out like magic, exclaims Monica.

Soil around collars and cuffs zips-clean in a jiffy, says Susan. Just pop the shirt in the washer.

Notice that new Madoca never wrinkles. It's permanently pressed reminds Anita. No ironing needed. Launders great commercially, too.

Love that subtle sexy luster of the Madoca fabric, purrs Margaret. At fine stores. **$7**

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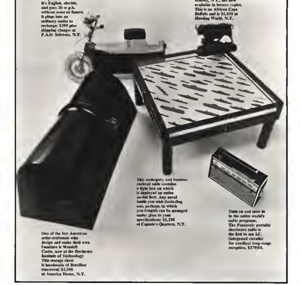
the style-makers

October: Gifts Exclusive

All summer, while you've been slouching around doing not too much to speak of, some skillful craftsmen have been energetic in your behalf. They've turned out a few unusual products for you to own or give in the weeks ahead. Here see five such—all new, all noteworthy.



Maybe not for the Hell's Angels but possibly for you: the Mini-Bike. It's English, electric, and goes 30 m.p.h. without noise or fumes; it plugs into an ordinary outlet to recharge; $395 plus shipping charges at F.A.O. Schwarz, N.Y.

Big gamesmen see in luck. A selection of the famous animal sculptures by Dr. James L. Clark of the Museum of Natural History, N.Y., are now available in bronze copies. This is an African Cape Buffalo and is $1,650 at Hunting World, N.Y.

This mahogany and bamboo cocktail table contains a light box on which is deployed an entire naval fleet. Any naval battle you wish (including one, perhaps, in which you fought) can be arranged under glass to your specifications; $1,295 at Captain's Quarters, N.Y.

Turn on and tune in to the entire world's radio programs. The Panasonic portable shortwave radio is the first to use I.C. (integrated circuits) for excellent long-range reception, $179.95.

One of the few new American artist-craftsmen who design and make their own furniture is Wendell Castle, now at the Rochester Institute of Technology. This storage chest is handmade of Brazilian rosewood, $2,500 at America House, N.Y.

Photographed by Steltner/Endress

KESSLER, THE INSIDE MAN

(Continued from page 125) sure that it goes instead. The vault door can be opened only from within. I have tested a prototype of this grenade many times. The fumes will finish out the men in the vault within seconds. I will be waiting in the hall when the door opens."

"But the foyer is loaded with guards," I said. "How are you going to get past them and up the stairs? And how am I going to pull a gun on the cashier without being spotted?"

"At eleven forty and thirty seconds, seven men with automatic weapons will enter the casino by way of the seaward terrace. They—and myself—are coming ashore in four two-man submarines I rented very inexpensively at the skin-diving center in Cannes. The foyer guards will, of course, rush to combat them, leaving both of us clear paths to perform our missions. I have done much study for this project. It will earn us the equivalent of three quarters of a million American dollars. The second largest share will go to you."

"Why? I seem to have the least dangerous job."

"But with the greatest risk afterward. The other men and myself are known to every policeman in Europe. We will be masked. You will not. However the chance of arrest is slighter than you might think. You have no criminal record and physically you are a type of American the insects at places like Le Ricot make a deliberate point of ignoring. You were declared invisible the day you arrived. You have been growing more invisible every day since. The police will get descriptions of you that could fit ten thousand tourists."

The implicit insult irritated me, even though I knew he was right.

"There is one other thing in your favor," Stavros went on. "I am the only member of the gang who knows who you are—or even what you look like. You will leave the casino when the raid is barely underway. Even if the rest of us are captured before the rendezvous, none of the others will be able to identify you. Some of them, I fear, will show little strength of character under police questioning."

Stavros spent the next hour and a half drilling me again and again on my role in the stickup. It was a great plan all right. He even had a power yacht, the fastest on the Mediterranean, standing by for our getaway to Italy. I'm sure everything would have worked out fine if I hadn't gotten lucky at roulette.

"*Rouge vingt-deux*," the croupier said the second time in a row. He shoved 210,000 francs worth of plaques onto my square. A silence fell over the chattering men and women around the table. Every face turned toward me. I did some quick figuring in my head: realized I'd won nearly $40,000 on two spins of the wheel. It had happened so quickly that, at first, I merely uttered a small obligatory chuckle. Then a cable tightened in my left cheek, producing a massive twitch that threatened to join my ear and the corner of my mouth. "Well, what do you know about that," I said. I wasn't thinking about the money, not yet. If it had been cash instead of ivory-colored plastic rectangles, I probably would have. It was the eyes that rattled me—the envious or what-will-he-do-now eyes of the other players, the flat eyes of the croupier. I wasn't invisible now.

I couldn't quit while I was ahead. If I cashed in my plaques, I'd have no reason to go to the foyer cage later. I couldn't just sit back and make small bets, wait out the thirty-two minutes until the stickup. With $40,000 in winnings in front of me I'd be under the constant gaze of the plainclothes security men stationed around the floor. There was only one answer—lose quickly.

The croupier's hand hovered above the wheel. "Does m'sieu wish to continue?" he asked.

I lit a cigarette, feeling a little sick, and said, "Leave it on red 22."

A murmur went through the assembled gamblers. The crowd around the table had tripled in the past minute and a half. My French was never too good but I caught the gist of the whispered comments: "The fat little American is crazy!"

They were still muttering when I felt a delicate tug at my sleeve. I glanced down and saw purple-veined fingers digging into the cloth. They belonged to a tiny, ancient woman with a toucan nose, on which perched diamond-framed pince-nez. "Pay no attention to them," she said in a British accented voice that sounded as though it were being filtered through a hole of mosquito netting. "You're going to win. I saw the same thing happen at Antibes in June of 1907. That was the summer my sister came down with dysentery. Oh it was thrilling. No one talked about anything else all season. You're going to win too. You'll see."

It was the old woman who started it, really. In a few words she gave me a nugget of mystic belief that sustains every gambler: hope that the laws of the universe could, every once in a while, go berserk. Red 22 might come up again. If it did I'd win more than half a million dollars. And suddenly I saw it as real money, not a bothersome abstraction. Sweat burst through my skin like sulphuric acid penetrating muslin. The croupier spun the wheel, sending the ball on its third journey.

"I tried everything." The old woman's words drifting up my right sleeve, were at once shrill and barely audible, like the death cry of a canary that had just had its throat cut with an ax. "I wrapped her in damp sheets for hours at a time and gave her calf rubs. We didn't know about Kaopectate then. I was the younger sister. It was hard. I wanted to be on the promenade but I stayed with her. Perhaps it happened because we stopped over in Paris. The water there is atrocious. . . ."

The ball stopped on red 22.

". . . And you can't even imagine the sounds that came out of the bathroom . . ."

The laws of the universe had gone berserk. At the table no one reacted at all, as if by practically cleaning out the house I'd overstepped the bounds of good taste. Anger banished the triumphant dizziness that went through me on seeing the mountain of additional plaques: more than eleven million francs worth. I hoped Stavros' gunmen would have to kill a few people when they attacked.

It was the first time in minutes that I'd thought about the raid. The full meaning of what had happened hit me. Stavros had predicted a maximum haul of three quarters of a million dollars and I'd already won more than half a million, every penny of it legal, in approximately twenty-four minutes. I was going to risk my life to help steal my own money!

"Play is temporarily suspended," the croupier said. The only face more ashen in the room must have been my own.

"I said all along you'd win," the old woman clucked.

The crowd opened before me as I walked toward the bar, trying to figure a way out of my dilemma. If only I could contact Stavros, make a deal. But that was impossible. I ordered a Dubonnet on the rocks, looked at my watch: eleven twenty-two. The tear-gas grenade under my right arm felt as heavy as a tombstone. I could take the money and run for it, I thought. Stavros' gullied face appeared between me and the possibility like a chrome-steel wall. He'd find me no matter where I tried to hide. I was attempting to force imaginary pictures of his vengeance from my mind when a silk-gowned woman sat on the next stool and said softly, "Hello, my name is Inez."

It was the redhead from the beach, the unattainable girl who had haunted me for weeks. Our eyes met—hers were the lustrous off-green of a piece of ginger-ale bottle worn smooth by sea water—and I fully appreciated what half a million dollars could mean to a man. I was about to answer her when the casino *chef de jeu* approached. "If m'sieu will accept a check in the event he wins further," he said, "we will continue play."

Realizing at last what I had to do, I barely heard the man's unctuous voice. "I am the only member of the gang who knows who you are or even what you look like," Stavros had said. I'd have to kill him when he came through the casino door. Even if the police caught me later, I wouldn't be in any real trouble, not for shooting an armed stickup man.

"Don't believe in pushing my luck," I told the *chef de jeu*, sliding off the barstool. "Would you have my plaques taken to the cashier. And tell them to speed things up. Have a plane to catch." I turned to Inez and smiled. "Thank you," I said.

It was almost eleven thirty. On the way to the foyer I dropped my gas grenade into a potted dwarf hibiscus. I remained by the cashier's cage while half a dozen attendants in footmen's uniforms paraded up with the trays holding my plaques. Directly before me was the front entrance; to my left the broad staircase to the second floor. I wasn't afraid. I felt rather righteous, the way any man would who was about to protect his property from thieves. The fact that I liked Stavros was disquieting, but I shoved it out of my mind. What choice did I have?

The cashier took nearly three minutes to total my winnings on an adding machine, write a chit and shoot it to the vault through the pneumatic tube. Twenty seconds later a cylinder returned. The cashier took a wad of ten-thousand franc notes from it, placed the money on the counter. A second cartridge clattered into the tray.

"My God," I cried, "they aren't going to send my cash down in those things, are they? It'll take half the night."

"Such is the customary procedure," said the *chef de jeu*, who had followed me to the foyer.

"Definitely won't do. You hustle some fellows up there and bring it all down at once. I told you I was in a hurry."

The *chef de jeu* shrugged. "All right. But it is a great deal of money, m'sieu. Perhaps a check."

"No," I said firmly. To this day I'm not sure why I insisted on cash. Possibly because I couldn't shake the notion, after weeks of conditioning, that I was robbing the place.

The cashier went upstairs, flanked by two uniformed guards. It was now eleven-thirty four; almost seven minutes to go. Pretending to hunt for cigarettes, I reached inside my jacket and flicked off the safety on my automatic. At eleven thirty-eight they reappeared at the head of the stairs, both guards carrying large suitcases. "The valises have been here since 1937," the *chef de jeu* said with a sigh. "They were never needed before. Do you wish the money counted in your presence?"

"Not necessary."

"We will, naturally, have the guards accompany you to . . ."

"I can take care of myself," I said, abruptly wondering if I really could. After all, how many academic poets have ever had to shoot it out with master criminals?

"The price of the valises has been deducted. They are two hundred francs each."

"Fine." My eyes were fixed on the second hand of my watch. When it swept past eleven forty, I turned toward the casino entrance—and saw Inez, the young redhead standing just inside the door, probably waiting for another crack at me. The guards, breathing hard, put down the suitcases. Get away from there, I wanted to shout at the girl.

It was too late. The sounds of breaking glass, feminine screams and submachine-gun fire poured from the main salon. Stavros' men had arrived. In under five seconds the foyer was almost cleared. The guards drew their revolvers and ran into the salon, the *chef de jeu* on their heels; a handful of bettors standing near the gilt mirror fled outside; the cashier scrambled into his cage and threw himself on the floor. The only visible figures were myself and Inez, who hadn't budged from her post by the door, a peculiar, intense look in her green eyes. I pulled out my automatic.

Then there was Stavros, his stocky body encased from head to toe in a rubber frogman's suit, a gas mask hiding his face. Holding a machine pistol close to his chest, he charged past the girl and ran up the stairs, leaving damp footprints on the carpeting. "Stavros has got the money," Inez called after him. "The American won all the money!"

Her warning so stunned me that I momentarily forgot about the gun in my hand. No wonder I'd seen the bitch everywhere I went. She'd been spying for the Greek; despite his fine words he hadn't trusted me all the way.

I raised my automatic, waited for Stavros to turn. But he kept going, unable to hear her through the skintight frogman's hood. She shouted his name again in a shriek that carried over the tumult in the next room. This time he got it. He twisted about, brought the machine pistol into firing position—and lost his footing, bouncing down the stairs on his rump, legs straight out in front of him. The machine pistol flew from his hands.

I couldn't shoot, not with his dignity shattered like that. Maybe I wouldn't have been able to anyway. Instead I hefted the suitcases and ran. An attendant had brought my rented sports car around to the front of the building before the raid. I threw the suitcases in the back, jumped into the driver's seat and hit the gas.

I hid out in a Cannes hotel. Stavros found me there late the next morning, two hours after my visit to the American Express office. I was sitting on the edge of the bed when he came through the door. Except for limping a bit as he came toward me he didn't seem especially angry. His ash-grey eyes were almost sad. Inez, wearing bell-bottom slacks, peered over his shoulder. "Raise your hands, Monsieur," he commanded.

I obeyed, pain stabbing up my right arm. The hand at the end of it looked like a knotted claw. I gritted my teeth and succeeded in opening the fingers.

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[illegible]

dropping a ball-point pen to the floor.

"Only Inez and I got away," Stavros said. "Only us. Where is the money?"

I nodded behind me. The bed was covered by hundreds of blue-jacketed booklets. "Right here. Five hundred and eleven thousand two hundred and ninety-six dollars in traveler's checks. And I've signed every damned one of them with my right name. Go ahead and shoot."

He knew I had him. By now my killing at Le Rical was headline news in every French newspaper and it wouldn't take the reporters long to trace my identity through American Express. If I were murdered or vanished mysteriously, the checks would be impossible to cash, even with the most expertly forged countersignatures.

Stavros put his gun away and sat next to me on the bed. "I do not really blame you for what happened." He sighed as he looked again at the booklets. "Even I would have been tempted."

"I'm honestly sorry," I said. "But it was my money, most of it. Giving up half a million for a chance at one hundred thousand just didn't make sense. And I want to do the right thing. After all, you staked me. I'll give you a third, okay?"

He placed his hand on my shoulder. "You are very generous," he said, "but I will need it all."

"No," I said.

"There are things you do not understand." Stavros' blunt fingers tightened slightly on my shoulder. "Do you know how old I am?"

I looked into his battered face. "Fifty?"

"I am seventy-three years old, Monroe."

Across the room, I heard Inez gasp. I guess he'd had her fooled too.

He continued as if he had not heard Inez. "I am seventy-three and all of my savings went into this enterprise. I was going to retire on the profits, take a sight-seeing tour around the world, then settle down in Greece. One-third of your winnings will not be enough. I come from a long-lived family. My mother was one hundred and seven when she died. I do not want to be penniless when I am one hundred and seven. I would rather go to the police and tell them, 'It was I, Stavros, who planned the Le Rical robbery. And my young American friend Monroe Keesler was the inside man.' A casino guard was killed last night, so they will put us in prison for a very long time.

"Do you believe that I speak the truth?"

"Yes," I said. His hand once again tightened on my shoulder and his fingers began digging in so deeply I was afraid the bone might splinter. "I believe it."

We're in Valparaiso, Chile, now. Stavros likes Valparaiso, says he may stay another six months. Actually, it isn't too bad. I have a comfortable room off the kitchen and, except for driving Stavros around, my only duty is signing and cashing traveler's checks. It's been two and a half years and he's only spent thirty thousand dollars, so I suppose the money will last quite a while. Inez pulled out last September while we were touring Newfoundland. I miss her. She used to sneak into my room occasionally after Stavros was asleep. I don't think she ever quite got over the shock of learning his real age.

I'm sure I could murder Stavros now without hesitation. I probably would if it wasn't for Feizal. He's a seven-foot-tall Algerian who joined us right after we left Cannes. Absolutely loyal to the Greek. Every once in a while I tell Stavros that I'd gladly sign over all the checks to him but he just laughs and says he happens to like my company. In point of fact, I think that he's too cheap to hire a regular chauffeur. Feizal can't drive.

Stavros sometimes lets me send a few poems to the States. My agent is very enthusiastic about my recent work. "I've never mentioned it before," he wrote back once, "but I felt your early stuff failed to catch the underlying despair of life in the twentieth century. But at the rate you're going lately, you ought to have a National Book Award under your belt before you're forty."

For all that I know, he may be right. ■

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THE WHEEL OF LOVE

(Continued from page 157) In a girlish indication of surprise. And chagrin. She said, "David, I don't think this is the right Sunday."

"What?"

"I don't think she meant today. She meant next week."

"Are you sure?" David said.

"I think so. . . . Isn't this silly?"

If she questioned anything, David lost his capacity to be certain about it. She might have doubted his own past, the years before she came into his life, and he would have had to struggle to retain it. So he said, "Well, whatever you say. I am not very anxious to keep going."

"I know."

"I like your mother, but. . . ."

"Mothers are all the same. Mothers, fathers," she said. "I hate your family and you hate mine, no, don't interrupt, I'm not complaining. Everyone knows these things. Well, what should we do?"

"What do you want to do? Keep on driving?"

"Please don't make fun of me."

"I wasn't. I'm just trying to understand you."

Nadia laughed. "But you're the one who's strange! How anyone can stay in one place, one room, for five years the way you did, the same job, same life. What should we do now?"

"We can turn around and go home."

"But maybe it was today? I can't remember," she said. "Today or next Sunday? It's always a Sunday. Why does she bother me, why can't she leave me alone?" she said angrily. "I have you now and don't need her. I wish she could understand that."

"What did you mean, just now?"

"What?"

"Not being able to understand me—"

"Christ, this car is hot," she said. The sun had broken through. Nadia rolled down the window and the air blasted against her face, whipping back her short dark hair. "I can't stand driving. I hate being so hot and sweaty. Tell me what you want to do or I'll drive off the road. I'll turn the car into that field."

"Just slow down," he said. He spoke carefully, though his head was pounding with pain. "It's all right, Nadia. You can park on the edge."

She let the car roll to a stop. Now the bright sunlight pounded onto the hood and through the windshield. "You don't want me to go anywhere again, so why should I? I'll stay in one place forever," she said. She snatched the keys out of the ignition and threw them out the window to the far side of the highway. They landed with a thin metallic ting.

"It's all right, Nadia."

"Nothing's all right."

"We can just sit here and relax for a minute."

She was breathing hard. Always, confronted with the real woman and not just with the memory of her, David felt how inadequate he was—how little he knew, how little power he had. She was like a rich, complex gift bestowed upon him, one he had received without earning and so could not enjoy. "Please don't leave me again," he said. He took both her hands and turned her to him; he pressed her cold hands against his face. They sat like this for some time, both breathing hard, nervously. He thought, If I look up at her and she looks at me in that certain way, it will mean something.

He looked up and her eyes, in their dark, strained sockets, were fixed on him. She smiled hesitantly.

"Here we are, in this one life," she said.

A surge of love for her rose within him. He loved her and he was not going to let her go. For six years he had been strong enough always to draw her back and he would be able to save her. Why not? Sunlight flooded the car and pounded on the side of his face, like the strength that coursed through his body and gave him such power.

About seven years before that day in early October, David had been in his old room a few blocks from the university waiting. He had waited part of a Monday and all day Tuesday, stepping out now and then onto the top of his landlady's back porch, which had been converted into a kind of balcony for anyone who rented the second floor. It looked out and down to a nondescript backyard, mainly crabgrass and dandelions, and

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finally to a board fence, behind that a few yards was a railroad track, on a raised column of ground.

He would have to go out the next day, but Tuesday he could stay home, waiting for her, and at the thought of her coming to him he felt his heart pound violently. He was like a machine or a complicated toy whose parts have begun to speed up, inside. In the medicine-cabinet mirror his face looked the same, his skin pale but cool, almost clammy. He had the look of a man who is waiting.

Every hour he turned up the radio volume and listened to the news. Listening to the news was like sliding downhill. At first there was confusion and pain, then you got numb, then you were at the bottom and could not remember how bad it had been. He listened, sweating, to the urgent details of crisis in China, Berlin, Cuba, and then to details of crime in Washington and finally to items about little children whose dogs had been found after two weeks, or children whose cats had been rescued from trees by the Fire Department. Then he turned down the volume again. He went out on his makeshift balcony and leaned on the railing, looking out into the rich golden air of early autumn and sometimes not even thinking about Nadia, not even thinking her name.

She did finally come, that evening. She had been breathless, with her long hair disheveled about her face. David stared at her hungrily to see what she was bringing him, and she looked back at him and smiled. It was all right. He drew her into the room and closed the door and they stood looking at each other, afraid to let their excitement show. She said, "We've been talking about it for two days, nearly. All last night and today. I told him how I felt and he understands, it's all over. He understands." She half-closed her eyes, those languid bluish lids, in an adolescent expression of relief.

"Here, sit down," David said. They were furtive, bumbling like children playing at being adults. "I bought this to celebrate in case there was something to celebrate."

"Did you think I might not come?" she said, looking at him shyly.

It took him a while to get the cork out, and his face flushed. She laughed with him, her own cheeks hectic and red. When she held up her glass for him to fill he noticed how it trembled in her fingers.

"No. I knew you'd come," he said.

Even now, awkward as she was, this young girl knew the secret rhythm that women have for moments of intimacy; she was awkward but not embarrassed. She sat back with a gesture of exhaustion that was only pretense, childish pretense, and smiled at him over the rim of the glass, a lovely dazzling smile that meant she had come a long way, a very long way to this room. "My God, my God," she whispered. There was so much to say, so much to ask, that David could not begin. He sat smiling as if enchanted, staring into a light that was radiant but blinding.

She had first appeared to him as an indifferently ordinary body, a girl in the company of other people. He could not truly say when he had first seen her, but she remembered her first impression of him because of course he was someone special—even the least of professors is a public personality. All this was teasing, droll, but something in him hungered for it: her heavy antique bracelets, her old-fashioned sapphire ring, and that air she had at all times — even when sloppily dressed — of belonging strangely to both the present and a personal, private past. She was not a college student but instead the wife of a young instructor, and she explained rapidly and defensively that she had not graduated from college, oh, she had dropped out in her second year. And then she would pause, as if only now did she recall why she had dropped out, and the recollection was unpleasant. "What I want is to get out of here. This city. I want to go back home, where my mother is," Nadia would say, gently and persistently, so that anyone who heard her knew she was demanding something. Of her husband she said little: "It was a mistake. I was too young. He'll be happy to stay here forever. And he listens to the opera on the radio, any opera, all day Sunday." She spoke in a rapid, clipped voice, flushed at her vulgarity but really not caring, and carrying it all off

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The amazing XJE-IV Solid State Miniature Memocord — the Atomic Age Recorder with built-in Microphone and Speaker – will dictate, record and transcribe uninterruptedly for one full hour.

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This precision instrument, not much bigger than a package of cigarettes, is a must for every businessman, professional, student and teacher. Ideal for correspondence, dictating, transcribing. Use it to record lectures, business conferences, seminars. The amazing Memocord's faithful voice reproduction will keep for you permanent records of conversations, oral agreements, depositions, verbal on-the-spot reports of accidents or events. This remarkable instrument will even pickup and record both ends of a phone conversation. Keep it at your side constantly... use it anywhere, anytime — in your office, home, car, airplane, hotel room. A permanent record [illegible] and keeper that can save you and even help you make thousands of dollars each year.

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Ship immediately complete MEMOCORD XJE-IV unit for 15 DAY FREE use without purchase obligation. If not delighted, we'll simply return the unit in which case we'll owe nothing, pay nothing. Otherwise you will bill @ $79.95 (plus shpg.-hndlg.) without delay. Memocord outfit includes tape reels, batteries, complete instructions, illustrated guide ... and if our order is received within Ten Days we also get (1) Private Monitor Device (2) Patch Cord and (3) Sensitive Telephone Pickup. Terms available to executives and professionals only, offer rescinded without notice.

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CITY ____ STATE ____ ZIP CODE ____
☐ CHECK HERE IF YOU WISH TO PAY EXTRA FOR AIR SHIPMENT
☐ CHECK HERE FOR FREE DELIVERY. FREE EXTRAS. FASTER HANDLING!
If you enclose payment now, thus saving us considerable time and bookkeeping costs, we pay all regular shipping, handling and insurance costs. You get faster delivery. Also for prompt payment-with-order you receive FREE, in addition, a $10.00 Combination pick-up-speaker unit for conference use, $10.00 shockproof case. 15-DAY TRIAL with immediate refund if not satisfied.
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☐ Charge my Diners Club Account # ____
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Pernod is a drink of a different color. Clear golden in the bottle. It turns opalescent yellow when you add water.

Pernod is a drink of a different taste. The intriguing licorice flavor of anis.

Enjoy Pernod the French way, with ice and water in a tall glass. Or the American way—'on-the-rocks'—with a splash.

Tired of your usual drinks? Then Pernod—the different drink—is for you.

90 proof

The Oddball

whimsically and brusquely. She had decided to take a night course, not for credit, and so she had walked into David's life, idle and always perfectly dressed, with an odor or look about her of clear, sun-drenched days at the shore and a dark, studious gaze of utter frankness. She had always worn sleek high heeled shoes that made her long legs look even longer and more slender than they were, and made her shoulders arch slightly and the curve at the base of her spine show as if she were sucking in her breath. Her hair was loose on her shoulders and it did not make her look casual so much as restless.

And so she had run up his stairs and into his room, this elaborately furnished and cluttered room he had had all to himself for years, and changed both their lives. In his arms she was like treasure scooped up and flung upon him by the sea, overwhelming him, sweeping him along with its fragrant odor and its rich, heavy, entwining embrace, something that looked and felt soft but was strangely ornamental, even glittering. No one existed except them. There was no one.

David woke to hear a vague sputtering, some static: just the radio over on his desk. Its dial showed in the dark, a dim orange, but he looked away and forgot it. She asked him something sleepily and he answered, telling her nothing but giving her all she wanted—the sound of his voice. The moment was sealed within itself, David thought, and nothing could change it, as if he and this girl were on an island together, able to read in each other's eyes the opaque secret of life—huddling together, embracing, loving, thwarted only at having at last to come apart and be two people again. All of the world must be straining against his windows to get a glimpse at them, he thought fiercely, all of the world must be sick with jealousy to know that it could never have what they possessed together ■

47 PLACES IN AMERICA TO BUY LAND AND MAKE MONEY

(Continued from page 144)

functions for its clients, who include wealthy individuals and corporations with surplus cash. Property Research has nine Ph. D.'s on its staff who analyze each possible purchase.

They have broken down Southern California into 693 of what Mr. Johnston calls "micro areas," small sections that they weigh against each other.

"In locating them, we first eliminate urbanized areas, then mountainous terrain and government land," he says. "We also eliminate properties that have an unfavorable price for the area or negative factors such as flood-control problems that are not readily correctable."

Then, he said, the researchers make more detailed studies of zoning and highway and utility patterns and an to analysis of individual parcels.

"Again," he said, "this is a process of elimination as well as valuation. First we overlay the master plan for the area, indicating future highways, freeways and the zoning. In addition, we analyze population projections and translate these into an overlay."

Only at this point, he said, does Property Research begin to analyze individual tracts, considering them from the angles of geology, resources, best possible use, possibilities of rezoning and, finally, price.

Property Research Corporation has a highly complex operation that starts with persuading the original owner to sell his land often in an unusual type of transaction that creates a tax haven for high income investors. Instead of making a down payment on the principal, the investor makes a prepayment of interest, usually equal to about twenty percent of the purchase price. Sometimes the deal is part principal and part prepayment of interest.

Since the interest is tax deductible, the buyer is making his purchase with tax dollars. And since his tax bracket is usually fifty to seventy percent, his actual cost is only thirty to fifty percent of his outlay. If an investor in the fifty percent bracket buys a tract of land with a prepayment of $20,000 in interest, he gains control of a $100,000 parcel of land at an actual cost of only $10,000.

Then if his parcel appreciates ten percent a year—the

that
high-powered look

For the man who zoomed to the top so fast it almost looked easy. The fast-moving Samsonite Silhouette Two-Suiter. Lots of style. Lots of space. Special fixtures for packing suits without wrinkles. Light, sturdy magnesium frame. Concealed locks that stay locked. Tough scuff-resistant exterior of Samsonite Absolite® that stays like new. $45.00

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Ask for Virgin Islands Rums-the next best thing to being there.
U.S.Virgin Islands Rum Council, St.Thomas,Virgin Islands

We have an opening for a Bellows customer in Short Hills, N.J.

One of our Short Hills customers moved away last month.

We suspect he went to Florida because our sales there spurted suddenly last month.

It's fairly easy to keep track of Bellows customers. There are only a couple of hundred thousand of them at present. Most can afford gilt-edged labels, but they stick with us. This is sensible.

Since 1830, we've made it our business to make the finest liquors possible. And sell them at a reasonable price.

Our Club Bourbon, our blended whiskey (Partners Choice) and our gin are splendid products. One can put together an excellent party with only the Bellows label. And without great expense.

Yet, the public at large passes us by. Maybe our unpadded prices have scared people off.

But things are looking up. New customers are bobbing up all over the country. One liquor store in Pelham, N. Y. sold out of Bellows last month.

It's too early to say there's a trend to Bellows. But there's a lot of activity at the precinct level.

What this country needs is more Bellows drinkers.

Bellows & Co.

Bellows & Co., New York. Blended Whiskey • 65% Grain Neutral Spirits • 86 Proof. Gin distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits • 90 Proof. Kentucky Straight Bourbon • 86 Proof

---

ESQUIRE'S BUYING GUIDE

The fine stores, listed below, make it a point to stock the fashions editorially featured in ESQUIRE (or similarly-styled merchandise). Why don't you make it a point to shop their counters for all your fashion needs?

Arizona
Phoenix ... Henry's
Tucson ... Dave Bloom & Sons

Arkansas
Little Rock ... M. M. Cohn

California
Glendale ... Webb's
Long Beach ... Buffum's
Los Angeles ... The May Co.
San Diego ... The Highlander

Colorado
Denver ... Cottrell's

Connecticut
New Haven ... Edw. Malley Co.

Delaware
Wilmington ... Harvey's

District of Columbia
Washington ... The Hecht Co.
Washington ... Bruce Hunt

Florida
Jacksonville ... May Cohens
Miami ... Burdines
Miami Beach ... Burdine's
Tampa ... Maas Brothers

Georgia
Atlanta ... John Jarrell Inc.

Hawaii
Honolulu ... Liberty House
Honolulu ... M. McInerny Ltd.

Illinois
Chicago ... Carson Pirie Scott
Chicago ... Rothschild's
Joliet ... Carson Pirie Scott
Peoria ... Carson Pirie Scott
Rockford ... C. V. Weise Co.

Indiana
Fort Wayne ... Meyers & McCarthy
Indianapolis ... L. S. Ayres

Iowa
Des Moines ... Kuchare's

Kentucky
Louisville ... Rodes

Louisiana
New Orleans ... Maison Blanche
New Orleans ... Stevens
Shreveport ... Selbers

Michigan
Detroit ... Hughes Hatcher Suffrin
Flint ... Roberts David Alan
Grand Rapids ... Herpolsheimer's

Minnesota
Minneapolis ... Donaldson's

Missouri
Kansas City ... Eddie Jacobson's
Kansas City ... Jones Store
St. Louis ... Famous Barr

Nebraska
Omaha ... J. L. Brandeis

New Mexico
Albuquerque ... Henry's

New York
New York City ... Broadstreet's
Rochester ... National Clo. Co.

Ohio
Cincinnati ... H. & S. Pogue
Cleveland ... The May Co.
Columbus ... The Union Co.
Dayton ... The Metropolitan Store
Toledo ... Stonehouse's
Toledo ... Lasalle's

Oklahoma
Oklahoma City ... John A. Brown Co.
Tulsa ... Renberg's

Oregon
Eugene ... Bon Marche-Russell's
Portland ... Meier & Frank

Pennsylvania
Philadelphia ... The Arrow Shop
Philadelphia ... John Wanamaker
Pittsburgh ... Gimbel's

Rhode Island
Providence ... The Outlet Store

Tennessee
Chattanooga ... Miller's
Knoxville ... Miller's
Memphis ... Julius Lewis Co.
Nashville ... Cain Sloan

Texas
Dallas ... Sanger-Harris
Dallas ... Jas. K. Wilson
El Paso ... Union Fashion Ctr. Co.
Ft. Worth ... Monnig's
Houston ... Foley's
San Antonio ... Joske's of Texas

Utah
Salt Lake City ... Arthur Frank
Salt Lake City ... ZCMI Dept. Store

Washington
Spokane ... Harvey's

Wisconsin
Madison ... Olson & Veerhusen
Milwaukee ... The Boston Store

True tiemaking craftsmanship demands inspiration. A case in point, the Gobelin Tapestry collection shown here, inspired by famous old world artists. Rich looking in hand finished imported silk. By Liebert, of course. At fine retail establishments.

a Liebert bespeaks elegance
CRAVAT

after shave, after shower,

after anything...

Brut by Fabergé
if you have any doubts about yourself,
try something else.

average for California land in recent years but considerably below the rate of gain for well-chosen growth property—his cost is recovered the first year. If it continues to appreciate at the same rate and he sells it at the end of the third year the investor gains not twenty percent but two-hundred percent of his investment — less, of course, taxes and carrying costs. He is then taxed on his profits not as normal income but at the lower capital gains rate.

Leverage — this control over considerable wealth with only a small investment—is one of the advantages of land dealings over stock buying cited recently by two professors of the University of California at Los Angeles. The two, in counseling financial analysts in their trade journal, noted the margin requirement of seventy percent payment for stock purchases.

According to Johnston, his investors perform an important economic service by "warehousing" land for builders and developers. While they hold the land, his company prepares a master plan for its development designed to show its best and highest use—and to enhance its value.

While land in large tracts usually costs less per acre than small parcels, builders usually cannot afford to stockpile on such a large scale. Property Research breaks up the big tracts and releases parcels to builders as they are ready for more land.

The company seeks land that is three to seven years away from development, a time that is considered the period when values rise fastest. It attempts both to buy and sell within this period. The company seems to do fairly well for itself in the process. It charges the original seller ten percent for finding a buyer, and when the investor sells Property Research is usually the broker, collecting another ten percent, this time hopefully, on a considerably higher price.

A company that operates on a similar plan but with a narrower specialty is the GWR Land Company which puts its own money into investments along with its clients'. GWR Land specializes in buying giant farms and ranches that can be split up and developed as recreation land and resorts. GWR manages the investment, the development and marketing of the property without a management fee and shares equally with its clients or investing partners in the costs and profits. But, like Property Research, it charges a commission on the sale and resale.

Terence Ragan, who manages the affairs of the various land syndicates, claims an average gain of thirty five percent a year in the values of the properties it has handled.

In the past, Ragan's company, like Property Research, has handled investments for wealthy individuals, such as corporate executives, show-business personalities and a noted surgeon for whom Ragan cited a purchase of 9,300 acres. The latter paid $57 an acre and sold it a year later, Mr. Ragan said, for $110 an acre.

GWR Land has recently started a "group purchasing plan" with a syndicate called "30 Doctors." The plan, which Ragan says will be repeated with other properties, is designed to attract investors with as little as $2,500 in venture capital.

The research based land companies seem to be a phenomenon peculiar to fast-growing California, but the type of operations they sponsor is not peculiar to any region. In fact the bidding by speculators has become one of the major factors in the land-price spiral in many sections of the country.

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All imported long filler and 100 per cent natural leaf — skillfully rolled with aged rare English Market Selection wrappers to enhance the luxurious bouquet. The first choice of smokers everywhere who enjoy the taste and superb aroma of fine imported leaf.

Illustrated: #95 English Market Selection. Full 6¼" long slender Corona Premium Quality Cigar. 35¢ each. Imported heavy Spanish cedar cabinet of 25 — $8.00.* Cedar cabinet of 50 — $16.00.*

Actual Size

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*Prices are approximate and subject to state and local taxes

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Made of aromatic imported cedar. Holds up to 10 large cigars—perfect for traveling. Order now and we'll pack it with three 35¢ Cuesta-Rey #95 English Market Selection premium quality cigars and send it to you for less than the price of the cigars alone. Send coupon below and $1.00.

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Enclosed is $1.00. Please send my Traveling Man's Humidor packed with three #95 English Market Selection premium quality cigars.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE ZIP

Before the uninitiated investor gets involved in this, realty experts say, he should have two things: good advice and money he can get along without for several years.

The advice is not hard to find. Bankers, title-insurance companies, chambers of commerce and lawyers can tell him who the land specialists are among the brokers in their areas. He then chooses his adviser the way he would a stockbroker: by reputation. He visits his chosen broker, discusses his investment aims and tries to determine what he can do.

The broker's first advice is likely to be this: "Bring money."

The more money the investor has the better. His latitude in choosing between parcels of land with any amount of money will vary, of course, in different parts of the country, but in most fast growing sections brokers will advise a man not to bother looking for land if he has less than $10,000.

With $10,000 several courses are open to him. If he pays cash, he can get five to eight acres on the fringes of growth in the Northeastern metropolitan region. If he uses his $10,000 as a down payment, he can get twenty to thirty five acres, depending on his financing arrangements.

While it is possible to find parcels as small as these, they are not plentiful. The investor and his broker can expand the possibilities by looking for a farmer who might be willing to split off part of his holdings. A variety of arrangements—advantageous to both buyer and seller—can be made by which the farmer during the investment period could continue to cultivate the land he sells, especially in areas where rising taxes, reflecting a higher income destiny for the tracts, erode the farmers' profits.

With the same $10,000, the buyer could find a small farm in growing areas of the Piedmont Crescent of North Carolina, a state that has more small farms than any other. This section is anchored at its southwest tip by Charlotte and Gastonia, sweeps up to embrace the Winston-Salem-Greensboro-High Point triangle and reaches eastward to Raleigh, the state capitol.

Land prices there are somewhat lower than they are in the growth areas of the Northeast. And, because of the number of the state's small farms there is less disparity between acreage prices for large and small tracts, according to Charles Weill, the Greensboro counselor and broker.

In some sections of the country, near highly developed urban centers, the prospective land buyer with $10,000 to spend would get this advice: "Bring more money."

This could be translated as "forget it"—but not necessarily. If the would-be land buyer knows other people with similar resources and investment aims, he can invest his $10,000 as part of a syndicate, or partnership. But many brokers are wary of land syndicates and caution against them unless they can be sure of good management, that each partner knows the others, that all have the same aims and good prospects of accumulating more capital to put into the land if need be, and that the articles of syndication are carefully drawn by legal experts so that the entity can be sure to survive a withdrawal by one or more of the partners.

When the broker starts his search for suitable land, he checks his own files, consults other brokers about their offerings and checks with owners who might be willing to sell. If more than one broker is involved, they share any commission.

Theoretically the help the investor gets from a land broker costs him nothing since the seller traditionally pays the commission. Obviously, however, any costs of the sale are included in the purchase price. Commissions can range from the ten percent asked—though not always obtained—in states like California and New Jersey down to the five percent minimum charged by some of the brokers in North Carolina.

A man planning to invest $10,000 or more is likely to be cautious, as of course he should be. He will check a land broker's reputation before seeking his help. But even then a doubt may lurk in the back—or the front—of his mind. How—since the seller almost always pays the commission which the broker cannot earn until he makes a deal—can the buyer be sure the broker isn't more concerned about making a sale than about making a thorough search for the best possible parcel?

The fearful investor, in an effort to make sure of the broker's first allegiance, can arrange to pay the commission himself and negotiate a corresponding reduction in the purchase price of the land. But most brokers say this is an unnecessary precaution and may alienate the best possible advisers who take pride in their ethical standards. These require them to make an earnest search, to give advice based on their full knowledge and to make full disclosures about the property and their positions in relation to the buyers and sellers. They can accept only one commission in a deal, in any event, whether it is paid by the buyer or the seller.

"I have to live by my reputation and repeat business," says Weill. "I can't afford to worry about the commission. If I do my job for the customers and clients, the commissions will take care of themselves."

Nothing, of course, prevents a land buyer from retaining an independent counselor, separate from the brokers involved, if his investment is large enough to justify the expense. The counselor's fee would be negotiable and would vary widely according to the individual and the services performed.

If the buyer is still worried, he can consult appraisers, bankers, lawyers, accountants or general investment advisers. Then, if he is still afraid, he had better forget about land investments. His nerves will never be able to stand the strain. ##

PUBLISHER'S PAGE

(Continued from page 8)

the [illegible] If caring about beauty in our lives, we have paid a heavy price for our indifference. I think that if a concern for aesthetics had been infused into large numbers of Americans fifty years ago, we would not have so much squalor and ugliness in our cities and towns today, and we would have done a better job of preserving both the attractive things we have around us—the past and the countryside we have sometimes desecrated in the pursuits of profit and convenience.

"Success in this endeavor would mean greater numbers of corporation presidents who believe there's something more to building a new plant than finding the lowest cost per square foot. It would mean taxpayers who believe that if we're going to put up public housing, we might as well do it right and erect handsome structures that will still be good looking twenty years from now rather than replacing slum tenements with a more modern slum. It would mean citizens who believe that architecture can appropriately go beyond putting up a glass-and-steel box with some Greek nymphs out in front spouting water out of their mouths and holding concrete cornucopias filled with plaster grapes and cement pineapples. It would mean, in sum, a generation of Americans with a sharpened sense of taste and a concern for excellence in every aspect of their lives."

Taken in context with Steven Roberts' piece about him, that last sentence alone reads like "A Man Who," as applied to J. Irwin Miller.

Cream of the jest, although it was the Republican John V. Lindsay who first whetted this magazine's interest in him, it is the Democrat Lyndon B. Johnson who, of all men in public life, has so far shown more understanding and in fact made more use of Irwin Miller's talents than his own party ever has. More power then, to the man who said "let us reason together" for being the first to recognize the excellence of this Man for All Reasons.

Wouldn't it be ironical if, in the end, it should be the Democrats who were to figure out how to get him to run?

—A.G.

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MY TRAVEL AGENT IS

*Tour price based on 18-21 day economy 15 person group fare from New York. We'll form the group! And 2 people in each car

(Continued from page 123) color and WE DO NOT CATER to serve INTERSTATE travelers because the government denies your right to eat here by refusing to let us operate our business segregated if we offer to serve you. It is a police state we have, just like Lyndon Johnson said we would have if the Civil Rights Act of 1964 should be passed. OUR SUNDAY MENU—skillet-fried chicken, 58¢."

On February 1, 1965, Maddox appeared in Federal Court charged with contempt of a court order compelling him to serve Negroes. On March 17 he was tried for pointing a pistol at a Negro who tried to enter The Pickrick. An all-white jury deliberated forty-seven minutes and returned a verdict of not guilty. Several hundred people gathered at the old Pickrick to watch him erect and dedicate a monument to the "death of private property rights in America": a small white building with a twenty-foot tower in the base of which copies of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution were placed side by side in a coffin, symbolizing, to Maddox, "the end of freedom."

Since his election, he has seldom exploded in public. He has stopped criticizing the Johnson Administration. And he has not turned Negroes away from the state capitol. "Patton never became the general Ike did because he slapped a private in public," he is fond of saying. Although he hasn't done much of anything in the way of legislation ("I reckon I'll get around to that soon," he keeps repeating) he has shown some action. He issued an order banning miniskirts in the capitol and has insisted that all male staff members have their hair cut above the ears. He also went after the gamblers, knocking on the doors of the crap joints before going in, announcing each time, "I always knock the first time. After that anything goes."

He kept his promise to close down the gambling houses on some U.S. highways. ("The honeymoon is over," cried one local casino owner.) He speaks to Sunday school classes warning against the pitfalls of alcohol, and even backed up his own sermons in a scandal which has become known in Atlanta as the "Bucky Redwine Case."

Bucky was a young all-American Gary Cooper type businessman (Mr. Deeds *before* he went to town) who was like a son to ol' Lester. As a reward for his aid in Maddox's campaign, he was appointed executive secretary, arriving almost simultaneously with a Maddox warning to the new staff that nobody was ever to be caught with liquor either on his breath or in his desk as long as Lester was in office. Two months later two young students from Yale and Ohio Wesleyan were picked up in Bucky's car, charged with being in possession of six cans of beer. The students and their dates were under twenty-one, and one of the girls worked as a secretary in Maddox's office. Although Bucky's only guilt had been to buy the beer, Maddox called a TV press conference at which he condemned anyone on his staff who drank. The Atlanta press had a field day zooming in on close ups of the Holy Bible while Maddox fumed and Bucky Redwine sat by with a wad of gum in his jaw telling the reporters: "He reminds me of the father who told his li'l boy, 'Climb up on this ladder and jump in Daddy's arms.' Four times the kid jumped and four times his Daddy caught him. 'Now go all the way to the top and jump all the way down to Daddy.' The child hit the ground with a splat, and the Daddy said, 'Now. Don't trust nobody. Not even yore Daddy. That's the first lesson in the big world.'"

It was also a lesson to the Lester watchers. He is a man of his word. Two Wednesdays a month he opens the doors to the capitol on "Little People's Day," sings *God Bless America*, his favorite song, and makes the press join in. Shortly after his appearance on *Meet the Press* he even backed down and appointed four Negroes to state jobs, a revolutionary act which caused one state senator to remark, "Lester don't care how high a nigger gets as long as he don't get close."

The slim silhouette of the one button "Milano" features the unmistakable styling touches of Fiorentino, in the bold, bright, fashion-right colors for Fall. Compare and you'll choose Top-O-Mart. From $100. At Fox Men's Wear, Bronx, N.Y. · P. Ravazzini, San Francisco · Osmuna, Warren & Pontiac, Squire Shop, Indianapolis · Michael's, Kansas City, Mo. and other fine stores.

Top·O·Mart D'Angelo

Top O Mart Clothes. New York Showroom: 1290 Ave. of the Americas, N.Y. 10019. Factory: Vineland, New Jersey

Who's afraid of Virginia Maddox? Well, just about everybody. One Atlanta hostess told me, "She never gets invited anywhere. Well, she won't go to cocktail parties and you don't think I'd give a sit-down dinner and serve Dr Pepper, do you?" Everyone in Atlanta still talks about her appearance in the local news on Maddox's first official Little People's Day. While everyone in town sat in their living rooms watching, Mrs. Maddox suddenly appeared before the cameras in the foyer of the capitol. Cotton wash dress. Hair a mess. "Are you here to participate in the governor's Little People's Day?" asked the newsmen, shoving mikes into her horrified face. "Naw, ma'am, can't rightly say I am," came the reply. "I jes' come down here to get Lester to sign this check so I c'n go buy some groceries."

Even with the right men hired to moderate his speeches, Lester has a hard enough time with his own public image without worrying about other members of his family. When I asked him for an interview with the First Lady, he peered over the top of his glasses, turned red as a beet, and said, "She don't talk much." Nevertheless, after several messages relayed to state troopers at the mansion, an appointment was made. It was Mrs. Maddox's first interview for a major magazine. She was preparing to move into the new executive mansion, but could I drop around to the old one about noon?

I decided to drive by the new one first. Well, you should see it. Elevated on a sixteen-acre clearing on West Paces Ferry Road in the fashionable Buckhead residential section of Atlanta, it gleams like an alabaster castle in the white heat of a Southern summer surrounded by magnolia and cottonwood trees like the set of an old Jeanette MacDonald movie. Nobody tried to keep me out, so I walked right in through the swimming pool and up the stairs past shiny metallic kitchens, a bathroom of white Georgian marble with a sunken tub, lemon yellow suites overlooking Grecian gardens, parquet and marble floors, a sauna bath, a glittering chandelier hanging fifteen feet from a cream-colored ceiling—all held together by more than thirty fluted white columns on four sides of the house. Two Atlanta housewives were busily inspecting the bookcases in the library with a measuring tape. I followed them into the grand ballroom, seventy-three feet long and thirty-nine feet wide, where five hundred can be accommodated at state dinners. "Couldn't you just die, Lucille," said one of them to the other, "all those beautiful dinner parties and the crystal full of buttermilk?"

The sun shifted high in a hammock of cotton-candy clouds as I pulled up the driveway of the old mansion. A couple of state troopers were leaning on straw back chairs in the back of the house. Guns glinted bright metallic glows from their holsters. One of them drawled cautiously, squinting his eyes from the sun, "You hafta wait in yore car til Miz Maddox comes home. Wait a minute. That's her drivin' up now."

A dark blue sedan roared into view angling in under the shade of magnolia trees tall as the Statue of Liberty. A state trooper got out of one door and a soft, primly dressed woman in a raspberry-colored dress with matching budget-shop shoes and purse stepped out of the other. She walked into the old house from the driveway without looking back, and the state trooper, measuring the distance between us with the end of his thumb, motioned me to follow.

Old floors creaked and moaned under the weight of our feet. Voices echoed through the near-empty halls. Dark, cool stillness settled around the rooms. Brief glimpses of plum-colored light seeped in from the shutters, which ran from the high ceilings to the floor. Mrs. Maddox kept walking, not turning around. The walls were pink. The rugs were pink. The ceilings were pink. Everything was dim, as though the sun had never been there. She led the way, like a sergeant on field maneuvers, to the vastness of the living room, paused near an old brocade sofa that had been upholstered to take to the new mansion, touched it gently and turned to the state trooper. "I declare I don't think they did a durn thang to this ol' thang."

"No ma'am, it don't look like it to me neither."

She noticed me for the first time and smiled weakly. A soft sun ray peeked through the shutters and played with her hair. I took an informal hand, soft as freshly baked bread. Standing close to her, I smelled Johnson's Baby Powder. "You want Co-Cola?" she asked, and the state trooper went off to the kitchen to get it.

I asked her if she was excited about the move to the elegant new house. "Yeah, but you know that's a awful big place for Lester 'n me. We got two kids still livin' at home, but it's not the same. We just sold our own house. It was much nicer 'n all this. We moved in here January fifteenth and you know sumpin'? I jes' wouldn' unpack fer two days. This durn place was so big I couldn' even find a percolator. By the time you walk from the kitchen to the breakfast room all your food's cold. They got me some prisoners from the state work farms, but Lester still wants me to cook, and I jes' can't cook fer all those politicians he brings aroun' here. He don't like anything but fried chicken."

"Doesn't he eat anything but chicken and collard greens?" I asked.

"Well, you know sumpin'? He used to be right finicky, but we went up yonder to Washington, *Dee Cee*, y'know, and that Lady Bird had a dinner party for all the guv'nors and Lester eat everthing they shoved in front of 'im."

The state trooper brought our Cokes, wrapped in napkins which bore the state seal, and let himself out the side screen door. "They're real good to me, them boys. All them doors stay locked and they don't dare come in without callin' up from out back first."

She was warming up. "Where you from?" I told her I was born in the South. She got friendlier. "What magazine you say you were writin' for?"

"Esquire. Do you ever read it?"

"I b'lieve it's one of them men's magazines," she said negatively, adding quickly, "But I believe it's a good 'un. I mean, they don't print any pitchers of nekkid wimmin, do they?"

She continued. "Dontcha jus love it down here? Lester was born and raised right here in Atlanta. His daddy was Dean G. Maddox and he worked as a roll turner at a galvanizin' mill right up to the time he died five or six years ago, bless his heart. I was born in Birmingham. My daddy was Mr. S.O. Cox. We left Alabama

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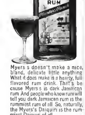

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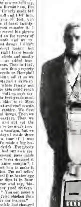

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when I was six months old, so I don't know a thang about it. My daddy worked for the railroad, but he quit durin' a strike one time and opened a grocery store and never went back. I don't have much of a head for dates, but I'll try to help you some for your story. I married Lester when I was seventeen and he was twenty. We been married thirty-one years. My girl friend and me used to ride our bikes in front of his house. He had a li'l pigeon coop rigged up in front where he sold candy and Nu Grape soda and evertime he saw me he'd say, 'Virginia Cox from Birmin'ham, I'm gonna marry you.' He only made $18 a week at a steel mill and I tol' him, 'Lester Maddox, you ol' fool, you gonna hafta make at least twenty-sumpin' 'fore I'd even *consider* it.' I finally gave in. He moved his pigeon house up the street on the corner of State and Fourteenth and we expanded it to sell hot dawgs. I didn't know a thang about makin' hot dawgs, but I was right there beside him. We had four stools and mostly a carry-out trade—we added hamburgers and ice cream. Then in 1947, I think it was, we saw this property grown over with weeds on Hemphill Avenue. They couldn't sell it so we got it cheap. We started a drive-in. That's where the whole family got started. Soon as the kids could reach the counter they'd wait on curb service. We bought the best-grade meat and people took a likin' to it. Most places buy pore meat and stuff it with bread. I was the cashier. We first started out with hot dawgs. Then we started servin' breakfast. Then we opened at eleven and cut out the breakfast. It got to be too much trouble. We never had a vacation, but we didn't care. Some days I made three hundred pies at a time if I was pressed for help. We made a big business outta The Pickrick. Everybody in town came. We had our own special recipe—had special pans made up to fry it in. We never dropped it in deep fat. You know sumpin'? I can't teach the cook how to make it right in the mansion. I'm not tellin' you a story. He'll put it in beaten egg and milk before he dips it in flour. My chillrun sit down and say, 'Mama, this is not your fried chicken.' You know sumpin'? You can make a lot more money in fried chicken than you can in this guv'nor biness."

I asked her if her life had changed noticeably since she had become the First Lady of Georgia. "Yessuh. It sho' has. I gotta go to the beauty parlor all the time. I always did my own hair but when I got into this politics business some folks sat down 'n tol' me, 'Now you gotta dress just right or people'll criticize you.' Yessuh, they do. They crit-icize. I get letters from 'em. I said, 'Lester, I don't think I c'n look good all the time like they want,' and he says to me, 'You jus' gotta make a effort.' So I try. I had me a seketerry for awhile but she had a baby and quit on me. Now I have to read all the letters myself. Now you know what he's gonna do? He's gonna open the new mansion up five days a week to the public. He says, 'We only gonna be in there four years but the public's gonna be a-comin' the rest of their lives,' and I says, 'Lester, I jus' don't believe I c'n handle all that. All them school kids trespassin' in an' out all day long. I wouldn' mind three days so bad but five is more'n I c'n handle.' So we got us a man we'll pay out of our own salary to supervise things. He's even gonna make out the menus 'cause I don't know nothin' 'bout that stuff, and we can't feed people fried chicken all the time. You know that kitchen's only got two stoves in it? I'd go crazy cookin' for all them folks in there on those two stoves. Sides that, I still got the payroll to make out down at the furniture store."

The Maddoxes have four children: a married daughter named Linda Densmore (twenty-nine) who helped her father as his private secretary during his campaign, a single daughter named Virginia (twenty-seven) who works as a "seketerry for Du Pont but you don' wanna advertise *them*, they git enough publicity without us hornin' in", and two sons—Larry (twenty), an employee of Lockheed Aircraft in Marietta, and Lester Jr. (twenty-three) who was arrested for burglary in December 1965, during his father's campaign, when police found him taking $3,098 worth of merchandise from a TV appliance store. ("I offer no apologies and seek no sympathy," said Maddox on TV, his face turning pomegranate red. "However if the Communists and the government of Lyndon Johnson had not destroyed my business, my family would have stayed together and escaped this tragedy.") A bond was posted for Lester Jr., who was released pending a hearing, later put on probation. He now works in his father's furniture store.

"We don't none of us see Lester much. Only time I see him regular is at breakfast, but he's gone pretty near over' night. I didn't ever like politics 'cause I always get left at home but now I get to go some of the places. I been to Washin'ton *Dee Cee* twice. I also went to Delaware for their centennial and Lester got out of the car in the parade and started shakin' everybody's hand and left me alone and the people in the street jes' laughed at me when they looked in and saw a woman inside where it said 'Governor of Georgia,' so I tel' the lady drivin' the car, 'I believe I'll get out and walk too 'cause they lookin' for *him*, not me.'"

She was laughing and talking now, sipping her Coke, over the soft hum of a mower out on the lawn. I asked her if she had ever tried to interfere during all Lester's ax-waving incident at The Pickrick. "Nowsuh. I never interfere with anythin' he does. A person oughta run his business the way he sees fit. I didn' mess in his business then and I don' now. I don' think I been down yonder to the capitol over three times since he's been there. He's the guv'ner and they sure don' want the wife down there."

I asked her about his ban on mini skirts. "He calls 'em long blouses. Well, I didn't know nothin' 'bout that till it was on the TV station. That night he came home and I had let out the hem on a long dress of mine and he didn't even notice. 'How do you like Mama's new dress?' one of my daughters asked him. 'Well, I think it looks jes' fine.' I said, 'Lester, I don't know if you noticed or not but my ankles are showin'.' I don't think he even knows I got ankles. But you know sumpin'? I don't think the capitol is the place for them things. They don' even let 'em wear those in my beauty parlor. I do some of my tradin' at Rich's and I never saw any of the clerks dressed anythin' but conservative. Most of the people like what Lester's doin' in office, includin' the Nigras. I went down to Crawford Long Hospital to get a checkup the other day and saw this old colored man name of Ozell who used to work at The Pickrick and he says, 'Mis Maddox, we're real proud of the Guv'ner but he made one mistake: he hired somebody else instead of me to cook in that new mansion.' I thought that was nice."

We had talked the day into afternoon shadows. I got up to leave and she walked me to the screen door. "I really enjoyed it," she said. "I don't see many folks 'cause I never know what they want me to say. Not too many of 'em come here to the house. We had the Hubert Humphreys one morning for coffee. She's a real nice lady. Course are women always understandin' each other. I didn't have much to say to him though. Then my nephew from up North come down here on his way home from the Army with his room mate. I believe he was one of them I-talians. Seemed right nice, though. I'll be glad when this four years is up and we can get back down to normal. I tol' Lester, 'This is the hardest four years I'll ever spend. This is harder work than The Pickrick.'" Hand on the screen door, gesturing out over the gardens. "You know sumpin'? We lived in one little house with one bathroom and six people for twenty years but we never did have a bit o' trouble with that bathroom. Never did one of us wanna git in there when the other'n was usin' it. Now we got nine bathrooms and nobody to use 'em."

Back on the Maddox trail, ol' Lester was stealing the show from the Holstein cows at the Putnam County Dairy Festival. Riding down the main street of a little hick town called Eatonton, the home of Uncle Remus creator Joel Chandler Harris, he jumped over the side of his car in the parade and went into action, shaking hands, kissing babies and exchanging folksy talk. He darted into stores asking the proprietors, "How's business?" "Fine, and yours?" "Never been so good." He leaned over white-trellised front porches to shake hands with old ladies rocking in the sunshine and grabbed an uncountable number of babies from their mothers' arms, thrusting them into the air with glee. "This is where it all began years ago," he told the crowd of rednecks. "this is Maddox country."

His bald head glistening with sweat, he handed the white carnation in his lapel to a four-year-old who took it, looked at the beaming governor, threw it on the ground and yelled for his mother. Then ol' Lester told a group of young Negro schoolchildren standing in a frightened cluster on the curb, "You got to make A's in school. That's what we want." He was home.

But the air in Atlanta was filled with anything but gaiety. Maddox was being roasted in the press for the war he had recently begun on church bingo, which had been unwisely announced at the same time as a raffle at his own furniture store for a "free $299 Serta perfect sleeper set with king-size mattress." ("Meanwhile back at the store," cried The Atlanta *Journal* editorial page, "we notice that a furniture store closely identified with Mr. Maddox [so closely that it runs his picture in each ad] is itself having a kind of raffle like.")

On another page a Catholic Archbishop and Maddox's own Baptist preacher were having it out over the mini-skirts. "I do think that the rags worn in our slums are far worse than the mini-skirts allegedly worn in the statehouse," said the Catholic. "We do not take our faith from a foreign power," snapped the Baptist. "I don't think he'd know a mini skirt if he saw one," sniffed one of the governor's own secretaries, summing it up.

And the governor himself, promising me one last meeting, arrived at Atlanta's WAII TV to face a stern-looking group of political interviewers. *What are you doing about the filthy conditions in our prisons?* they demanded on the air.

"I invited all the wardens to lunch and conditions are being improved," said ol' Lester, wiping his brow nervously, the sweet memory of the morning's prayerful cheers in Maddox country fading away in the harsh reality of the afternoon's inquisition. Only minutes after his statement the TV newsroom received an Associated Press flash announcing a surprise raid on a state prison work camp revealing that Negro prisoners were still being charged six cents for five-cent stamps locked in the cafeterias and not allowed to lie on their bunks on rainy days, fed bologna, beans and water (no milk) at every meal, and allowed only one two-hour visiting privilege every two weeks. Maddox looked like he might faint.

What is your stand on gambling? asked the commentators.

"Gambling is bad. It can lead young people to drinkin' and assault and dope addiction."

What are your plans regarding George Wallace and his third political party? They leaned forward. This is the question plaguing everyone not only in Atlanta but in Washington. Maddox denies being close to the Wallace administration in Alabama, but it is a known fact that when The Pickrick had problems with the federal government, Wallace aided him financially, calling it "the only American thing to do." Now, when Wallace visits Atlanta, state troopers line the capitol and liberal state politicos walk out of the General Assembly, but Lester meets George and Lurleen at the airport, even gets down on his hands and knees and straightens out the red carpet.

"I hadn't made up my mind yet on this subject. I'm flexible. Lotta folks up yonder in Washin'ton who wanna see Georgia on their side. We are the heartbeat and the hub of the South."

The Maddox brand of press-agentry continued for half an hour until they asked the final question. *Governor, you are always doing a lot of talking about free enterprise. Just what is your definition of free enterprise?*

Ol' Lester fumbled nervously, wiping the sweat off his bald head. "Well, when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock they tried socialism a couple years. Then they put all their corn in one pot and nearly starved to death. They learned socialism wasn't the best thing after all, and neither was communism. We gotta learn the same thing. It's every man for himself."

He left the broadcast blushing, not sure whether he had made a fool of himself or not. "Everthang pick rick?" he said to two blonde secretaries in the reception hall. "Everthang's pick rick," they giggled.

He motioned for me to follow him into the men's room, where he talked to me over the top of one of the partitions. "How y'awl like Atlanta, son? Y'awl been gettin' everthang ya need?" He washed his hands with disinfectant soap and asked if there was anything else I wanted to know.

"One thing I don't understand," I said. "What does the word Pickrick mean?"

"To pick means to he'p yerself, son, to choose. And rick means to heap it on. You pick it and we rick

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AZTRAN by B.F.Goodrich

it." I told him I had heard some good things about the restaurant while it was open "Yes suh You could get all the fried chicken you could eat for a dolla. I jes' loved that place, son It grieves my heart not to be there"

In Georgia a governor cannot succeed himself It's four years and out. Did he have an eye on Washington when his term expired? "Naw suh. I jus' wanted to see how far a li'l feller could go I wanted to see if this was still America"

He walked cockily toward the glass doors of the TV station 'How you, Charlie? Haven' seen you in a coon's age Lake How's the wife son?' His bodyguard, hand on his holster, swung between Maddox and the rest of the room

'Boy I'd like to hear how he's cussin' us now ' said a commentator as Maddox headed down the walk.

'Son, you jus' come on back down here fo' years from now and you gon fin' me givin' up this here guv'nor stuff right back in my furniture store jus' a pickin' and a rickin'," said Maddox, waving at me

He stepped into his blue Oldsmobile parked at the curb and his driver stepped on the gas. 'Ride 'em, cowboy," howled the newsmen from behind the glass doors. But all they got in return was a "Y'awl be good now, yo heah" and a crooked-tooth grin as the car drove away in the dusty afternoon ##

AUTOMOTIVE IMMORTALITY

(Continued from page 110) nervously and rapidly into the receiver He hangs up He picks up a huge wrench and faces me

Ptoo! I spit at the floor "You filthy pig!" I am in a rage

Ah . . . what's that? Sirens? Yes Sirens in the distance They are screaming and Fritz is smiling He is pleased The sirens are screaming and he is pleased He is a pig

"Perhaps we can make a deal Fritz—eh?"

Deal? What kind of deal?"

"You fix the Edsel and I will give you eighty four thousand dollars But you've got to fix it before those sirens arrive"

"Make it eighty five "

"All right It is a deal

He runs to his workbench, throws something under the fabulous hood and shuts it tight. Then he opens the door and starts the motor. The sound is wondrous, symphonic! I am laughing Fritz opens the door for me I grasp the wheel joyously He is holding my necktie in his fist, however, and his upturned palm is under my nose

"It was the carburetor all along, wasn't it, Fritz?"

'Yeah you guessed it, you old fox Now pay up'

I reach into my jacket pocket and insert my pygmy poisonous dart-blower in my mouth and blow the lethal missive into his chest I drive out of the huge doorway and start making—as they say—the getaway

In the rearview mirror I see the sirens approaching The lovely sirens. They are coming nearer and nearer They are coming out of the sky. The lovely sirens with the long flowing hair and the voluptuous bodies They float out of the sky and come at me out of my rearview mirror Alas! And I am totally alone. There is no one to lash me to the steering wheel I am gone gone forever They are carrying me away away down the highway and across the vast hayfields to the sea, the green sea and I ride the churning sea, the churning green sea My Edsel has become amphibious It is no doubt due to the new carburetor that poor Fritz installed so deftly may he rest in peace I have achieved the impossible automotive immortality No wear, no tear I am driving now the eternal car The wheels float upon the waves and the motor is silent and while one siren blows the spray from the windshield another holds me in her arms and all is peace and greenness and I drive the green seas forever ##

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IS IT TOO LATE FOR A MAN OF HONESTY HIGH PURPOSE AND INTELLIGENCE TO BE ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES IN 1968?

(Continued from page 93) *Chemical Dictionary* and the Bible A trip to Russia with church leaders several years ago started a binge of reading about that country Lately he has been reading books on American history carted home from Yale by his eldest daughter

Miller also rereads the classics which he first got "hooked" on at Taft a Connecticut prep school he attended for several years before going to Yale "I had a father" Miller explains, "who not only felt I should learn these languages but barely managed to conceal his disappointment that I didn't also study Hebrew"

Miller confesses to a consuming interest in politics which also comes from his father Hugh Thomas Miller had been a professor of history and languages at Butler University in Indianapolis when he fell in love with one of his students Nettie Irwin Sweeney He later was elected lieutenant governor of Indiana In 1914 he was nominated for the Senate and defeated He planned to run again for the other Senate seat in the 1916 election, but had to withdraw because of a siege of tuberculosis. The family then returned to the Irwin mansion on Fifth Street in Columbus, where their children grew up under the watchful eye of six strong adults the Millers Grandfather Sweeney (the local preacher) and his wife a spinster aunt and Irwin's great uncle Will Mrs Sweeney's brother the man who made the family fortune The conversation Miller remembers, often turned to politics

"Any Hoosier considers himself violently concerned with politics that's just endemic in this state. My father thought that it was nearly a mortal sin not to vote in every election. And furthermore in each election he would bring out a list of all candidates on both sides and at the breakfast table before the election he would drill the whole family on the pros and cons of everybody He took this very seriously Whether it was dogcatcher or what he looked them up"

Along with his civics lessons, Miller imbibed the tenets of Republicanism, although he has often had only disgust for a state party dominated by the likes of former Senators William Jenner and Homer Capehart And he has not hesitated to turn against the party when it nominated a man like Barry Goldwater But he believes party affiliation is important

"I don't really believe in being independent. I think that the place of influence is in the primary and in the selection of candidates If you leave initial selection up to others you have no choice No political party is going to please you one hundred per cent or even very much of the time so you pick the party that outrages you the least and that's the one you join. In a two-party system each party is going to have a very wide spectrum of opinion"

Despite this interest Miller has had little actual experience in politics His most active role probably was in raising funds for General Eisenhower prior to the 1952 Republican Convention He has contributed

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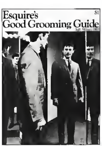

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THE SVETLANA PAPERS

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WHEN STARS WISH UPON A STAR

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BLACK AND TAN POWER

From those who would sock you on sight to the passive residers, a thorough look at the Negro Establishment based on the various degrees of militancy. Which four leaders have been in touch with the North Vietnamese? William Worthy's article tells all.

Long Enough to Cover the Subject

And short enough to be interesting—is the mini-skirt a phenomenon of our times. Mini-skirted Carol Sebring demonstrates the inherent difficulties posed for the wearer, if not the viewer.

also to a variety of candidates, including John Lindsay. A group of Indiana businessmen urged Eisenhower to appoint him Secretary of Commerce in 1958, but the President remained unmoved.

Miller has taken on several advisory jobs, all of them, he insists, "reluctantly." The Committee for Economic Development appointed him to a special group commissioned by Eisenhower to study the stains of money and credit. The group's recommendations, submitted to President Kennedy, included the rather startling suggestion that the President have the power to raise or lower the income tax rate by five percent without consulting Congress.

Lyndon Johnson has made more use of Miller than his own party ever did. In 1965 the President appointed him chairman of a commission which recommended liberalization of East-West trade. Johnson subsequently submitted legislation embodying the commission's flexible approach. About a year ago the President made him chairman of another commission studying health, manpower and services.

Last spring Miller was named to two more commissions, one studying the post office and another the role of big business in rebuilding the slums. "I'm afraid," he said with an audible sigh, "the President has a very short list."

Would Irwin Miller make a good candidate? He's not so sure. "I'm not a candidate," he insists, "and that's not because I despise politics. I have great admiration for men who have the capacity to go through the electoral process and I know myself well enough to know I'm not that kind of a guy." Daughter Margaret, however, says he once had definite political ambitions that were killed more by a lack of opportunity than a lack of interest. And if Irwin Miller were ever to get the opportunity to run for office—just as if John Gardner or Kingman Brewster were to get it—one suspects the G.O.P. would be shaken to its roots. He's a man who doesn't accept many assumptions without first questioning them.

When Miller talks about politics the grooves in his high forehead deepen with concentration. He takes a long time to answer each question, the breath whistling softly between his teeth as he thinks. He has a refreshing reluctance to talk about subjects that he does not know intimately, and it should be made clear that he has never asked to be considered for national office. His views were thus broader and less specific than might be expected of an avowed candidate, but after a while the shape of his political attitudes began to emerge. He summed up his essential outlook this way:

"If liberal arts teaches you anything it ought to make you aware of how you got where you are, and what are the real values there, and what are only appearances. Then when you come up against the problems of your own time you're able to make a distinction between the real values and fashion. I'm inclined to give a couple of quotations. I'll show you where liberal arts was really defined."

He pulled his Bible off the table behind him, leafed through it quickly, and read from the fifty-first chapter of Isaiah:

"Look to the rock from which you are hewn and to the quarry from which you are digged.' This is what

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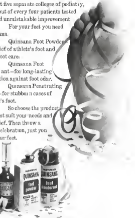

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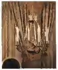

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liberal arts does for the young man. Never forget where you came from, and how you got there. This doesn't make you a conservative, this doesn't make you always want to go back to something but this gives you your base. And you understand that many things that seem to you to come naturally and very easily were in fact won the hard way. And it's very hard to value them because you didn't participate in the fight for them. So you may let loose of the form but you don't let loose of the substance. This leads to another quotation.

"To the new generation the word 'patriotism' is a bad word, isn't it, a really bad word. I looked it up the other day in the *Oxford English Dictionary*. It's a bad word all the way through. Samuel Johnson called it the last refuge of a scoundrel. So I've been interested in what might be a valid definition of patriotism. Tacitus was a very conservative person but there is to be found in his *Annals* an electric phrase which says, 'this praiseworthy competition with one's ancestors.' Well, this is a very exciting and valid definition of patriotism. It means making an objective, realistic appraisal of the accomplishments of ancestors, understanding how difficult of achievement these were, under the circumstances in which they were worked, and a determination to see if you can't do something comparable under your own circumstances.

This is a valid definition of patriotism. Not merely to change nothing. Not merely to repeat worn-out phrases, or to wrap the flag around you for the purpose of ending discussion. But to say, I'm going to accomplish in my own time something comparable to the accomplishments of my ancestors in their time. It may mean you would appear to wreck the joint in certain respects. But such could be a patriotic response by a political party, and it could be a patriotic response for an individual. It might mean you went to jail sometime but so did many of our most revered ancestors."

Miller is essentially a pragmatist. You do what works, not what is supposed to work according to some preconceived notion. Ways of solving problems must change as conditions change if you are going to pursue effectively the same basic ends. This approach leads directly to an indictment of the Republican Party.

"We are not offering the country relevant, exciting leadership today," Miller declared in a speech to a Republican women's group several years ago. "We are not leading. Since 1930 the party has reacted rather than acted. It has elected to respond to Democratic initiative rather than to initiate a program of its own. . . . The danger for all of us lies not in any inability of ours to solve problems and meet needs, but rather in our innate reluctance to face problems and to change."

This reluctance has left most Republicans clinging to a basic assumption—that private solutions, without consensus public leadership, will alleviate major social and economic problems. Assumptions about almost anything run against Miller's pragmatic grain. "I think we have seen that a lot of things don't happen automatically," he said wryly. "We've got our problems with race and they don't solve themselves automatically; neither have our problems with the big city. Most of our major problems I think we can say have not

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naturally solved themselves.

"In Indiana we have the attitude that we are not going to let the big Federal government come in here and impose the welfare state and pump a lot of money in," he continued. "This would have a lot of merit if we then said the second thing: we are going to solve our problems ourselves. We are going to tax ourselves and appropriate the money necessary to solve them. A weakness in this State is we didn't state part two. We stated only part one."

The reluctance of most Republicans, especially Republicans with business backgrounds, to accept political change and more public efforts to cope with change strikes Miller as ironic. "First of all, any businessman who did not accept change in his own business would soon go broke. The engine which would have swept the market ten years ago is unsalable today," he said. "The American businessman has always talked one way and acted another. And if you look at him closely, the way he acts is better than the way he talks. All right, he doesn't act in politics, he only talks.

"Furthermore," Miller added, "I don't know of anybody in business who really wants business unregulated. Usually it's for the other fellow to be regulated. The core of all this is a recognition that there have got to be some rules in this complex, fast-moving, interactive society we are in. Nobody wants the whole society free to run loose."

Miller's own belief in continual change comes largely from his business experience. Cummins Engine was founded in 1919 by Clessie L. Cummins, a local lad who started by driving cars for the Irwins and then convinced them to invest heavily in his schemes to perfect a diesel engine. By 1934, after several spectacular failures, Cummins had developed a superb engine, but his business sense was as bad as ever. The company had about a hundred employees and a huge deficit—and thus seemed much more challenging than the family enterprises to Irwin Miller, just home from two years at Oxford and ready to engage in "praiseworthy competition" with his forebears.

Today, Miller notes with subdued pride, Cummins is the largest family business. (Mr. Cummins sold out many years ago.) Its sales last year reached $331,800,000, mainly in diesel engines for trucks, which have such a high reputation that buyers of Ford vehicles often request Cummins engines as optional equipment. (Cummins has fourteen plants around the world and the diesels are sold virtually everywhere but in Eastern Europe, which makes its own.)

The Republican resistance to finding new ways of solving problems is particularly critical today, Miller believes. As he talks, one discerns his feeling that modern America is beset by revolutionary forces. And these forces make it necessary for a party that aims at national leadership to reassess constantly its goals and programs.

The revolution, which might be called a revolution of aspirations, has three elements. The first is that the poor want a part of American affluence. Miller described the situation this way:

"Up until recently, man had a lot of simple goals. He was in danger of starving, he was in danger of being beaten up by his neighbor, he was at the mercy of storms, nature and drought. All the current historical needs of men we have either solved or demonstrated the capacity to solve. The big questions now are those of fair shares. Who gets what? There is enough for everybody, provided we do all the things we have the capacity to do. So fair shares is the problem."

At the same time that the poor are demanding a share of material prosperity, those who already have a share are looking for something else. Beyond affluence, Miller contends, lies a second revolutionary aspiration—the opportunity for self-fulfillment.

"Even twenty years ago there were a lot of people who thought in terms of wanting an icebox, a washing machine and an automobile. In our case we have an example of what I think is progressively going to be the case for the whole world. Once you get the icebox, the automobile and the washing machine, what then? We discover that there is something missing. And I think it probably relates to the opportunity for personal achievement. I don't want to get more specific because then you start sounding like a preacher."

The third aspiration is really part of the other two: the chance to have a say. Miller put it this way:

"There are lots of aspects of the New Left which absolutely outrage me because they are merely declaring themselves out. It's irresponsible—accepting all the material advantages of society, assuming these as a right, but accepting no responsibility. Then there's another aspect of the New Left which sounds not unlike the Founding Fathers. They said, 'I don't care whether Great Britain gives protection to the colonies, and I don't care whether the colonies are costing more than Great Britain is getting out of them. I want a say in what goes on here.' In the Thirties you had the poor or the disadvantaged merely wanting welfare. You get a new voice today which rejects the welfare state unless you have a say in the part that affects you. I think that a great deal of the unrest that you find in business is a feeling on the part of people that they want a say. You have the students who want a say in the university. You have the poor who want a say in their programs. All of us feel maybe we want a say in foreign policy, which is a little more difficult. You have developing nations who want a say in what happens to them. This is a new kind of thing."

The irony is that just those institutions which increasingly dwarf the individual, and in which he wants a say, are so large because they are extending the benefits of an affluent society to so many. The welfare department of a big city is so impersonal mainly because it helps so many more people than ever before. The University of California is so large because it is giving many more youngsters the chance to get an education. Cummins Engine has seven thousand workers in Columbus because it can make increasingly more products for more uses. But as the institutions grow, the individual diminishes in relation to the whole. The human scale of things is lost. The problem, then, is to preserve the advantages of size while reducing its desperately serious drawbacks. Miller put it this way:

"I think we're suffering some of the pangs of bigness, and growth, and impersonality, but you can't avoid being big. So many of the undertakings you want to accomplish in this society can't be accomplished except by very large groups. Even the New Left wants the things made by the assembly line or the education at a large university. You've got to solve the problem of how you take on a big activity, but make bigness your servant, not your master."

Miller believes that the revolution of aspirations has provided an opportunity for both political parties to go beyond the New Deal and devise new relationships among a wider range of institutions—relations that would both solve problems more effectively and give the individual a larger say in the process of solving them. The basic change of relationships should involve a new cooperative effort between business and government. "Business," he said in a recent speech to a startled audience of entrepreneurs, "should itself become the revolution, and become an instrument of social reform and change." He elaborated this way:

"At the risk of oversimplification, it appears to me that we're about to

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make a new discovery in this country. In the Thirties, we felt that the private system had broken down, and that the answer under the New Deal was for the government to solve large areas of problems. This was done and much of it was absolutely essential. I think we are now about to make another discovery. And that is that the size and complexity of the nation is such that government isn't big enough to solve the problems, and that many of the problems can't be solved except by using the enormous potential of the private sector."

This appeal to the wonders of private industry is different in a basic sense from the dogma of "free enterprise" that has been part of the Republican catechism since Rutherford B. Hayes graced the White House. That dogma has been an excuse to bury problems, to avoid public efforts to alleviate hardship and suffering. Miller is saying that government has a responsibility for the public welfare but can carry it out more effectively by enlisting allies. "This doesn't mean that government should abandon leadership or turn it over to the private sector," Miller insisted. "The responsibility rests heavily on government. It's just that government has to marshal more forces than its own."

In his own life Miller represents the kinds of private institutions in addition to business that could be enlisted in the pursuit of the public good. As president of the National Council of Churches from 1960 to 1963 he was a major force in moving the council to become one of the staunchest allies of the civil-rights movement. During his tenure as a trustee, the Ford Foundation expanded its contributions to anti-poverty community organization and civil-rights projects. Yale University, of which he is a life trustee, has played an important role in redeveloping New Haven through urban renewal, and in contributing personnel to such programs as legal aid for the poor.

Miller is reluctant to detail specific ways for business to cooperate with government but he enumerated several areas in which they are already working together: job training, health, scientific research, air pollution, the rebuilding of slum housing, and education. Miller stressed, however, that any effective cooperation would have to promise business either a profitable market or sufficient tax incentives. Business is not yet a philanthropic enterprise.

If Miller usually talks in terms of approaches rather than specific programs, he does get riled up over one issue—racial discrimination—which he once called "a sort of national insanity." He ascended to the presidency of the National Council of Churches just as the first sit-ins were rumbling across the South. He soon helped form the Council's Commission on Religion and Race, whose energetic support of civil rights earned it an unremitting attack from right-wing extremists as "soft on communism." His paper credentials are impeccable: he helped to organize the March on Washington, helped the President on civil rights bills, and was one of three church leaders to organize the National Conference on Race and Religion in 1963. But his personal feelings go deeper than boards and agendas and programs. He is disturbed, yet curiously sympathetic, with the turn toward black anger and black power. More prosperity and better education means little unless it is backed by a commitment to justice—a commitment that has not yet been made.

"Maybe for the first time here are some people who just plain gave up on this country. I would assume that there are always people who are inclined toward violence or extremes in many ways. But if your society is normally healthy and there isn't real justification for their violence, they don't get anywhere. What bothers me is the extent to which their hopelessness is justified and the extent to which they saw constructive legislation passed and nothing changed in the specific areas in which they found themselves. I doubt whether these leaders would have been listened to at all had there not been a feeling of hopelessness from which this violent talk got a response."

Miller prefers nonviolence not only as an ideal but as a tactic. "Nonviolence tormented the American majority so hard it couldn't stand it," he said with a slight grin. "But when people see violence they are relieved. It lets them off the hook in respect to their own guilt."

One group Miller wants planted firmly on the hook is business, but he does not depend on guilt to swing them behind the revolution of aspirations.

"It ought to be self-interest that moves businessmen to identify with the revolution. If they are really far-sighted, if they could really get out twenty-five years and look back, they'd say, 'I wish I had done that.' The only thing that will prevent them from doing it is shortsightedness, and the lack of awareness that they can not flourish in a sick society. Here is a place where I think business and the professions are often shortsighted. They somehow feel they can flourish regardless of what goes on outside their walls. Most of the groups that perished in the world felt that way."

Religion is an important part of Miller's life and he is deeply devoted to the Campbellites, now known as the Disciples of Christ. He emphasizes that the sect was started on the Midwestern frontier in the early nineteenth century as a reaction against the fragmentation of Protestant denominations. It thus stresses the 'core of belief' common to the Judeo-Christian tradition and leaves the individual a great deal of freedom on nonessential matters.

It was Miller's belief in the importance of ecumenism that led him to become so active in the National Council. It also led him to leave the church his grandfather Sweeney had once preached in and for which his family had financed a spectacular edifice designed in 1941 by Eliel Saarinen. Miller does not like to talk about the dispute and will say only that his grandfather's successor "just did not believe in the ecumenical movement."

After his break in 1955, Miller and some friends started a new church and several years ago moved into a building designed by Eliel Saarinen's son, Eero. The soaring structure, standing stark and grey in a former cornfield, is based on a hexagonal motif that symbolizes the Star of David and the Jewish roots of Christianity.

The church is perhaps the best of several dozen structures that make Columbus a virtual museum of modern American architecture. Fascinated by architecture from his youth, Miller told the city fathers many years ago that if they would select outstanding architects to design their school buildings, the Cummins Engine Foundation would pay the fees. The school buildings include designs by John Carl Warnecke, Harry Weese, Norman Fletcher, Edward Barnes and Gunnar Birkerts, and a new library designed by I. M. Pei is under construction.

In addition to his own extensive philanthropies, which concentrate on religion and education, Miller petitioned the courts several years ago to permit him to give away thirty per cent of the income—the maximum allowable deduction—from sizable fortunes inherited by his two oldest children. He explains why.

"There was considerable uneasiness in my family at having possessions, and most of the uneasiness probably came from our religion. There was a feeling that maybe you didn't have any right to wealth unless you personally took charge and worked it, and unless you handled it as a trust, rather than as a possession. If you didn't work it yourself, if you didn't work it in the general interest, then maybe you shouldn't have it."

The town Miller came home to work in has grown from 8,000 to 25,000 in his lifetime. The townspeople have become prosperous from the rich soil and the hulking industrial plants that have gradually eaten into the surrounding farmland. The only time Miller left for a long period was during World War II, when he spent two years on the U.S.S. *Langley* during the battles for Truk, New Guinea and Iwo Jima in the Pacific. That experience satisfied an urge in him "to do something on my own," and since then he has never considered leaving. I asked him why.

"Living in a small town means to have some roots down. One of the unhappy features in this country is the fact that so many people have moved so many times that they really don't feel that they're a part of anything. I really very much like the base of a small town. You're less isolated than you are in the big city. You still get to be part of a whole community. I suppose you give reasons to support what you like, so I don't know how good the reasons are. But I like the base of contact on Main Street. That's why I don't have my office out at the plant. I keep it down here. A sense of being part of Main Street, I suppose."

But if Miller is a part of Main Street he is not a provincial. His business and church affairs have taken him all over the world, and he approaches foreign policy with the same flexible and pragmatic attitude he brings to domestic issues. His terms of discussion, however, are inevitably conditioned by the Cold War. As chairman of President Johnson's advisory commission on the subject he advocated vast expansion of East-West trade. But his reasoning belied his perception of the Soviet Union as adversary.

"It's very clear that through the denial of trade to the Soviet Union we have no power at all. Unilaterally we can't stop them from doing anything as one nation. On the other hand the fundamental economic forces have enormous powers to influence the Soviet Union. If there was anything we could do to bring the Soviet Union into the field of world trade and help it become responsive to forces of world trade, we can help change the choices of the Soviet Union. They may have to start acting like capitalist trading countries or they can't buy."

He is not, however, merely an anti-Communist or "an anti-anything." He is pro-American—not as the country is, but as it should be. He said:

"There are two ways in which you could avoid influenza. You could go all over the room with a microscope and a squirt gun and try to kill every influenza bug in the room, or you could make yourself sufficiently healthy so that you could throw off the germ. The second way is more practical. That way is to make this society so healthy that its operations are self-convincing, that it really is the kind of place it pretends to be. You make this country resemble what we say it is in our Fourth of July speeches and I think that many of our present problems would begin to diminish. We have to keep our promises."

When the subject of Vietnam came up he twisted uncomfortably and took several minutes before he began his reply.

"As a businessman I know how easy it is to tell any other businessman how he ought to operate, and how complex and difficult I think my own problems are. So therefore I think anyone who's in a position of management is apt to be extremely reluctant to second-guess somebody else because he knows that choices are not usually between the good way and the bad way to do something but almost always between two bad ways. Either way he jumps the manager knows he is going to do something wrong."

Miller has basic sympathy for American policy. "I do subscribe to the general statement of principles that the government lays down as to what the issues are, and I don't know what a different approach would be. But I approve of our presence in Southeast Asia and I don't think we can just get out until we find a sensible way to end the fighting."

But when he is pressed Miller expresses at least two reservations about American efforts to find an end to the fighting. The first is that the United States government acted virtually alone, assuming—in the same erroneous way it does domestically—that it can solve all problems by itself. "Certainly unilateral intervention is going to be a last resort from now on," he said. "I can't think of any situation where the U.N., if it will act, as a concerted movement of all nations involved isn't a preferable way to go. But I can conceive of many cases where we will fail to gain them and still be faced with the problem."

Miller's second criticism, which is more implied than stated, is that the United States has been too inflexible in searching for a negotiated settlement and has not "taken enough risks" in that search.

"I've bargained with customers and unions all my life and there are a couple of principles that commend themselves. One is that you never say no. You get a lot of propositions put to you which are thoroughly unacceptable. I think it's wrong to say no. You usually always leave a proposition on the other fellow's table which is reasonable and you try to put him in the position of saying no. I would think that over the last twenty years our pattern of saying no to China and Russia and other countries is not as good as one in which we would have put them in a position of saying no to us. World opinion would have been much more favorable to the U.S. and would have supported our policies better—and world opinion is a more powerful force than any other we could bring to bear on Hanoi."

To illustrate his point Miller told a story about two frogs who fell into a barrel of cream. One gave up hope of being rescued and drowned. The

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other started thrashing around and churned up a pat of butter, which he clung to until he was saved. "We've got to keep thrashing around," he said.

This is a time for thrashing around in American politics. The national government of the United States can no longer be considered all-powerful or all-knowing—nor should it be. It cannot rebuild the slums any more than it can keep the peace in Asia without help. There is a need for new ways of organizing public life in the face of new conditions and new aspirations in both domestic and foreign affairs. But finding new ways to be both efficient and just requires a flexibility and a concern for human values that remain alien creeds to most Republicans who have the political support to run for President. It is heartening and discouraging to find Republicans who embrace these creeds—but are never considered by their party for public office. The irony is that the consistent unwillingness to change that is so often the trademark of the Republican Party is the one way to guarantee that the American ideals it professes to hold so sacred can never be fulfilled. #

100 YARDS AND 60 MINUTES OF BLACK POWER

(Continued from page 89) lice officer pulled up beside it and, motioning one of the boys to raise his window, shouted, "Say, which league is Alphonse Dotson going to sign with?"

Now, when the last of the students had groped and stumbled aboard in the darkness, the buses moved off slowly, and what had something of the significance of a religious pilgrimage was underway. For the next three hours, there was absolute quiet, with most of the students either sleeping or too drowsy to talk. But when the Mississippi River loomed up, a single voice spoke out, and then, as if by reflex, the entire bus began to clap and chant: "So glad I'm from the Mighty G. So glad I'm from the Mighty G. Hallelujah for the Mighty G." The singing grew in volume and new anthems would suddenly issue from the different seats. But then, as the bus approached Jaguar Stadium, there was silence again.

Now, with the game only two hours away, the Grambling dressing room was heavy with the odor of wintergreen. Some of the players sat motionless, staring at the white strips of tape being wrapped around their outstretched ankles; others were skittish as they shouted friendly insults at one another: "Homeboy, don' you mess up out there again", "Man, am Ah glad Ah don' hafta play 'gainst mahself, cause Ah am one football player", that sort of thing. But once dressed, all of them, the skittish and the staring alike, seemed tense, almost as if they were mesmerized. Robinson strode to the center of the room. "I read in the paper that Notre Dame is up for its game today—I hope you are. This is the important game, the money game, the pride game. You got to live in this state, live with those boys out there, and I know you want to hold your heads up. I guess Sinatra said it in one of his songs—*It's all or nothing at all, baby.*" Then he turned and led the team out onto the field for calisthenics.

Now the press box above the stands was so jammed that there wasn't enough room for all the professional scouts and some of them were forced to sit in the aisles between the tiers of seats. The stands were a brilliant mess of pompons and swaying bodies. There was none of the rhee—the fashionable overcoats, the sterling silver flasks—one sees at a Harvard-Yale game, but there was something else and it was good to see. This was the exhilaration of the crowd, most of them poor people joining in one or the other of the two school songs, *Working for the Jaguar* and *G C You Look So Good to Me*. In all the mass of spectators, only the scouts remained silent.

Three hours later, all of it was over. Grambling had lost. Its season had consisted, at least emotionally, of only four plays—a blocked punt, a fumbled kickoff, a dropped pass and an 87-yard return of an interception—and the end somehow seemed a relief. Players and coaches, as is the custom after not only every game but every practice session, stood up for the Alma Mater:

"Old Grambling, dear old Grambling
We love thee, dear old Grambling
We're loyal to thee, our dear
School . . ."

Almost before the last words had died on the afternoon air, the players broke ranks and hurried toward their dressing room. "Tiny" Gasper, a 305-pound tackle on the freshman team, held a girl cheerleader's tiny hand as they walked along in silence. Under the stands, James Todd, a linebacker so destructive that he hadn't been allowed to scrimmage against the starting backfield, stood by himself, his body bent double with sobbing. He had just played the game of his life before representatives of twelve professional teams, but at this moment it did not matter. Norman Davis, who had played the entire game when he should have been in an infirmary bed, rubbed his knuckles against his eyes to hide his tears.

Inside the locker room, the team voted to cancel its scheduled game in The Sugar Cup Classic the following week and to reject any bowl bid. Fred Hobdy, the basketball coach who likes to announce "Any boy who doesn't cry when he loses and doesn't like girls I don't want," wandered around the room assuring the players that his team would whip Southern on the court. But for many there would be no next time. Leroy Carter, a senior whose home is only a few miles from the stadium, would never again beat Southern, never again, even as a pro, walk quite as tall as he had as a sophomore when he personally had destroyed Southern.

There was no singing on the bus back to Grambling. Few students would show up for breakfast the next morning. And fewer still would talk to the players—but then the players wouldn't feel much like talking either. The school pride had been wounded—and no school has more pride than this small college in the scrub pine country of Louisiana. It is this that makes Tank Younger think of his years at Grambling as the best of all possible years, that made Ernie Ladd take leave of his professional team long enough to fly down for the Tennessee game, and that makes alumni all over the country phone the school on Saturday night to learn the outcome of the game. President Jones once said, "If there's a dog fight in Grambling we don't care what happens so long as the Grambling dog wins." #

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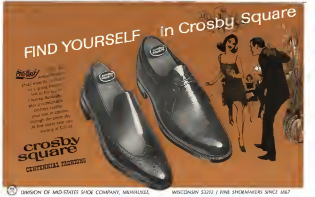

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WHERE FISHING IS A BLOOD SPORT

(Continued from page 127) Pakistan. That first Laerdal fishing was unplanned since I was traveling north from Oslo to meet Charles Ritz on the Argy Steeplechase, but when I stopped in Laerdalsøyri for dinner before crossing the Sognefjord on the evening ferry to Kaupanger, the unpredictable Ritz was in the dining room of the Lindstrøm.

'But you're fishing the Argy!' I gasped.

His eyebrows arched above his expressive shrug and he sighed unhappily. "The hotel becomes impossible when it interferes with fishing!"

Pierre Creusevaut arrived for breakfast the next morning. Ritz is a fisherman of legendary skills, and Creusevaut is a former world casting champion. Sunlight filled the street as farmers and shopgirls rode their bicycles to work, and the fishing talk at our table was superb. Breakfast was finished and we shook hands while their driver loaded a mountain of rod cases and fishing duffel and luggage. Their sleek Mercedes purred south toward Oslo and the evening flight to Paris, leaving me without fishing companions.

"Hello!" It was the young engineer from Belfast. 'Understand your fishing arrangements went a bit sour.'

"Yes," I nodded gloomily. "Ritz had to leave early."

'Colin Metcalfe!' His hand was offered with a grin as warm as two fingers of Irish whiskey after fishing. "You're welcome to have a bash at my water!"

Metcalfe waved aside my polite decline of his offer, and we returned to the breakfast balcony to explore the matter over fresh strawberries and coffee. The young engineer talked about boyhood on the salmon rivers of Ireland, explained that he had missed the sport in Pakistan, and countered my weakening arguments with an old truth: angling is a solitary pursuit, but no angler likes to fish alone.

His fishing rights began at midnight and we worked his water hard with a mixture of squandered energy and foolishness that spells youth. We killed only two salmon and three grilse but cemented a friendship possible only among strangers met while fishing. Our sleepless assault on the river came full circle when we overslept the last morning, scrambling to get him aboard the Gudvangen ferry with his huge ferrule-jammed Hardy salmon rod protruding comically from the window of his Mini-Cooper.

There were other memories, like the evening at the Berge farm, where we hiked through steep meadows filled with serpentine hay fences. Johan Berge expertly fished the eddies of the Hanjum rapids, where the Laerdal narrows and tumbles wildly through silver birches and boulders. We were both fishless that evening.

The salmon cooperated on other days. Memory returns to the bright hen fish my first morning on the storied Tanjum Pool. My host was Thomas S. Falck Jr. of Bergen, an expert salmon fisherman who holds several of the best pools on the Laerdal. Our river keeper was Andreas Olsen, whose sixty-eight summers on the river make him the patriarch of its gillies and keepers. The salmon jumped several times. Both men watched nervously, puffing their pipes and frowning while the fish struggled against my slender fly rod. Olsen was skeptical about the strange American fly pattern in its jaws. The salmon had engulfed it surprisingly, after refusing a half-dozen traditional flies like the Durham Ranger and Jock Scott.

The myths and shibboleths of earlier centuries wither stubbornly in men, but the salmon of the Laerdal refused the bright-feathered flies of the past and took drab hairwings like the Silver Rat and Cosseboom.

'Have you seen a salmon hand-tailed?' I asked.

Both men shook their heads. "You mean you'll just pick the fish up by the tail?"

"Yes," I answered happily.

The salmon cooperated beautifully, although Olsen was convinced the fragile six-pound leader would break, and prolonged the fight by chasing the tired fish through the shallows with his net to salvage it in case of failure. His concern proved unnecessary and finally the salmon rolled weakly at my feet. There is always a last jump or leader-shearing bolt left in such a fish, and it is best to force that expiring gasp on your own terms. The salmon rested in the quiet currents until I reached down and deliberately stroked its bulk without closing my fingers on its tail. The shallows exploded in a shower of water but the salmon was finished. It came back stubbornly and I seated my fingers tightly around the wrist of its tail structure. Both men applauded happily as we waded ashore with the spent six-kilo hen fish, and such memories remain sea-bright in the mind.

There are also memories like the leisurely afternoon at the Rikheim farmstead with Thomas Falck and Sir Thomas Sopwith, whose fame on salmon rivers and grouse moors is less well known than his yachting and legendary pioneering in aviation. Sopwith twice challenged with his *Endeavour* yachts for the America's Cup, and his Sopwith Camel and Hawker Hurricane fighters carried fliers of the Royal Air Force to victories in both World Wars. Fishing that morning had been slow, but the stories of fishing and yacht-racing and flying on the Rikheim terrace were never better.

Laerdal tradition began in 1854, when the British painter James Randell divided a pastoral summer between its salmon and his paint boxes. Randell lived at Bjørkum in his first Laerdal summers, until he finally settled on a log farmhouse high above the river at Ljøsne. Its walls are still decorated with a thirty-four pounder he killed in 1863.

Randell fished the river thirty years, paying no fishing rent in the beginning other than fresh salmon, and published several portfolios of Norwegian landscapes in London. His scenes of Laerdal attracted other fishermen to the region. The principal leaseholder who followed Randell was John Chaworth Musters, who served as Master of the Quorn during the reign of Queen Victoria. Musters died in 1891, and his fishing rights at Ljøsne passed into the control of Edward Portman and his brother Lord Henry Portman.

Their tenure on the Laerdal really began three years earlier when they leased the Bjørkum beat from Musters. Edward Portman kept detailed records of his sport, and his diaries tell us that he killed eleven salmon on his first day of fishing. Nine of those fish were taken from the storied Bjørkum Pool. Their party caught 659 salmon, weighing over 8000 pounds, in 1888. That summer began their twenty-six years of fishing the Laerdal, which ended with the outbreak of war in 1914.

These years are still remembered in the valley because the Portman family bought out the netting rights in the fjord, trained river keepers and built a hatchery, and began a tradition of fly-fishing that still survives in our generation of anglers and gillies.

Portman wrote in his diary that the best pool on the river in his time was at Bjørkum, which lies between the Henjum and Sritun rapids. Hundreds of migrating fish stopped there to rest after negotiating the currents below and before attempting the rapids above. Its holding water measured over 200 yards until a rock slide spoiled its upper reaches in 1927. Time has improved the pool over the past forty years until the gillies from Ljøsne counted 300 fish in its currents last season.

Bjørkum was the scene of a legendary triumph that occurred eighty years ago. Its sense of chivalry is typical of the sport on great European rivers like the Laerdal. Lord Henry Portman was the lucky fisherman, although his triumph was an accident. His fishing holiday was over, and he traveled downriver to Laerdalsøyri at daybreak to catch the weekly packet boat to Bergen. Villagers informed Portman that his fjord steamer was delayed at Balestrand, and without delay he turned back upriver toward his date with fishing history.

Portman arrived at the Bjørkum Pool at noon and picnicked with his gillies in its boulder-strewn meadows. The gillies loaded an incredible twenty-two salmon into their wagon when he finally stopped fishing. Before leaving for a late supper at Ljøsne, Portman and his river keeper ceremonially walked the casting platform, raised their fishing hats, and paid homage to Bjørkum.

Ljøsne farmstead still figures in Laerdal tradition. Its modern owners are the celebrated Astrup family of Oslo, whose business interests permeate Scandinavia. Their summer camaraderie is focused upon Nils Astrup and his wife Heddy, both salmon anglers of formidable reputation. The long roster of fishing guests at Ljøsne is a changing cast of family and relatives and friends, including sportsmen like young Crown Prince Harald of Norway.

The farmstead has changed little. Its site is high on a glacial moraine that commands a panorama of the mountains and valley floor. Porches were added to the log farmhouse that James Randell bought in 1857. Heddy Astrup has collected goat-herd houses from the outlying valleys, restored them carefully and added plumbing, and placed them inside the wall of uncoursed granite that surrounds the farmhouse and its outbuildings. Fishing tackle is kept in the simple keeper's hut, where the gillies sit each evening when they return from the river, drinking *akevit* and telling stories. The mood of life at Ljøsne is almost bucolic, but its true character is found in the clay tennis courts and swimming pool and the costly automobiles parked in its meadow.

Its fishing is an unhurried regimen of early morning swims and late breakfasts and leisurely meals concluded with Armagnac and vintage cigars on the sitting porch. Salmon are almost a footnote to family activities, although their seemingly offhand manner conceals a passion for fishing that grips the entire Astrup clan. Their evenings close with midnight suppers of salmon and smoked reindeer and beef tartar after fishing, and the Laerdal tradition continues in their mixture of Olympian sport and elegant leisure.

Invitations to fish the Astrup water are priceless, and my first came unexpectedly in 1963 when I was staying at the Lindstrøm and fishing with Thomas Falck at Tønjum. Falck called the hotel one morning just as I was loading my tackle in the car to meet him at the Kvelde Pool.

"Nils Astrup will call at ten o'clock," he said.

The telephone message was on time. "Nils Astrup." The voice was cultured and faintly Oxonian. "We would like to have you join us for lunch—is it possible?"

"Perfect!" I answered weakly.

'We'll expect you.' Astrup continued. 'We want you to meet the Crown Prince and see our water and have a look at the American methods we've been hearing about.'

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'Twelve o'clock,' I agreed.

Ljøsne farm lies ten miles above Laerdalsøyri, hidden on its high moraine except for its flagstaff. Both the Norwegian flag and the pennant of the Royal Family were flying. The narrow road wound up through the silver birches, and I drove through the gate without meeting the Royal security I had expected on the grounds. Gillies were rigging tackle, and a silver-haired man stopped practicing his switch cast on the lawn to greet me warmly.

"Nils Astrup," he said. "Welcome to Ljøsne!"

Crown Prince Harald was talking with the gillies. Harald is handsome and thirty years old and unmarried. The serious public face which masks a shyness often mistaken for solemnity was missing that morning. The young prince was wearing plus-fours and a baggy sweater, laughing infectiously with Olav Klingenberg, his favorite Laerdal gillie.

Prince Harald is a famous sportsman, best-known for his many victories in international sailing competition, but he is equally skilled in salmon fishing. His skills were acquired under the tutelage of his uncle, the late Prince Axel of Denmark, and we were discussing low water tactics when a great explosion of laughter spilled out from the house. Within seconds several young men came out wrestling and carrying a struggling comrade across the yard, and dumped him with a great splash into the pool.

"That's my son Halvor," Astrup said with a grin, nodding to the young man in the pool.

"Halvor killed two salmon this morning," Harald explained. "Swimming is the traditional award for that."

"That includes everybody?" I asked warily.

"Everybody!" the Prince said with a laugh.

That prelude to the fishing at Ljøsne was typical. Life with the Astrups was richly varied, although my experience did not include the two-salmon baptism. Family galleries to watch the fishing at Bjørkum were common in good weather, and we watched Haddy Astrup kill a fine ten-kilo salmon one warm evening to a chorus of family applause. There were several pleasant sessions on the river with Crown Prince Harald and Olav Klingenberg, whose family has gillied for generations, and later I received a note to the effect that Prince Harald had taken three salmon on his last morning—in bright weather with one of my low water Orange Charms.

Crown Prince Harald continues the history of royalty that has fished the Laerdal since the British began its rich tradition over a century ago. Its other royal acolytes have included King Haakon VII and King Olav V of Norway, Kaiser Wilhelm II of Germany, King Edward VII and the Duke of Windsor and King George V of England, King Michael of Rumania, Prince Wilhelm of Sweden, and the late Prince Axel of Denmark.

Fishing members of the British peerage include expert salmon anglers like Lord Portman and Lord Nuffield, as well as Sir Thomas Dunhill, Sir Harold Gillies and Sir Michael Wright, and the legendary Sir Thomas Sopwith.

The list of expert fishermen who have made regular pilgrimages to the Laerdal reads like an *Almanach de Gotha* of angling, and includes men like the late Per Kampmann and Bruno Jensen of Copenhagen, Roger Gaillard and Charles Ritz of Paris, Odd Jensen and Kristen Mustad and Ragnar Platou of Oslo, Jacques and Albert Bausson and Pierre Crensevaut of Brussels, Thomas and Hans Falck of Bergen, T. T. Phelps and J. C. Mottram of London, as well as celebrities like explorer Fridtjof Nansen and fly fishing statesmen like Gladstone and Churchill.

Laerdal river keepers and gillies are human records of the river and its history and their families have a tradition as rich as the river itself. They have served as fishing equerries to men of royalty and riches for generations, and their profession is passed from father to son with all the mystique of a medieval guild.

Olav Olsen is typical of such living tradition. Olsen learned his gillying and fly making from his father Andreas, who has sixty-eight years on the Laerdal and who tied flies for Prince Axel of Denmark. His grandfather Ole was river keeper and fly-maker for Lord Henry Portman. Olav Olsen is perhaps the best fly dresser of traditional salmon patterns in the world. His versions of such flies as the Jock Scott and Dusty Miller, which are constructed from hundreds of exotic feathers, are intricate works of art. Crown Prince Harald is a regular customer, and Olsen salmon patterns are prized in salmon fishing circles on both sides of the Atlantic.

Olsen looks out from his bright-feathered workbench toward the river meadows. "I love the Laerdal," he says with a quiet smile. Then, as he returns to his work, "It's been my whole life for forty years."

Prince Axel of Denmark had not returned to fish at Laerdal for several years before his death in 1964. Time had sapped his ability to wade strong currents and endure its glacier-cold temperatures, but memories of his fishing years are very much alive in Laerdalsøyri.

The townspeople remember his elegant Rolls-Royce with its royal Danish heraldry discreetly displayed on its door panels. Prince Axel was often seen driving the unpaved roads along the river, with his gillies sitting in the open trunk holding his salmon rods and dangling their boots in the dust. The front seat was always occupied by a great German shepherd that liked salmon fishing and always came to Laerdal. The shepherd watched each cast attentively and came running when a fish was hooked, barking and running along the water until the fish was gaffed and given the coup de grace. It could be considered a ritual.

Prince Axel and his cronies were also fond of fishing wagers during their Laerdal holidays. One week their pot for total weight caught had accumulated a considerable sum, and Axel accidentally hooked a passing milkmaid with his back cast. The party rushed her to the infirmary in Laerdalsøyri, where the hook was removed and Prince Axel had the farm girl weighed, which made him an easy winner of the contest.

Tradition is important on the river. There is a shaped log fishing house on the grounds of the Lindstrøm Hotel that belonged to Prince Axel and his fishing friends. Most of that circle of famous rods are dead now, and no fishermen return to the charming cottage with wild flowers on its roof. The villagers maintain this simple shrine as it was the last time Prince Axel fished the Laerdal. Its interior remains an intriguing clutter of memorabilia from those years, and each evening the hotelkeeper lights the lamps inside the little fishing house and leaves them burning.

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OUTDOORS

THOMAS WILLIAMS

Early in the summer my daughter, who is eight, came running up toward the cabin saying that a little boy was lost down in the woods by the brook and was calling for his mother. Peter, who is ten, was still down there trying to find him. We heard the same too: a piercing blat I thought must be an animal of some kind—a rabbit's death scream, a deer's blat, or even some sort of birdcall. It wasn't too different from the scream of a young crow or an excited bluejay.

My wife went down, but I stayed for a moment because I was talking to a hiker who had just come down from the mountain.

It might have been a lost child—we've had them here before. The Appalachian Mountain Club lodge is little over a half mile away from us, and at one place down in our valley we've let them clear a trail through some long abandoned apple orchards. When the hiker left I put a .22 pistol in my pocket and started down the trail to the brook, feeling that my wife would by then have identified whatever was yelling. But at that moment came other evidence—of what exciting or tragic thing I didn't know. Peter began calling, 'Dad! Dad!', in a voice I heard from far away, made ragged by wind and leaves that could have been either his usual impatience at my not appearing immediately, or real panic.

I yelled, 'What? What?', knowing that he was on the other side of the brook and couldn't hear me over the water sounds. As I waited, my impatience born of sudden fear, I heard Ann and my wife calling for me too, and I began to run. I left the trail in order to take a shorter way through the woods, breathlessly jumping over rocks and branches, ducking most limbs and being whipped by others. It's strange how one's anxiety, even in such violent motion, is full of pictures and alternatives. I saw the moon-like face of a child who'd hit his head on a rock and drowned in the brook—just the pale head of the child swollen as though slightly hydrocephalic. Or perhaps a rabid fox had bitten Peter, and I saw hypodermic needles and the bad statistics of that long process of cure. Also I was prepared to be terribly angry, sick and breathless if it were nothing at all, and they had scared me into fear. And as I ran toward some possible horror, the sight of my child

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2					

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Location of car if different from above residence address
Car #1 City ______ State ______ Car #2 City ______ State ______

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or another child in pain or whatever it would be, I felt, too, some small wonder at my direction. Shouldn't I have been running the other way? But I charged down through the woods, into the alders in the valley, crossed the brook on rocks and yelled for Pete. I seemed to be carrying a huge cloud of noise along with me, and as I stopped to listen I had the feeling one has after an explosion.

Then my wife and children appeared beside the brook, all healthy and perversely calm, it seemed to me.

"What is it? What's the matter? What's the matter?" I said.

"It's in there," my wife said. My vision was just clearing—clearing of anger and fame, I suppose—and I looked through the dense alders. Something brown and fairly large was thrashing around in there—something about the size of a dog. I went in cautiously and suddenly it rose. It was a spotted fawn. It ran a step or two and crashed into the weeds and fallen alder limbs. I thought immediately of the dog, and waited for a moment. The fawn was obviously hurt. It tried to run and again it fell awkwardly forward onto its neck. Its fur was all wet and ragged. Without thinking at all I ran to it and stood over it.

What was I supposed to do with it? There was the fawn's face, and its huge dark eyes, open and alive. Its stripes and spots moved as it tried to get its legs under it again. I leaned down toward it and all at once I had it in my arms: the soft hair and the feel of quivering tendons. I thought, How could this wild deer be alive and in my power? All that truly wild energy which especially in the deer is so superhuman, even magic, I held against my awkward body. I've seen deer run with only shreds of heart left—run right out of sight. I've shot deer, but in most seasons I've merely heard them crash away, or caught a glimpse of grey or a flash of a white tail before they were gone. They always seem to know me, to have known all about me long before my dull senses are ever aware of them.

Then the fawn screamed, and I dropped it. There had been no warning from that calm face. This close, the terrified blat was so intense I'm not sure I can describe it. Perhaps the scream of an hysterical soprano—one whose arm is being pulled off. It seemed to have a direct effect upon my motor responses and I never did get used to it. I still wonder if this cry had any effect as protection—say from the wildcat the children had evidently scared away. I'm sure even a hungry wildcat would be fairly disconcerted by such a sound.

I gathered the fawn in my arms again and brought it back across the brook, and we climbed back to the cabin. Our little beagle, who'd been off somewhere, had followed our trail and caught up with us. He wasn't particularly interested in the deer, which makes me believe it had little scent—his world strikes him most forcefully through the nose. But just to keep the fawn a little calmer, Peter tied him up on the other side of the cabin, and we settled down on the grass to see how badly the fawn was hurt.

It had bled quite a bit on my shirt, and we found a definite set of teeth marks in the shoulder, and other cuts on the neck that looked like claw holes. Since the marks of attack were around the neck and shoulders, we assumed it had been a cat—a dog or coyote would have been after its hamstrings and flanks. The left front hoof was partly paralyzed, and wouldn't stay straight. It was this, probably because of a pinched or cut nerve, that kept the fawn from running. Suddenly it blatted again, and I was so startled I instinctively let it go. One step and it was down on its neck again.

My wife found an old plastic baby bottle and a nipple, and we tried to get it to eat. I held it and Peter or Ann would shove the nipple into its mouth. It seemed strangely passive about this—no change from that calm deer expression at all. But when it squeezed a drop of milk from the nipple and tasted it, it seemed terribly offended, and the explosive blat disorganized us all. The bottle landed three feet away. This happened several times, and each time the fawn blatted it would struggle madly to get away. In between it didn't struggle at all. The dark eyes were calm and wide open, and the only expression came when its black nose retracted and large wrinkles appeared on its face as it sniffed us. I can imagine how we smelled to it—like Orcs to a Hobbit, perhaps.

Of course the children didn't think so. In their minds we had rescued this sweet fawn from a wildcat, a sinister monster totally unlike us. And I suppose this is what I'm getting after, here, because we can't help yearning for that sort of innocence.

The pathetic fallacies of Walt Disney do not seem especially incongruous to children—even to mine, who feed frogs to garter snakes. (There is the frog, thinking, thinking, as the snake gums him around in his mouth so he'll go down head first, alive. The snake's bright eyes are open, and so are the frog's. And so are the children's, who bend interestedly over Pete's terrarium.) And this little fawn, as its fur dried out and arranged itself, was more beautiful than any cartoon of Bambi could ever hope to be. It breathed and stared at us, and smelled its mortal enemies all around it.

"It's so cute!" Ann said. "It's so pretty!"

"Can we keep it?" Peter asked.

We did keep it, for three days, because Bill Mooney, the game warden, was off scuba diving for a drowned fisherman—whom he found, by the way. We kept the fawn in the guest room, with a bundle of foliage and a bowl of water. It didn't seem interested in the foliage but continually spilled the water. At night we'd hear it clumping around up there, and when we looked in at it in the daytime it was curled in a corner, silent, immobile, with only the wrinkled nose expressing anything other than watchfulness.

Its wounds began to fester, and we worried about that, but Bill Mooney came one night with his daughter, who cuddled the little animal in her arms as they drove off.

"A ward of the State," Bill called the little fawn.

Then, about a month later, we had another sort of confrontation with the wild population that sneaks through our woods, knowing us for what we are. One afternoon we heard two shots, and later a pickup truck came down the road and out again. A day later a visitor found guts across the valley, and mentioned this to us.

Bill Mooney came again—this time on his day off—and we all went to look at the scene of the crime. Other agents had been busy. The liver and heart had dried to a leathery sheen, but the stomach and intestines flashed white with thousands of mag-

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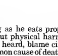

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❝He is one of the special ones—a great, rumpled bear of a man with the dour visage of a dyspeptic maharajah, the ribald élan of an after-hours clubman, the immutable dignity only those with a true calling ever achieve. Irrepressibly nonchalant, he confronts life with a gargantuan verve that etches him indelibly in the memory of anyone he meets." *From a Newsweek report on Thurgood Marshall.*

❝In his alcoholic haze, the problem drinker has taken comfort in the notion that as long as he eats properly, he can drink without physical harm. Many doctors, he has heard, blame cirrhosis of the liver (a common cause of death among alcoholics) on inadequate diet, rather than on liquor itself. But in Washington last week, a Cornell University Medical College researcher stripped away even this meager comfort for heavy drinkers." *From a Newsweek story on Medicine.*

❝In the Middle East, Israel has proved its sovereignty, within and beyond its borders. In Vietnam, the U.S. is struggling to build true sovereignty where none has ever existed. With dazzling irony, one powerful journalistic apologist for U.S. policy in Vietnam has reported a 'first lesson' of the Arab debacle thus: 'No amount of foreign hardware can make a military victor of a nation that lacks effective leadership and the will to win.' Such a depiction of Russian failure in Egypt reads like a precise warning to American fantasy in Vietnam." *From a Newsweek Signed Opinion column by Emmet John Hughes.*

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guts, who lived and rose with furious energy, bright as moonlight glinting on little waves. Downwind the offense was so great we were amazed at its invisibility—that heavy air should have dimmed out the sun.

We came around upwind. Pete and Ann said nothing, but stood side by side and stared intently at the busy pile.

"It doesn't look like a deer," I said. The guts seemed bigger, darker, with more of murder about them. I couldn't explain why.

"That's what I was thinking," Bill said. "Notice they didn't take the heart and liver." He smiled, and seemed to take cool, but rather grim enjoyment from the foibles of the men who broke his laws. He is a big man and his green uniform and badge made him seem even bigger. His holster and black ammunition pouches seem shinier and blacker than anyone else's, and I can't imagine him—the man, and the officer of the law he is so proud to be—ever turning aside from any task. I mention this because at that moment I was glad indeed that he had no reason to be after me.

He found a short stick, straddled the guts and poked a hole in a loop of intestine. A soft hiss and he stopped breathing and stared intently at the trees above him for a long time. Then he looked down and poked at the intestine again. A dark collection of small objects, some wrinkled as currants, some shiny and yellow and varnished, moved at the end of his stick; they were all held together as in a pudding by the congealed chemicals of digestion.

"Beetles. Insects," Bill said through his teeth, and he moved carefully and quickly upwind.

Then we knew that it had been a bear. We found where it had been dragged a short distance, and on this trail we found two or three silky black hairs.

"There's where it crossed the trail," Bill said.

He was still savoring the antics of his criminals. "Target of opportunity," he said. "Target of opportunity." We looked for the expended shells but couldn't find them, and then we all went back across the valley to the cabin. We did describe the pickup truck, which was a rather odd one. Perhaps Bill has caught whoever did it by now; I don't know.

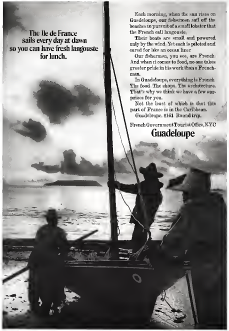
It was then I realized how glad my wife and children were that it had been a black bear, not a deer.

"It was a bear," Ann said to Peter.

"It was a bear," he said. "A big black bear."

They were relieved, and I wondered if they had been thinking of the bereaved mother of our little fawn. And yet to me the bear's death seemed darker and more ominous. I remember reading about a man who couldn't skin out a bear because a bear naked of his skin looks too much like a naked man, a corpse. But violence and disorder are the way in our woods, and of course I'll be there in the proper season, too, an agent of it.

Before Bill left he told us that the fawn had recovered completely and had been released to the woods again. Ours? I wondered. Our woods? In November I'd be out here with my rifle looking as fiercely as anyone for a target of opportunity, and if I scored we'd all have plenty of rare venison, which we love to eat. I suppose, after all, we do not really refute Bambi, but we are complicated, manifold, dark, and we can digest more than the incongruous—enjoy, in fact, our sentimentality along with our meat. #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(Continued from page 111) tourists do not need a would-be Michelin scout, they need a Jeremiah, but his prophecies of doom would fall on deafened ears, not deaf ears but deafened ears. Who could hear a Jeremiah above the Kawhongas' and crashes and rat-tat-tat, the shoulder and leech of the city, the voices of Frank Sinatra and all those forgettable young sprouts with long hair and $800 electric guitars? Nobody, that's who, because we don't hear anymore, we are fed electronically by invisible electrodes, like good ole Frankenstein who, whatever his faults, at least had visible electrodes, the old fashioned kind, such as you find on a Willard battery. Yes, yes, just like Yeats prophesied, the beast has risen and shambles toward the New Jerusalem, oh yes. Whoa, boy, as Governor [George] Wallace says in moments of levity, it really is too much.

Even the Distinguished Television Executive thinks it's too much. The D.T.E. jumped, fell or was pushed from his network pinnacle and is now involved in all sorts of things, including the putting together of a noncommercial network, perhaps, plus the creation of an "electronic journalism school" ("We had to call it something, so we called it Hudson"), and the D.T.E. thinks it's all too much.

"My God," he says, "have you looked at the commercials? In the old days I never did, I always picked up a phone and called the control room about something, but I've been looking at the commercials! Unbelievable! Dog food! We spend fourteen million dollars a year in this country advertising dog food! And millions of people not eating properly! Fourteen millions advertising dog food! And the subway! My God, have you seen the subway? They've *promised* me that within three years there'll be a terrible disaster in the subway. Within three years!"

Yes, yes, the D.T.E. is right, no other country in the world would spend fourteen million dollars a year advertising dog food, and no other city but Fun City would tolerate Fun City's subway, that *cloaca maxima* of big-time transportation. Three years seems too long to wait for disaster to overtake Fun City's subway; couldn't it be flooded now, this minute, or maybe packed tight from end to end with garbage, one enormous fit of that constipation which so worries Americans? We are bowel-ridden, and our bowels are in terrible shape, both personally and municipally. The European drinks his mineral water, passes a little gas and is at peace. Between wars, anyway. When the armies are not marching, the European lives a quiet life, except for the French, who are excessively concerned with their livers.

"You talk like a goddam Vassar girl who's just spent her junior year in Paris," says a dull television writer. "This is where the action is. This is where things are happening. This is Rome, this is the greatest city in the world!"

Well, no. On a scale of ten, Fun City would have to rank about eighth, and the dinner in one of The New York *Times* food editor's three-star joints ends in shouts and curses which are hardly noticed by the other diners, so high is the general noise level even when a fight is not going on.

Because what is it that's "happening" in the "greatest city in the world"? Well, when you come right down to the calf cuttin' as one President might say, what's happening is that people are selling things. And that's all right, people all over the world are selling things, but they're not making such a hoopla about it; it doesn't strike them that they are the Anointed because they are active in the marketplace, while deep in the commercial version of the old marketplace cow patties. The cow patties are higher in Fun City, they reach almost to the navel, but surely this is not a virtue? What used to be Times Square shoddiness has now spread all over Fun City; in a stationery store on Madison Avenue you can buy lapel buttons saying "Cunnilingus is fun" or "Fellatio is fun" or "Don't be half-safe, be sure. Take the pill!" The sentiments may or may not be questionable, but ex

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pressing them on lapel buttons as questionable the question being "What for? *Cui bono?*" (Which wouldn't be a bad lapel button either.) Wake up, America!, thinks the visitor. You are pissing away your sexuality in public to no purpose, expressing it in one-liners like the comedians of Las Vegas, scribbling it on the outhouse wall in four-color foldout. What for? Isn't there enough of the real stuff to go around? There's supposed to be more of it than there ever was before, but the women are now complaining that there aren't enough men around anymore. 'They all have some kind of a hang up," says a lady writer for a TV fan magazine. Well, my ass thinks the visitor! Norman Mailer was supposed to be keeping everybody straight on that. What has happened to Norman Mailer? Are the hang ups brought on by the four-color foldouts of bosoms and nipples and butts or is it the other way around? Do the foldouts 'fill a need'"? During a public bill signing ceremony the President is reported to have said, "The women of this country are all worrin' about gettin' cancer of the titty. The titty, the titty!" the President cried, jabbing his forefinger into the breast of a male photographer, and the President is right, the country is incredibly bosom conscious. Even Frank Sinatra's wife reports (negatively) on this, an honest girl and a brave girl.

And the visitor, stunned by Kowhoogs' and queasy with the lunchtime-dinnertime booze of the visitor (the natives go booze at night and, presumably, stay sober), tries to express all this to his fellow workers in the communications business, only to discover most of them now have attention spans like those of hummingbirds; the visitor runs a stopwatch on them and sure enough, the longest period for which he can hold their absolutely undivided attention in company is seven seconds. In private, it is better, but in the communications business there is little privacy; everybody is too busy communicating to listen in private.

It is a sad time for the visitor, because he is fond of many of the people in Fun City and once was fond of Fun City itself and is still fond of that vast inscrutable country which supports Fun City, but something is going wrong: the place, the city, the country are not what they were only a few years ago. Coming from outmoded and almost forgotten Europe, the visitor is appalled and dismayed by his country and its countrymen. Wake Up, America!, he cries to himself, but then cannot finish the sentence, because there is too much to say in a sentence, even a very long sentence. Maybe, he tells himself aboard the airplane going back to London, maybe it's that damned war, which must pass eventually, and lulled by that cliché he plugs in the plastic earphones and settles down to watch another dreadful, boring, largely incomprehensible movie about spies in Berlin. Parts of the film were obviously shot in Berlin, but the movie is not really about Berlin at all. Berlin is full of Germans, and there are no real Germans in the movie. Beginning to doze, the traveler thinks one could say the same about Fun City, that there aren't any real Americans in it at all, but the fact is Fun City is stuffed *full* of Americans, and the visitor knows it, and that knowledge keeps him awake clear across the Atlantic. ###

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His solution? Make both free competition and free choice a little less free. Let the government restrict the number of brands on the market—brands of just about anything, presumably, from cars to cigarets to mouthwashes. And standardize their design and contents with grade labels.

You know, it's too bad somebody didn't think of that about 40 years ago. Then we'd all still be driving Model A's.

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DINING IN/OUT WITH ESQUIRE

Act I is prologue and epilogue; it's the name of a restaurant high over Times Square where theatre-goers can dine before they amble over to the Broadway theatres, or where they can have supper after the show. Act I is also the show itself, especially on a clear night, when the outdoors all around provides a breathtaking backdrop. Diners forget they're in a building called Allied Chemical Tower and imagine themselves in a glass bubble suspended high among great buildings that are filled with lighted windows and topped by stars—real, not theatrical ones. The theatre, however, has been brought into the decoration of the restaurant itself. In the elevator lobby on the sixteenth floor are several theatrical posters that are at least a hundred years old and in the gallery leading to the dining room on this floor many prints of turn-of-the-century actors.

But one can have an abiding dislike of the theatre and still keep Act I on a favorite-restaurant list. It has several kinds of charm, of unusual decoration, of imaginative and varied atmosphere in the dining rooms and bars, of a management that—for a Stouffer operation—displays a rare personal interest in its guests.

Act I has taken over the entire fifteenth and sixteenth floors of the building at No. 1 Times Square that belonged for so many years to The *New York Times*. A special elevator brings guests directly to the upper floor where, after they have examined some of the unusual decorations, especially the paintings and an old English hunt table, they may decide to have a drink in the handsome bar and cocktail room, which could have been patterned after any number of English pubs. Or they may decide to go directly into the dining room with its garden setting. The entrance wall here tries to duplicate the Tudor-like exterior of an English town house: wood and brick and stucco and leaded casement windows. But it is the far end of this room that it's hard to get reservations for: this simulates a gazebo in a garden of artificial flowers and a silvery tree of soft light. It is this dining room, gazebo and all, that is open through lunch and dinner and supper until midnight—except Sunday.

The fifteenth floor dining room embodies the masculine atmosphere of a London club with beamed ceilings, high-backed chairs, old wooden settees and decorations here and in the adjoining gallery of the coat of arms of George V, a hutch filled with pewter utensils, an unusual sword, a rack of antique guns, and a mirrored advertising piece of a century ago. This room, with adjacent bar, is open for lunch and dinner but closes around nine.

Luncheon at Act I is served from eleven thirty to three, tea, so it's called, from that hour until five, dinner from five to ten and supper until midnight. There's a fashion show during the Monday luncheon.

Menus are short and the food is in the medium-price range. There's a continental dinner at $6.75 with several selections: for instance, tenderloin of beef Stroganoff with crisp salad, a small loaf of freshly baked bread, beverage and dessert. Roast beef with Yorkshire pudding and a salad is on the menu every evening at $6.50. Or there are à la carte entrees from $5.95. Portions are generous and the charming little waitresses in their *My Fair Lady* costumes are inclined to make them even more so (a warning was displayed prominently in the kitchen that overgenerous servings of one of the evening's entrées could add measurably to food costs).

Supper can be light (a tureen of soup, or a shrimp cocktail or a salad—or scrambled eggs with Canadian bacon, potatoes and tossed salad at $2.75) or heavy (broiled filet mignon with mushrooms, potatoes, salad, at $9.50). Luncheons begin at $2.55.

David Strasser is the manager. Reservations: 695-5919.

JANSSEN'S

Change seems to be the order of the day for the new owner of any business, especially of a restaurant that has been in one family for more than sixty years, but when Roy L. Peterson bought lock, stock and goodwill of Janssen's a couple of years ago, the goodwill included customers who voiced the hope that the change would not include neon or chrome, nor would it remove all the beloved old German dishes from the menu. If the Janssen's of today has lost a customer over the past two years it is not because of any change in the restaurant's decor nor of a drastic change in the menu. The neon and chrome are there all right, but in the back of the house, in the kitchens and the newly installed bakeshop; the restaurant and the bar have the same old world atmosphere of the early days of this century. The ship models, some a couple of hundred years old, still hang from the ceiling, the stained-glass windows haven't been removed, nor has the old paneling in the bar section.

For the man who bought Janssen's is a restaurateur who could be on the order of the original Janssen. Mr. Peterson has been in the business for a long time: he owns the Northland in Seattle, which his son Leonard is running, and he likes the excitement of a restaurant so much that he has participated in catering at three World's fairs—at Seattle, at New York, and presently at Expo 67 in Montreal. During the New York Fair he decided he wanted to stay in business here—and thus Janssen's.

Janssen's is at 430 Lexington Avenue at Forty-fourth Street, adjoining Grand Central Station. It's open four days a week from eleven thirty to midnight; on Friday and Saturday until two. Luncheon is from opening to three-thirty, $2.40 to $3.25, but the à la carte menu is a large one with many specialties of the house. Dinner is from four thirty or five until closing, at $5.75 (Dover sole) to $8.75 (lobster tail).

The meats are excellent (Peterson started his business life as a butcher and his chef, Michel A. Roque, also studied that end of the restaurant after graduation from Cornell). A pound of sirloin, with potatoes and salad, is $7.25. Chateaubriand for two is $14.50. Specialties of the house include Ratsherren Schnitte (sliced tenderloin on toast with a red wine sauce and Spaetzle) at $4.95, Sauerbraten and Schnitzel Holstein and Janssen's well-known Rahmschnitzel mit Pfifferlinge (veal cutlet with cream sauce), and Innsbrucker Alpenragout.

There are more desserts than there were of yore and these and the pastries are from the restaurant's own kitchens; the apple pancake, which is almost a meal in itself, is $2.95.

What is entirely new is the entertainment, Wednesday through Saturday from eight-thirty until almost closing. On Thursday and Friday there are selections from musical comedies with singing and music for dancing. Aldo Bruschi, who is the entrepreneur at Janssen's, plays the piano and sings and has others to round out the entertainment. On Wednesdays and Saturdays the accent is on opera: Bruschi provides what he terms opera scenes in which beautiful girls and handsome young men participate.

Joe Ball is the maître d'. LE 2-5661.

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THE TRANSMOGRIFICATION OF SOUPY SALES

(Continued from page 107) where sixty or so guests have gathered to have fun and celebrate. At one table sits Soupy's family. "Yes," Leonard is saying, "what he has attained in his area I've matched in mine. I'm on the State Board of Examiners for Optometrists and a fellow of the American Academy of Optometry. I guess you could say I was a father figure for him. He always calls to fill me in, just like a boy checking in with his mother. We always think of him as the kid."

"We frankly felt the kid would starve in show business," adds brother Jack. "Money doesn't mean a thing to him. He's only interested in prestige and personal success."

"Show business people are egotistical," Leonard says.

Everybody has a great deal of fun, laughing and drinking and going up to the buffet for thirds on the filet mignon. Earl Wilson wanders in for a good quote or two, and after the television reviews, which are not too good, Rona Jaffe wanders around commenting on television critics. Soupy's face has begun to wobble. In anticipation of what is to come, Soupy and Barbara and Stu Greeson move upstairs to the private room on the third floor. Bernie Ilson, the publicist, shows up with wet copies of *The Times*, and it is as everybody feared. Earlier in the week Soupy had dreamed that Walter Kerr had thick wrists. The review proves to be as painful as Soupy had dared dream it would be.

He picks up *The Times* and slowly rereads the entire review, which was quite long, in a dazed, deliberate monotone. Barbara is quite close to him, stroking his head. His features sag, and he takes on a distant, longing look. He seems simultaneously trapped and released.

Downstairs, his brothers are feeling left out. "Where I come from we think it's rude for a host to be absent from his own party," Leonard says. Then somebody discovers that Soupy is upstairs and they all troop up, followed by Rona Jaffe. At the top of the stairs it becomes apparent that things are not well. Slowly, reluctantly, as if bidden to the funeral of a distantly loved and not altogether admirable relation, they walk over to Soupy's table. His mother sits down, his brothers stand. All assume strained postures of solemn discomfiture. They look away embarrassedly. It is a family grouping of such pertinency, their inability to face Soupy's emotion so evident, that it seems to a suggestible bystander the reaffirmation of what can only have been an ancient time-honored family pact, perhaps even the bargain that brought them all to that spot.

Barbara strokes him, reminding him persuasively of his past fortitude, giving him compassion and comfort.

Soupy begins to weep.

He appeared to heal rapidly. He made appearances on the late night variety shows, notably the Johnny Carson Show, telling long involved jokes about his publicity-happy dog Beauty or other large dogs, which he does well. But he seems ill-at-ease, rushed, as though he were breaking in a new act, and he laughs in an odd way. "Listen," he had told Jonathan Miller many weeks earlier, "the guy who's doing the bit is the first to know it isn't working."

Late-night shows, early-morning and afternoon shows, guest spots on other people's shows. Soupy does not enjoy it, he feels in limbo. He knows he can't turn around and go back, yet he seems not to have identified his new audience. "You know what it is," Johnny Carson tells him. "You tell your stories as if you expected them to bomb." Soupy doesn't like to hear this. Not even from Johnny Carson. He doesn't like it a bit.

According to his manager, he has been offered (and has turned down) summer stock at seven, eight thousand a week. He has also turned down the job of emceeing the new late-night Las Vegas Show at a comparable price. "Las Vegas is no place to take a family," he gives us the reason.

He flies to the Coast. He flies L.A. to N.Y. He gives a party and shows a movie, but the projector doesn't work. His noontime vivacity is not his best work. Late at night he waves the white flag. He whistles bravely. "People like me. It sounds braggadocious, I know, but they do. They come up to me on the street and embrace me." Alexander Cohen offers him *Hellzapoppin'* and suddenly things are looking up. He is ready to go another round. Is he nervous? "No, not at all. I really was never nervous in the play. Listen, it's like that old joke: I'm going to do it until I do it right. I'm going to do it until I get that hit." He flicks on a large color television set to catch the end of a noontime panel show in which he took part, but before the picture appears, he flicks it off again. "What the hell, we don't want to sit here watching me on television. I know exactly what's going to happen with *Hellzapoppin'*. People will love this show, as before. Critics will say they didn't do it as good as Olsen and Johnson. Critics will always compare to what happened before. Can it be brought off? That's the challenge. Well, I'm an optimist."

> "You shouldn't make jokes," Alice said, "if it makes you so unhappy."—Lewis Carroll

Soupy is at a private party. He balances an ashtray across his fingers. "You think that's too much for an engagement ring?" He wheels around a large oak coffee table, turning it. "All right, I'm going to flood the gates and drown us all." To the twin five-year-old sons of the host, who have been promised a dialogue with Soupy Sales, he says, "Which one of you is Leopold and which one is Loeb?" It is a witty effort, notwithstanding the fact that they don't get it. The boys are fascinated with him. One asks him to do the Mouse, and he does, graciously, though he isn't overjoyed to do it. The boys follow him around for some minutes, peering wide-eyed at him from behind chairs and couches and end tables until finally it dawns on them that he isn't as taken with them as they are with him. Soupy has already turned with evident relief toward the adults, has launched into a long, complicated story about his publicity-hungry dog Beauty. The twins, with the ineluctable precision of young accountants, close the books on him. They immediately lose interest in him and go away of their own accord. As far as they are concerned, Soupy Sales is no longer a presence out of the pantheon suddenly and marvelously deposited in their living room, but just another antsy adult at a big person's noisy gathering. They walk slowly down a forty-foot-long hall, getting smaller and smaller, until finally they disappear into their bedroom. #

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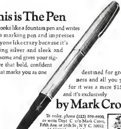

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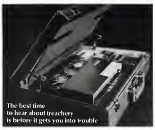

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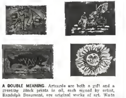

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Ancestor—A deluxe,
very rare Scotch

86 8 PROOF · BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY © SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y. "White Label" about $^{\$}7\frac{25}{\text{FIFTH}}$, Ancestor about $^{\$}9\frac{40}{\text{FIFTH}}$ (Prices May Vary According to State and Local Taxes.)